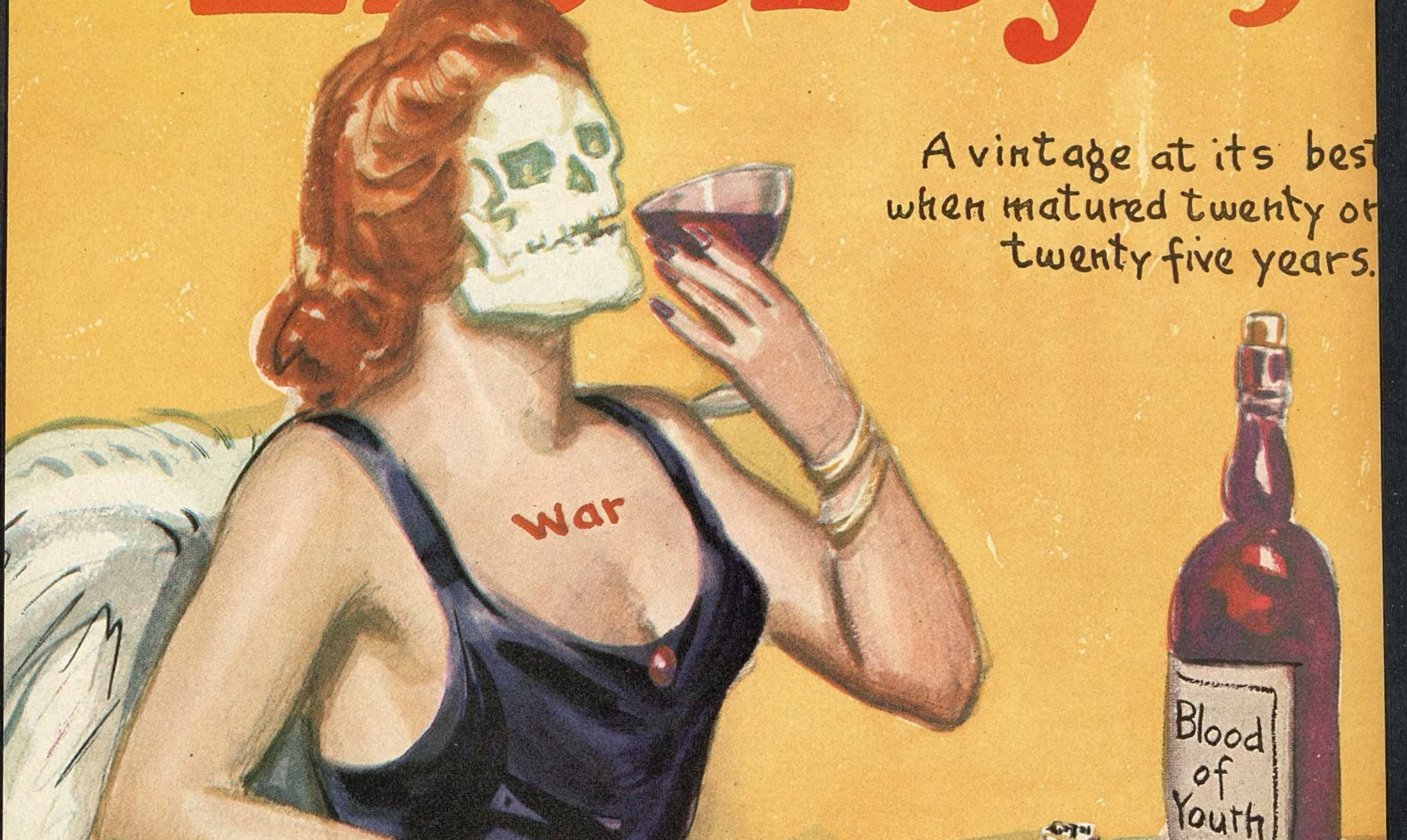
M-DAY! HOW U. S. A. IS READY TO MOBILIZE

NOV. 18, 1939

Liberty

5¢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RIGHT TURN TO DANGER! A NEW SHORT NOVEL

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says **FRANCES HILLIS GOODWIN**
Ohio State University '39

Lovely Frances Goodwin, a Kappa Kappa Gamma, played on the Senior girl's basketball team at Ohio State, was active in swimming, golf and badminton. Popular—she was elected Junior Prom Queen. She is an accomplished clothes designer. "My tiny Elgin continues the tradition which Grandmother started in our family," she says.

A gift to be remembered this lovely little Elgin with graceful figure-eight loops and bracelet to match. It's Miss Goodwin's choice. 17 jewels. No. 3936. $39.75

SEE THE AMAZING NEW 75TH ANNIVERSARY ELGINS. SENSATIONAL NEW STYLES . . . OUTSTANDING VALUES. ASK YOUR JEWELER ABOUT HIS LAY-AWAY OR BUDGET PLAN OF PURCHASE

Catch the Christmas spirit early and see the delightful new ELGINS at your jeweler's now. It's a word to the wise . . .

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At your command is a vast plant—underground, overhead and in central offices—which responds so smoothly that you take it for granted.

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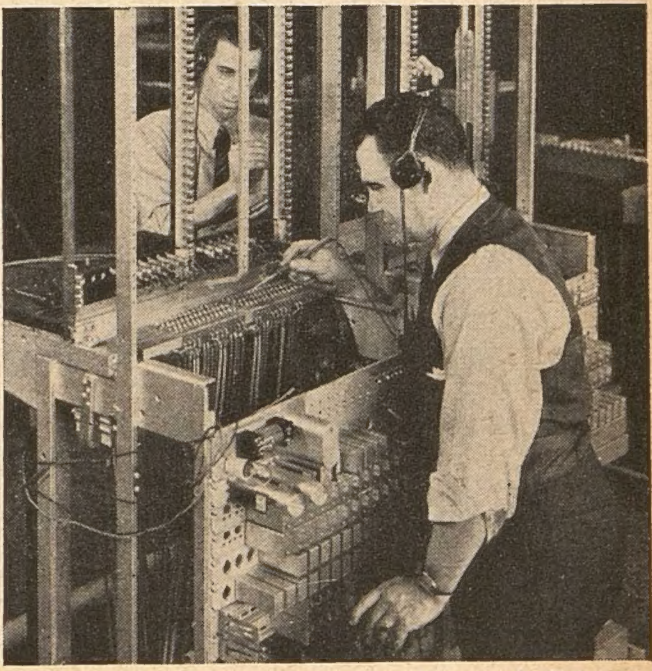


Count on a Bell Telephone switchboard too, and all the rest of the complex apparatus. Here is shown one of hundreds of inspections which Western Electric makes.

Western Electric *. . . made your* **BELL TELEPHONE**

NOVEMBER 18, 1939

Liberty

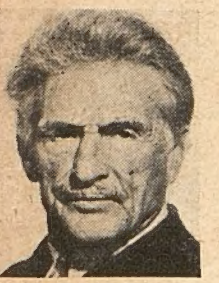
VOL. 16, NO. 46

BERNARR MACFADDEN
PUBLISHER

FULTON OURSLER
EDITOR IN CHIEF

HEYWORTH CAMPBELL
ART EDITOR

TRACING AMERICANISM TO ITS SOURCE



BERNARR MACFADDEN

We have heard a great deal in the last few years about rugged individualism. We have heard still more about the dog-eat-dog competition associated with the hectic business activities of organizations small and large.

We have also heard, repeated again and again, that this is the wealthiest nation in the world . . . that we have the highest standard of living for the common people ever recorded throughout all history; and when we realize this is all a growth that began with a few thousand families a century and a half ago, we can reasonably ask what is the source of the amazing riches we have garnered?

Throughout all nature there is a law that operates with unerring accuracy. It may be diverted temporarily, but its edicts cannot be ultimately avoided. It tells us that the fittest survive. Only that which deserves to live can perpetuate itself.

From the beginning of our pioneer existence it might be said that the cream was allowed to rise to the top. That is a crude comparison which indicates that the most capable of our citizens were allowed to guide us. We have followed the principle that individual merit should receive appropriate recognition, and it can be said that this policy has been adhered to, with occasional deviations, throughout the entire history of our country, until the present administration took over the reins of government.

All the extraordinary riches we possess . . . the unusual privileges given to the people of this nation . . . have been due to adherence to this principle.

Socialism may have its place. It certainly belongs in the home . . . the aged, the infirm, and the crippled must be cared for . . . but it is not a federal responsibility. It never has been so assumed previous to the present wild, extravagant spending of public funds which we have had in the last few years. The responsibility for relief, if it cannot be borne within the family, should be assumed by the town. If the town is not able to financially bear the load, then it becomes the duty of the state.

What should be pointed out with outstanding emphasis is that the very rugged individualism that we condemn at this time has been the source of all our riches . . . all our modern improvements. There are no exceptions. Every invention—from the Fulton steamboat, all along the line up to the airplane and radio—has been due to the genius that develops from the struggles of the rugged individuals who desire to get ahead in life.

Favoritism that comes through friendship, politics, or business is a dangerous evasion. There is only one way to climb to the top and be able to hold your own when you get there: through well learned efficiency, and that comes through the hard work that develops individual ability.

Every executive should have years of training to properly fulfill the responsibilities of his job. Experience is not only the best teacher; it is the only dependable teacher.

The success and happiness which we all crave cannot come to us without effort, and unearned rewards are never appreciated . . . they are valued in accordance with the efforts that have been required to secure them.

The present policy of allowing favorite politicians to control and even guide the policies of business will soon put us on the mediocre basis that has robbed many European people of their liberties. It will consume the riches we have so carefully husbanded throughout the years.

This administration has tried to put politicians into business. What is most tragically needed at this time is the manifestation of the same super-efficiency by government officials that we find among our great executives in the business world. In order to serve their own personal, selfish ends, some governmental officials have tried to blame business for all the evils from which we are suffering at the present time, but intelligent citizens cannot be fooled.

If some system could be inaugurated that would give our government officials the same training to assure high-class efficiency that our super-executives had to undergo in the business world, we not only could retain our present riches, but could build them to an unlimited degree.

What we need today is statesmen instead of politicians . . . men who work for the national good instead of their own selfish purposes.

Bernarr Macfadden

TABLE OF CONTENTS WILL BE FOUND ON PAGE 62

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TAKES ONLY 20 cents.. and 20 seconds TO START LIGHT CONDITIONING!

Just put a new 150-watt G-E MAZDA lamp bulb in your I. E. S. floor lamp and begin to try better light tonight.

"CAN I REALLY BUY A **GOOD** LAMP BULB FOR **10c?**"

"YES, IF YOU'LL BE **SURE** TO GET A BULB MADE BY GENERAL ELECTRIC. IT'S MARKED LIKE THIS: GE"

When you buy 10¢ lamps, be sure to get those made by General Electric—top value in dime lamps. They are made to amazingly high standards and backed by G-E research. Marked GE to distinguish them from G-E MAZDA lamps which bear the famous GE monogram.

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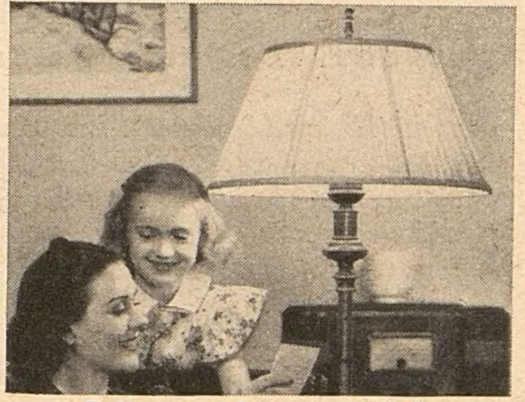
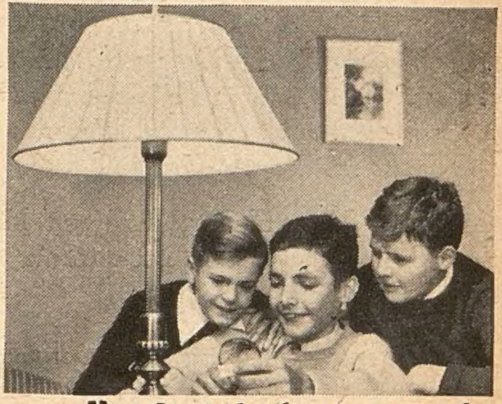
Fewer scorches and wrinkles, too, with a 150-watt Daylight bulb in your laundry **50c**



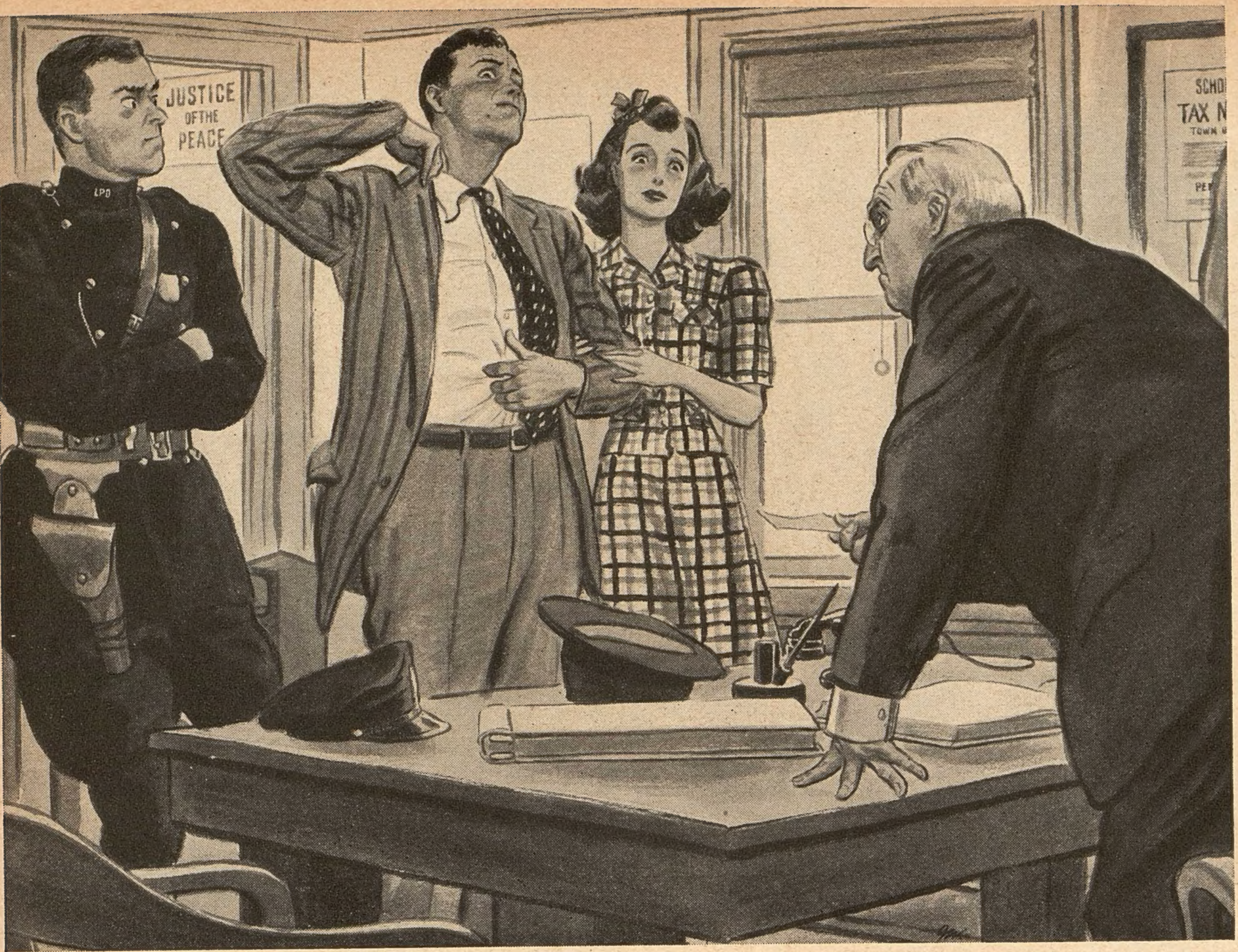
Better reports on eyesight protection as well as on studies with a Certified I.E.S. 3-light lamp. In it a 100-200-300-watt bulb **60c**



More fun to look at watermarks or do homework under a Certified I.E.S. Lamp. Be sure the bulb in it is at least 100-watt **15c**

G-E MAZDA LAMPS

GENERAL ELECTRIC



"Looks a leetle bit suspicious, Elwood..."

JUSTICE OF PEACE: *Mebbe you weren't doin' more than forty—but you're actin' mighty fidgety for a man telling the truth.*

ELWOOD: You'd fidget, too, Judge, if every time you tried to breathe, your collar took a bite out of your Adam's apple.

J. P.: *Hmmm. So the shirt's got you in custody, eh? Can't say as I'd recommend leniency for you either, Elwood. 'Pears to me you might a know'd it'd shrink.*

ELWOOD: Your Honor, I object. How would I know? It said "pre-shrunk" on it, and I thought—

J. P.: *Order, please, Elwood! Begins to look like a case of criminal negligence. Expect you didn't insist on a "Sanforized-Shrunk" shirt, now, did you?*

ELWOOD: Why? Are those shirts any different?

J. P.: *Silence! Who's tryin' this case? Now then, Elwood—ever hear tell about the Sanforizing process? How it takes all the shrinkage outen a fabric 'cept mebbe a measly 1%, by Government Standard Test?*

ELWOOD: Y-e-s. But I still don't see—

J. P.: *Hmmm. Reckon I'll have to tell you this process is patented 195 times, all fair and legal. And no Sanforized-Shrunk shirt will ever shrink out of kilter, no matter how often it's washed. I can make just as strong a case for Sanforized-Shrunk pajamas and shorts, too.*

ELWOOD: But look here, Judge—

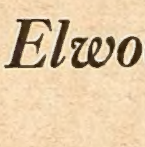
J. P.: *Look here, nothin'! $5 fine and costs for speeding, young man. And the Court orders you to spend it on some new* Sanforized-Shrunk *shirts. You can buy 'em at almost any store, at all prices.*

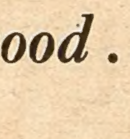
GIRL: Leave it to me, your Honor. He'll have a comfortable shirt on in ten minutes.

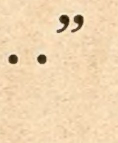
J. P.: *Whoa, now—*not too *fast. If he gets another speedin' ticket, not even a Sanforized-Shrunk shirt's going to save his neck!*

Hey! You forgot something, Judge!

Other things besides shirts, shorts, and pajamas have this shrinkage protection. Look for the words *Sanforized-Shrunk* on all cottons, linens, or spun rayons.


Women's Dresses


Children's Garments


Work Clothes, Overalls

The New Flannelettes

Slip-covers, Draperies

To be sure of permanent fit...look for the words

Sanforized-Shrunk

Beginning

a tense, thrilling short novel—of a frightened girl in the sudden snare of flaming adventure

by

FREDERICK R. BECHDOLT

Then Mary saw something new. "What's that?" she asked.

RIGHT TURN TO DANGER!

READING TIME ● 16 MINUTES 30 SECONDS

PART ONE—DEATH IN THE DESERT

THE youth at the Desert Center Filling Station gave Mary her change. He said, "Thank you. Come again." And while he was speaking he was thinking, Here's one that isn't hard to look at.

The description was accurate. If he had told himself that she was beautiful he would have overdrawn it, and pretty was not an adequate word for Mary. She owned the cool fresh slimness of youth, and she was wearing dark blue slacks with one of those remarkable upper garments which consist for the most part of straps and are not much larger than bandanna handkerchiefs. Her back and arms were tanned to dull bronze, her bare hair was brown with golden lights in it, and so were her eyes. They held a look of eagerness which was unsatisfied, as if she had been searching for something and had failed to find it but meant to keep on with her quest.

She picked up her handbag from the seat beside her and dropped the change into it. She pressed her sandaled foot upon the starter and she turned her head. She took in all of Desert Center with one brief glance: the filling station and its flamboyant pumps, its gaudy metal signs; the lunch counter; an old adobe house with a flat roof; a circular corral of sun-dried rails. She looked down the paved road. It seemed to be as remote from the desert flats which surrounded it, and from the ragged mountains which apparently encircled the plain, as if these immensities were of another world, as if the pleasure cars and the heavy trucks which roared along that highway were speeding past regions as for-

ILLUSTRATED BY HAROLD ELDRIDGE

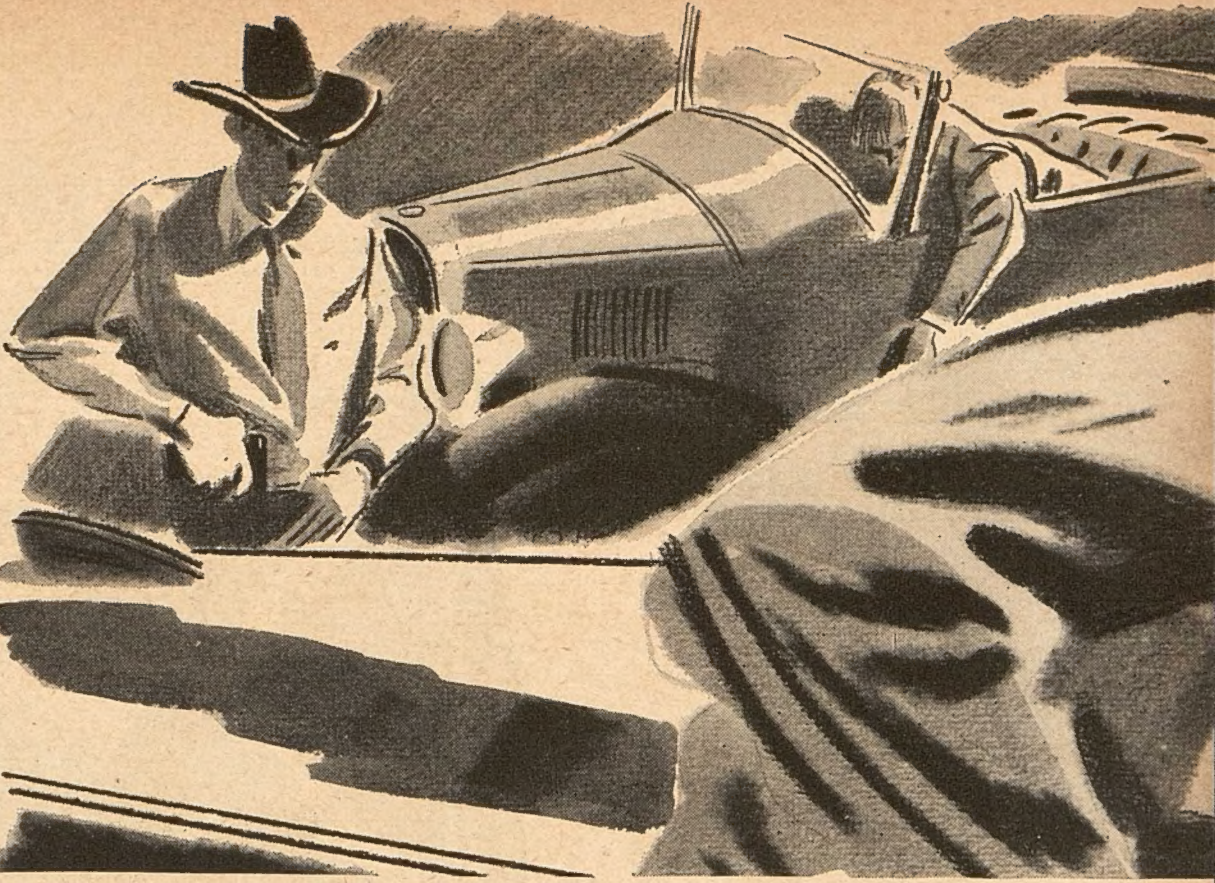
eign to their passengers as the mountains of the moon. Then Mary saw something new.

It was in the west and it was nearly twenty miles away. Because of some trick of the sunlight before it and the wind behind, it looked like an enormous curtain which reached from the cloudless sky to the arid plain, a dirty brown curtain whose folds were stirring.

"What's that?" she asked, and pointed.

"That's a dust storm," he said. "They come up every week or two, at this time of the day. I don't think you'll run into it, and if you do you won't have any trouble."

Mary thanked him and bent to shift the gear lever. She let in the clutch and the smart little roadster shot out from the graveled driveway to join the sparse procession of traffic on the streak of oiled macadam which spanned the continent. Afterward, when she thought over the whole affair, she never remembered Desert Center or the service station attendant. And that was remarkable, because she did run into the dust storm, and trouble was a mild word indeed for the experience which she encountered behind that brown curtain.



THE dust storm was about thirty miles wide. It was moving southward up the long Arizona valley, whose floor of sun-dried earth looked as level as a skating rink. When the brown curtain drifted between the hamlet of San Simon and the late afternoon sun, a shadow fell into the office of the president of Mesa Cotton Lands, Incorporated, and the sudden dimness brought a momentary feeling of uneasiness to the two men who were sitting there. It is in this manner, through the simple processes of nature, that premonitions often come.

San Simon consisted of a dozen discouraged-looking cottonwood trees and about the same number of flat-roofed adobe houses with the usual sun-bleached viga poles projecting from their eaves. Mesa Cotton Lands, Incorporated, had modernized one of the adobe houses by a wide plate-glass window upon which it announced its presence in letters of gold leaf. Save for this slight promise of future progress, San Simon remained, as it had been for many decades, a small spot in the middle of the plain's monotony, a jumping-off place to mysterious immensities on both sides of the international boundary, whose only mark was a solitary monument a half mile away.

The outer office of Mesa Cotton Lands, Incorporated, held a long table which was adorned by several neat piles of quarto pamphlets with half tones of a cotton field in full fruit upon their covers, and four comfortable chairs upon the best of which a pale-eyed young man was comfortably draped. He wore high-heeled boots which were untarnished by any riding, and one of those huge felt hats which Hollywood has established as Western headgear. His head was inclined to one side; his sharp face had an intent look as he listened to the two voices which came from the next room.

The inner office of Mesa Cotton Lands, Incorporated, was entered by a door whose leaded glass bore the words JAMES BENNET, PRESIDENT, done in gilded letters. There were a metal filing cabinet in one corner, a very modern-looking round steel safe near by, a Persian-style rug on the floor, several nice chairs, and a flat-topped desk that looked like ready money. The furnishings announced aggressively that business was good, and the man behind the flat-topped desk was entirely convincing unless you happened to notice his eyes. They were always moving and they held an unpleasant suggestion of hard expectancy.

He was somewhere in his early middle age and there were gray streaks in the dark sleekness of his hair. He was coatless, after the fashion of the border-country towns. His white shirt was of broadcloth, his excellent blue tie was nicely knotted. He was smoking a Turkish cigarette which bore his own initials. If it hadn't been for those eyes, he would have given an impression of absolute security. He said, "All right. I'm listening." And he was thinking, I've seen him somewhere. Where was it? The question had been tugging at his mind ever since his visitor had entered; it was more than a mere annoyance, too.

"It's a queer story." The visitor spoke slowly; he seemed to be trying to choose his words carefully. He was a good-sized man. His gingham shirt was stained with perspiration, his khaki breeches were discolored by dust. The bald spot on his crown was reddened by sunburn; so was his lined face. But there was something in his sagging cheeks and his uncertain lips which was distinctly unhealthy—a sort of flabbiness which seeped out through the stain of the sun.

"It was twenty years ago." And as he went on his voice grew sharper. "It was on McNeil Island. I was one of the prison guards."

The president of Mesa Cotton Lands, Incorporated, made no sound. The only thing about him that seemed alive now was his eyes, and their sudden alertness came from the fact that they had ceased moving. The narrator drew a deep breath, as a diver does before he makes his plunge.

"There were fourteen convicts in the break, and they were all on the island. You see, we'd covered the beach inside of half an hour after they escaped from the cell house. We were watching the trails where they came out of the thick brush; we were picking them up, two or three at a time."

"O. K.," Bennet interrupted. "I'll finish the story for you. There were four of us and we came out into a little clearing. There were six of you guards, and you had your rifles on us the minute we showed. After you brought us back to the prison I was sitting in the warden's outer office, waiting to be searched before they sent me to the hole, and you slipped me a cigarette. So what?"

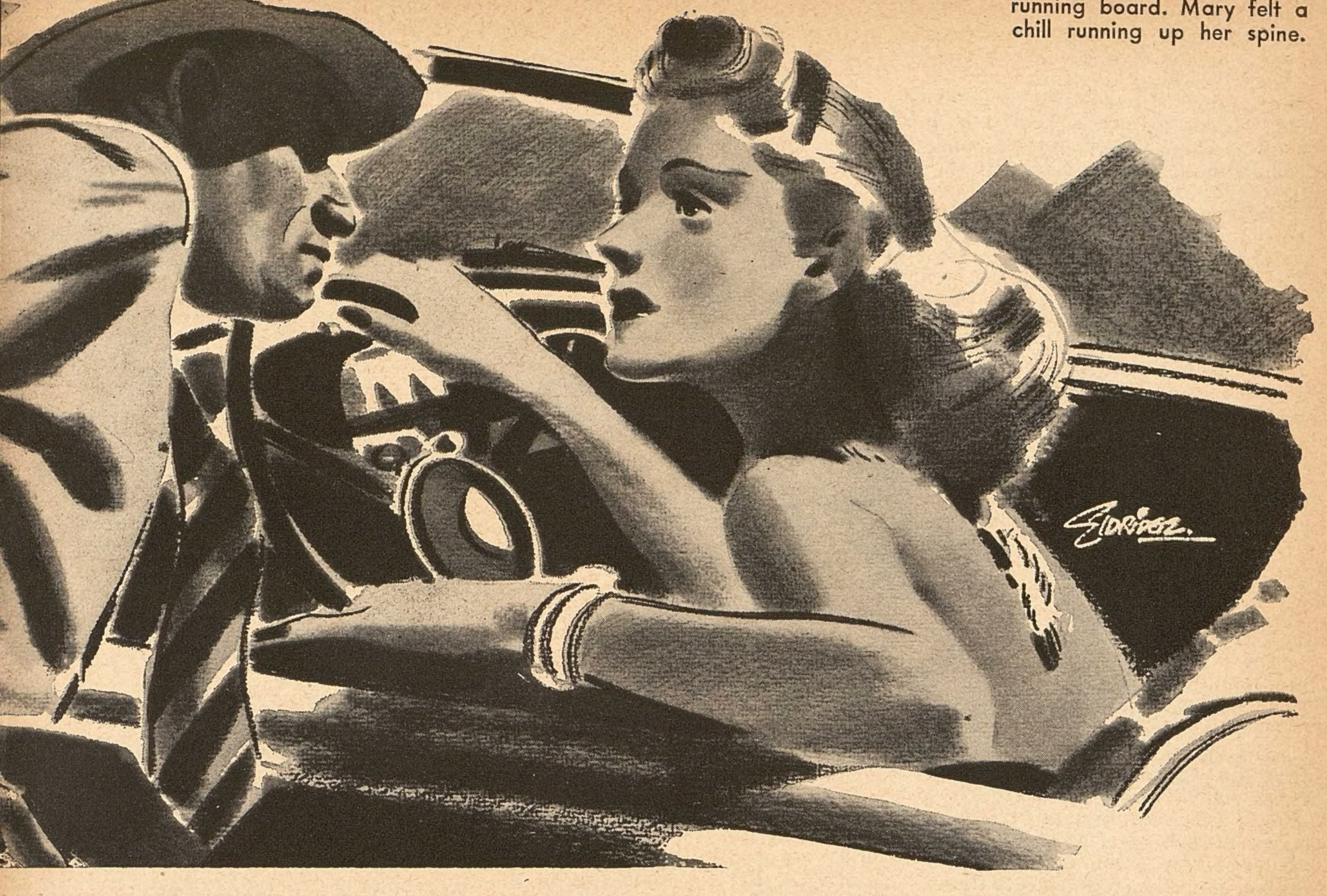
"I've got a little deal on," his caller said. "It goes into money. I could use five hundred dollars."

"I see." Bennet nodded. "This is a tear-off."

"You can put it that way," the other told him. "It don't hurt my feelings."

Bennet rose before the declaration was finished. He went to the safe beside the filing cabinet, twirled the combination knob, and tugged at the lever. The door swung open. He closed the door and came back to his desk.

The young man with the washed-



He placed his foot upon the running board. Mary felt a chill running up her spine.

out blue eyes and the five-gallon hat entered the room. He looked from Bennet to the bald-headed man, back to Bennet. He said, "Excuse me. I didn't know you was busy."

"It's all right," Bennet told him. "This gentleman is leaving now." He laid several new bills upon the desk before the visitor, who picked them up, counted them, stuffed them into a trousers pocket, and departed without a word. When the door had closed behind him, the pale-eyed young man spoke again, and there was something in his accent which suggested East St. Louis or Cicero, Illinois, rather than southeastern Arizona.

"Am I crazy?" he demanded.

Bennet shook his head. "Nor me either," he returned quietly.

The other tilted his big hat forward.

"You mean it was an act?"

"The pay-off comes now," Bennet said. "We're going places, Joe."

A huge blue touring car whose top was down was standing before the building. When the two of them climbed in, the car of the bald-headed man was vanishing in a wreath of dust just beyond the place where San Simon's main street became a dirt road, leading toward a range of ragged mountains in the west.

Bennet took the wheel and eased the gears from low, through second, into high.

"How will we—" Joe began.

"Remember that place where the old road washed out?" Bennet interrupted. "If somebody did happen to find that heap of his after it went over the bank and burned up—"

"Say no more." Joe settled down into the seat. "What could be sweeter!"

The car which they were tailing was not making more than thirty miles an hour. They held to that pace until the dust storm crossed the road before them. Then Bennet shoved down the foot throttle.

"No use running chances," he announced. "He could pull a sneak on us now and we'd never know it. We'll have to croak him down here on the flat."

WHEN Mary left the service station at Desert Center she made a reading on the speedometer, then she added twenty-nine to the mileage figures. Arithmetic had never been her strong point, and if she had remembered that, she would have missed one of those hair-raising experiences which bring no pleasure until they belong to the past; then they become adventures. For the sum, as she reckoned it, was fifty-seven, and it should have been sixty-one. And it so happened that there were two side roads leading into the south almost exactly four miles apart. The second of these was the one which would have taken her to Red Rock Ranch.

This Red Rock Ranch lay on a lofty pine-sprinkled tableland in one of the mountain ranges. It was among the multitude of unpretentious dude ranches whose guests have the opportunity of tasting the real flavor of the West. Some one in Phoenix had told Mary about it and she had immediately secured a reservation by wire.

For that was what she wanted: the real flavor of the West. During the weeks she had spent motoring across the wide plains and enormous mountain ranges on both sides of the Continental Divide she had not tasted it. She had driven over more than two thousand miles of paved highway. She had visited three national parks. She had sojourned at several excellent hotels. She had seen some of the most tremendous scenery in the world. She had watched bechapped riders on man-killing horses, grizzly bears feeding among the lodge-pole pines, Indians dancing on a mesa, and other extraordinary spectacles. But there was always something out of tune: a garbage incinerator among the pines; an aboriginal traffic cop directing drivers to parking places at the foot of the mesa; buses full of tourists who wore beribboned badges and sang lustily in the austere presence of great geysers; mature ladies in shorts upon Death Valley's shifting sands; comfort stations beside a glacier.

It wasn't that she was looking for bad men with six-shooters dangling beside their thighs. She knew that sort of thing was out. But she had an idea that the great, harsh, vividly colored landscapes must hold a life of their own which wasn't marked by the pattern of the crowded towns east of the Rockies, and she was determined to see that life.

The dust storm was edging closer to the road. There was something in its silence, and in the way the cloud billowed to the force of the wind within it, that gave her an uneasy feeling. She stepped harder on the foot throttle and passed a double-decker bus with rows of faces at the windows. A few minutes later the storm crossed the highway. Soon after that she left the sunshine and plunged into a brown fog. The only part of the world that now existed was a narrow circle, and her car was the circle's center.

Then Mary remembered the figure which she had fixed in her mind when she was leaving Desert Center, and she glanced at the speedometer. She was nearing the first road which turned off into the south. She slackened speed and she caught a glimpse of the by-track just in time to slam on the brakes and make the turn.

It was a dirt road but it wasn't bad, and Mary held the roadster to a fair speed in spite of the lack of visibility. It was a curious sensation, this driving in the middle of a circle which moved along with her. It was as if this narrow space was all there was of the whole world—as if she were the only living creature. As she went on, the feeling of complete isolation grew stronger.

She came to a place where there were no more stiff little clumps of bushes; the earth was absolutely bare. It must have been covered with water at some time, for the sun had left a myriad of cracks upon it. The cracks made grotesque patterns. Dust began to settle upon the car; it was powdering her bare arms.

ANOTHER hour went by, and she was thinking that the road should have been climbing into the mountains long ago. She glanced at her wrist watch, then at the speedometer, and she realized that she was lost.

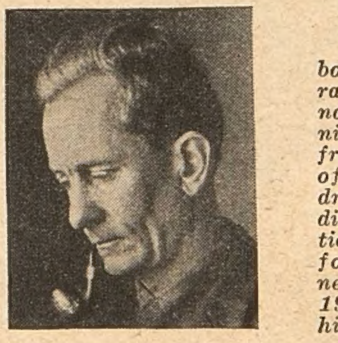
She knew that she was lost, but she played a trick upon herself which many others have after making the same discovery. Instead of stopping and turning back, she kept right on, and when conviction became too strong to be ignored any longer, she told herself, This road's got to come out somewhere.

But the road wandered on and on, and the middle of the afternoon had passed. She was beginning to think that she was going to keep on driving for the rest of her life without reaching its end, when the brown canopy which surrounded her seemed to lift a little, and she saw another road ahead of her. Her heart grew lighter as she made the turn into the new route.

There was something disconcerting about the dust storm. One moment the dingy cloud which surrounded her would lift, and as soon as she had begun to believe that she was getting out of it, it would settle down once more. During the past few minutes it had become an opaque wall. When she came upon the two cars beside the road, she could have shouted with relief.

One of the cars was in the ditch. It was an old Model T Ford without a top. The driver was leaning over the steering wheel. His arms were spread out; his face was pressing against the windshield. His hat had fallen off, and there was a bald spot on his head; it was stained red by sunburn. There was a redder spot beneath it, and this looked wet.

The second car was a large blue touring model; it was drawn up beside the smaller one at a slight angle. There was something in its position, and in its size, which suggested a big bully—as if it had deliberately set upon the little Ford and driven it into the ditch.



FREDERICK R. BECHDOLT

born in Pennsylvania, raised in Minnesota, now lives in California. After graduating from the University of Washington, he drove dogs in Alaska, did railroad construction work, and was for eight years a newspaperman. Since 1908 he has devoted his time to writing.

These things confronted Mary so suddenly that she could not take them all in at first. In fact, the encounter had been so unexpected that she was barely able to avoid sidewiping the larger car. After she had finished wrestling with the brakes and steering wheel, she became conscious of two more men.

They were standing in the road, and both of them started toward her at the same moment. The nearer of them was a slim fellow with washed-out blue eyes. He wore high-heeled boots and a five-gallon hat, and he was shoving a flat automatic pistol into a pocket under his waistband. Mary was keenly conscious of that pistol, but she was not frightened yet.

The fear came to her when she looked into the eyes of the older man. He was well dressed; he owned the sleekness which bespeaks prosperity; his bearing was assured, and he was smiling as he came toward Mary's car. But there was that in his hard flat eyes which told her she was in danger. It told her that the man who was leaning over the steering wheel of the Ford was dead.

It is likely that if she had had more time for thought, she would have bungled matters then by saying the wrong thing. As it was, she began to talk before she realized it:

"I'm looking for the Red Rock Ranch." Her lips were smiling as she spoke, but her face was white.

The sleek man came on. He placed his foot upon the roadster's running board and continued smiling. Mary felt a chill running up her spine.

"Red Rock Ranch." The man repeated the words after her. Then suddenly he seemed to be relieved, as if he had thought of something. He nodded.

"Just keep straight on. Three miles ahead there's a fork in the road. Take the right turn. Be sure and keep your eye out for it or you'll miss it."

He removed his foot from the running board and stood aside. Mary released the brake and let in the clutch. Before she was fairly out of sight she had shifted into high. The young fellow in the five-gallon hat and high-heeled boots said, "Fast work, boss."

"You get into the Ford," Bennet bade him. "I'll follow you to the forks of the road; I'll leave my car there and ride your running board. We'll be on hand just after the crack-up."

MARY did not realize how badly frightened she was until she found herself alone once more within the dust cloud. Then she set her teeth and conquered an impulse to drop the steering wheel and slump down in the seat, and by the time she had gone a mile she was trying to convince herself that her fear was the product of overwrought nerves, that the dust storm, the strange road, and the feeling of being lost had given her a mild case of jitters; and that the tableau upon which she had stumbled meant nothing more than an everyday accident.

She got about so far and that was all. She might have been able to make herself believe that the automatic pistol had no sinister meaning, but she couldn't find any arguments to combat the moist patch of red in the hair of the bald man in the Ford, and the feeling which had come over her when she looked into Bennet's eyes.

"Well, anyhow," she assured herself, "it won't be far to the ranch now." She pressed down the foot throttle as far as she dared.

At the beginning of the third mile the car was climbing a winding grade into the ragged little mountains on the western side of the valley. The dust storm was as thick here as it had been on the flats, but she managed to catch sight of the branch road to which the sleek man had directed her. It was a narrow road hanging to the flank of the mountain, and the dust clung to the windshield in a thin film which the wiper failed to disturb. She leaned over the door, peering ahead through the dense haze, holding her eyes on the outer edge where the rocks dropped away to the hidden canyon. Then the edge vanished.

The right front wheel was hovering over empty space. The car was lurching sickly as it sped forward to plunge over the brink.

Can Mary escape from the doomed car? Lost on the desert, terror-stricken, can she elude the two desperate men whose aim it is to silence her forever? New perils loom through the dust cloud in the coming chapter of this fast moving story. Read it next week.

M-DAY!

HOW THE U.S.A. IS READY TO MOBILIZE

Now it can be told! Here is the nation's plan for you if war should come

By THOMAS WILSON and ANDREW BARNES

READING TIME ● 9 MINUTES 5 SECONDS

A FEW minutes past eleven o'clock Friday morning, September 1, Franklin Delano Roosevelt told more than 150 newspaper correspondents that he believed the United States could and would remain neutral in the European war that had broken out only a few hours before when the Nazi war machine began an invasion of the war-born republic of Poland.

As far as is known, no one in the room doubted his sincerity. But even while reporters were scribbling down what the President had said, there lay within the President's reach a paper-covered booklet innocently titled Industrial Mobilization Plan.

Within the covers of that booklet is the outline of a new plan of life for 130,000,000 American citizens. The existence of that plan proves that while President Roosevelt hopes to keep the United States out of war, he is taking no chances; that if he believes the carnage now raging in Europe can be kept from our shores, he also believes there is nothing to be gained by wishful thinking.

The present administration in Washington believes that if Britain and France cannot lick Nazi Germany alone, the United States almost inevitably will be caught up in the whirlwind of hatred and passion that threatens to level civilization itself. That is why the White House and State Department want to help the democracies as much as they can within the framework of neutrality, lest that framework be shattered utterly by the repercussion of demolition bombs crashing on London and Paris.

It is against that contingency that the War Department has prepared the amazingly complete and detailed Industrial Mobilization Plan.

Today it is only a plan. Tomorrow it may be reality if we reach the hypothetical date known in the War Department as M-Day—the first day of United States mobilization for war.

President Roosevelt has already seen one M-Day, and he is determined never to live through another like it. Twenty-two years ago, as Assistant Secretary of the Navy, he saw at first-hand the United States take a plunge to aid the floundering, nearly beaten Allies. Before his very eyes that plunge proved at first to be little more than a bellyflop.

There was literally no army, which was bad enough.

But from another viewpoint the situation was even worse. For almost seventeen months America floundered and strained in an effort to bring her great resources to the side of the embattled Allies. For months there was no real mobilization plan worthy of the name. Confusion and pandemonium reigned as the great industrial machinery of the nation began grinding slowly and uncertainly toward a war economy.

Railroad labor troubles disrupted the transportation system. Army and navy purchasing bureaus frantically bid against each other and against the best interests of the government. Strategic raw materials, vital to the equipment of the fighting forces, zoomed to dizzy price levels. Steel, copper, chromium, aluminum skyrocketed out of sight. Agricultural prices went on a rampage, with wheat and corn at luxury levels. Profiteering became a byword that lived long after the war, and has been revived again in the past few weeks. In the frenzy of the moment the government built shipyards and munitions plants that produced nothing until the war was almost over.

IT is to prevent a repetition of those days that the Industrial Mobilization Plan has been conceived, built upon, and brought down to last-minute precision. It is not a Roosevelt administration accomplishment. It was a huge plan before the New Deal took over from Herbert Hoover on March 4, 1933.

When the European war clouds began to get ominously black two years ago, President Roosevelt selected a pleasant but hard-living and belligerent-jawed former lieutenant colonel and American Legion Commander to serve as Assistant Secretary of War and to whip the Industrial Mobilization Plan into perfect condition. The man is Louis Arthur Johnson and he has proved a big spark plug in the War Department engine. Today Johnson believes that the home front is ready for M-Day. The plan will need legislation to put into effect its many provisions, but that has been drafted for months and ready for passage within twenty-four hours after war is declared.

The War Department was glad to furnish information about its plans, so that Americans may know that the fumbling and inefficiency of 1917 will not be repeated.

The key of the new organization that the plan would set in motion would be an Advisory Defense Council. It would shunt the regular Cabinet to the side lines and rule with the President. Within its framework would be lesser bureaus:

A War Resources Administration—To conserve and allocate the various manufacturing resources. It would see that industrial output was allocated as necessary to the army and navy and a reserve kept for producing civilians' necessities. The nucleus for this organization has already been functioning under the name of the War Resources Board, with thirty-nine-year old Edward R. Stettinius, Jr., progressive steel magnate, as chairman. President Roosevelt has announced that the Board is being disbanded—probably as a move to avoid any war hysteria and to emphasize the administration's desire for peace—but it could, and undoubtedly would, be reconstituted almost instantaneously in event of need, and it is more than likely that its chairman would again be Stettinius. Before disbanding, the Board is submitting to the President suggested revision in the Mobilization Plan to adjust it to the latest needs.

War Trade Administration—To control all exports and imports. Foreign trade would come under its complete sway, probably through a licensing system, and it would be charged with procuring for America the strategic raw materials—rubber, manganese, chromium, tungsten, tin, quinine, etc.—for which the nation must depend on foreign sources of supply.

War Labor Administration—To insure the man power for M-Day industry by rigid control of strikes, hours, and wage scales. It would supplant at once the National Labor Relations Board and Wage-Hour Administration.

Public Relations Administration—To co-ordinate and guide national publicity work and exercise a large measure of control over the press, radio, and moving pictures.

Selective Service Administration—To supervise the drafting of five million men for the army—more if necessary. There would be no waiting for volunteers.

Price Control Commission—To fix prices of all commodities and products, prescribe profit limitations, and make a wide range of other decisions for industry.

War Finance Control Commission—To regulate the securities markets and other financial activities, assuming many of the duties now performed by the present Securities and Exchange Commission.

It would be the job of these commissions, whose personnel in several cases is already tentatively outlined, to make the industrial machine time every tick to the needs of the fighting forces. If M-Day comes, they will be given sweeping powers overnight. Their plans have been worked out in such infinite detail that they could be put into operation with magical rapidity.

LEGISLATION already on the books provides drastic penalties for any one who would seek to obstruct these agencies. But President Roosevelt and his advisers have already been assured that the most important segments of industry are ready and willing to co-operate to the hilt. The War Department has completed a survey of more than 20,000 industrial plants, studying their potential wartime roles and reducing the findings to blueprints. Over 10,000 of these already know exactly what they will be required to do if this nation says good-by to peace.

If M-Day comes, these plants scattered throughout the forty-eight states will receive cryptic telegrams from the War Department. Before nightfall they will begin the gigantic process of changing over to war production with as few hitches as possible. A celanese plant, for instance, will forget about innocent textiles and begin producing deadly explosives on a huge scale.

Furniture factories will start making airplane propellers or gunstocks; toy factories will drop their trinkets and turn out fuses for explosives; hardware factories will switch from chisels and saws to bayonets and trench knives. Factories turning out automobile bodies will switch to airplane parts; electric-refrigerator factories to airplane gadgets; boat and lighter factories to pontoon bridges; agricultural-implement factories to gun carriages; rolled-steel-products plants to three-inch antiaircraft-gun forgings; electric-elevator factories to gun-recoil mechanisms; printing-press factories to howitzer parts; electrically welded-pipe factories to demolition bombs and torpedo parts; pipe-fitting and valve plants to hand grenades; radio and phonograph factories to bomb fuses and parts; lawn-mower factories to shrapnel; rail- and wire-products plants to artillery shells; locomotive plants to machining the great 155-millimeter shells; adding-machine factories to producing parts for automatic pistols; typewriter and automobile-steering-gear-mechanism plants to machine-gun parts; office-furniture plants to bomb containers; vacuum-cleaner factories to gas masks.

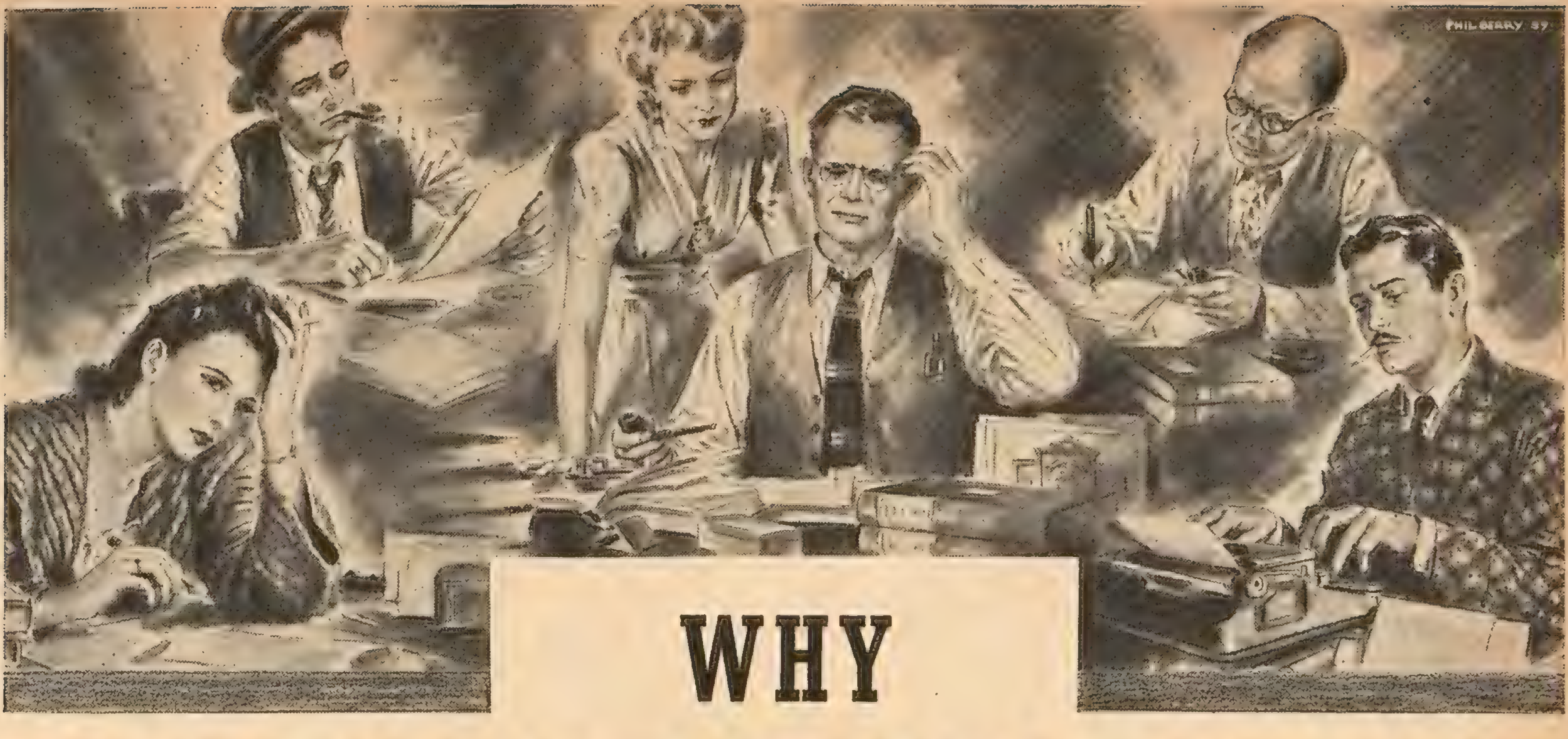
HUNDREDS of thousands of American workers would, the day after M-Day, begin new tasks in the same factories where yesterday they worked at the arts of peace. Two million dollars was spent by the War Department last year on "educational orders" for war products, to familiarize industry and labor with what will be asked of them. Fourteen and one half million dollars will be spent for the same purpose this year.

The President and the War Department believe that the M-Day plans will prevent any repetition of the chaotic days of 1917. American industry is as ready as it can be made. If M-Day comes, the Industrial Mobilization Plan will be drawn from President Roosevelt's desk; the wheels of American industry will stop momentarily, then start grinding smoothly in another direction.

In the words of the Industrial Mobilization Planners: "War is no longer simply a battle between the armed forces in the field—it is a struggle in which each side strives to bring to bear against the enemy the co-ordinated power of every individual and every material resource at its command. The conflict extends from the soldier in the most forward line to the humblest citizen in the remotest hamlet in the rear."

That's what the Industrial Mobilization Planners intend—war to the hilt if it has to come, and they believe they've laid the foundation.

THE END



WHY FILMS HAVE SO MANY AUTHORS

Have you wondered?—A famous writer explores a Hollywood phenomenon

BY JOHN ERSKINE

READING TIME ● 16 MINUTES 55 SECONDS

WHEN you enjoy a picture, do you ever notice who wrote the story? Probably not. Yet, if there isn't a good story, there can't be a good picture. If you dislike the plot, your neighbor will probably dislike it too, and the picture will be a flop, and the producer will dislike it most of all.

Why, you ask, isn't Hollywood more careful to choose good plots? But Hollywood already puts on the plot all the care it can stand. If you doubt this, forget the stars for a moment when next you see a picture, and read the ascriptions of authorship:

"Screen play by Mr. A., Mr. B., and Mr. C., based on story outline by Mr. D. and Mr. E., after the novel by Mr. F."

Six authors at least. Why so many? And why, even with six authors to a picture, should the plot and dialogue so often disappoint us?

I went to Hollywood to learn why. I found no one who could give an entirely satisfying reply, but from all the contributions I pieced together the explanation which I believe is correct.

The trouble is rooted, I think, in a few basic conditions which are nobody's fault but which cannot be ignored. Telling a story for the film of today or shaping dialogue for it is like no other kind of writing, and the art must be learned publicly, with the whole world looking on.

In the last ten years, since sound was introduced, the movies have wrestled courageously with the new problem of creating screen stories which will retain the best in silent pictures and at the same time employ dialogue. Writers have been engaged in great number, at high salaries—the ablest writers available, those with deserved reputations in fiction or in drama. But few of them—and they are the first to admit it—have had much experience in screen technique. They did not grow up with the movies; they are accustomed to rely on words rather than on swift action and pantomime.

The studios have played with the hope of developing writers as Walt Disney develops his artists, by selecting promising youngsters and training them up. This experiment has been tried at different times in various studios, and I was interested to learn that at the present moment it is in vigorous progress at Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, under the guidance of Joe Mankiewicz, one of the most alert of the younger directors. Some day there will be a body of reliable knowledge which can be imparted by the experienced, and writing for pictures will be as distinct a branch of the literary art as writing for the theater; but all that is yet known are one or two principles which in the present state of development serve more as warnings than as positive guides.

One of these principles has to do with the degree of attention the film exacts from its audience. We attend more closely to the dialogue in a play than to conversation in actual life. If an ordinary conversation is interrupted by a stranger inquiring the way to a neighbor's house, we give what information we can and forget the incident. But if at the end of a first act a stranger asks the address of Mr. Jones or Mr. Smith, we expect some later explanation of the question, and if we don't get it we leave the theater puzzled.

This illustration is even truer of pictures, where the speed of the film creates a fantastic degree of attention just short of hypnotism. We are still willing to drop a play at the intermission and saunter back for the next installment; but no picture audience would endure such a break. And the smartest stage dialogue seems hopelessly long-winded and verbose on the film. Unfortunately, though we know how to economize words, we have not yet developed an intensity of speech which will do for the ear what the picture does for the eye—which will compel us to give the same attention to what we hear as to what we see.

Another principle of the new technique has to do with the essential material of the story. Modern novelists have helped themselves to an increasingly generous liberty with actual experience. They have told the reader the motives of their heroes and their heroines, though no man's motives can be known. They have indulged in reports on that part of psychology which is subconscious, pretending to have private information about those thoughts of yours which you yourself never heard of. They devote hundreds of pages to elaborate descriptions.

The result of this method, when capable novelists employ it, may be delightful writing, but not drama. The playwright, unless he lets his characters make long speeches, cannot deliver himself directly of philosophical disquisitions. He must indicate his philosophy by action, appealing to the ear and to the eye. For that reason the dramatist, even on the legitimate stage, needs more action and plot than goes into many a novel of eight or nine hundred pages—and the screen, with its greater speed, uses up more action and plot than the stage. Actors in pictures cannot stand nor sit motionless for as long a time as they often do in the theater; they must constantly be up and doing, and they must be furnished with something significant to do.

If a good moving picture uses up more dramatic material than most authors since Dickens would think necessary for half a dozen novels, we can understand why contemporary writers, when they go from the modern novel to the film, are promptly sucked dry. No wonder half a dozen authors are called in for a single film.

THEIR collaboration is something like this: Suppose the studio has bought a novel. All those pages in it which describe landscape, or which otherwise set the scene, will be useful to the art department; but the descriptions which took several hours to read will now be caught in a single glance. The psychological meditations will go into the wastebasket. What is left will be summarized in a skeleton plot in almost every case too short for a full-length picture. The studio executives, knowing that writers nowadays are specialists, invite a second specialist to examine the novel, in the hope that his different point of view may squeeze out more plot. If he can't squeeze enough, a third may be brought in; and all three will be named as collaborators in the screen story.

This material is now turned into a scenario by a dramatist, who sketches the scenes and suggests dialogue.

In the completed script there may be a sequence which takes the characters aboard a sailing vessel or into some other experience in which authors specialize. If the first scenario writer lacks nautical authority, the studio engages a sea expert to perfect the incident.

There will almost certainly be a love interest, the boy-meets-girl theme. I was astonished to learn that among screen writers there are now specialists in love, but it's true. The studio will therefore engage a love expert.

Now we have three writers on the script, all of them inventing some dialogue. It is too much to hope that the three will all have the same style. A fourth writer will therefore be asked to smooth out the surface until the joints don't show.

This, I think, is the explanation of the long list of the authors. So large a number would not be needed if the novel on which the picture is based had furnished enough plot, or if the writers who adapted it had been, not specialists, but all-round masters of their craft.

Having formulated this explanation of the author problem in the present development of picture art, I asked some outstanding directors and a number of writers whether they agreed with it. In their replies I detected a certain irritation, at times covered with good humor, at times almost an open antagonism. Too many of those on whom the films depend for stories and dialogue are discontented. Most of the ridicule heaped upon moving pictures has come from literary folk who have accepted or are still accepting employment in the studios. On the other hand, the studio executives, the targets of the ridicule, occasionally express their opinion of writers in plain terms, though on the whole they keep their temper amazingly well.

Arthur Hornblow, Jr., has had unusual training and experience in the theater and in pictures. He has written for the stage, having translated Madame Pierre, adapted Guitry's Pasteur, and given us the American version of La Prisonnière, known as The Captive. For a while he edited the Theatre Magazine, as his father had done, and was associated as manager with Charles Frohman. In 1927 he came to Hollywood to produce for Goldwyn, later going to Paramount. As all screen fans know, he is the husband of Myrna Loy.

I TALKED with him in his Paramount office. When I asked him to comment on the problem of the screen writers, he smiled good-naturedly, but I noticed that he rose and strode up and down as though the subject were not a peaceful one.

" If creation is the business of art, then you writers are the laziest artists I know—not merely in Hollywood but wherever you are. You really don't create—not nowadays. You either are journalists, reporting something which has happened and putting it out in timely fashion as news, or else you are mere adapters, working over what some one has written before."

He asked his secretary to bring the list of the best films in recent years, the different choices by various juries; and going over the titles one by one, he pointed out that the subjects rarely came from any one in the studios, or, if they did, it was not from writers but from directors.

I countered with the suggestion that if pictures are based on stories and dramas written elsewhere, perhaps there is something in Hollywood which is hostile to creation.

" If there is," he replied, " it affects only the writers. The cameramen and the technicians are inventive and resourceful. Even the maligned producers have new ideas. But the writers—no."

" But how do you explain it? "

He sat down again and leaned forward in his chair, thinking. " I don't like to offer a reason which may sound unworthy, but I'm afraid the security of the life here spoils them. The studios pay them well, even though they are not creative. And all writers, as I said before, are lazy."

I rose to defend my profession. " To create in any art is a highly personal and individual activity. Isn't it possible, Mr. Hornblow, you could get more out of the writers if what they did were recognized as their personal achievement and they received individual credit for it? Don't great artists always do their best work alone? "

" If you can't collaborate," he said firmly, " you have no place in pictures. This art is highly social, and a social art must be to some extent a collaboration."

The next producer I saw was Cecil De Mille. I have known him since the days when his brother William was a classmate of mine in Columbia College. Cecil began as an actor, wrote plays and produced them, had considerable experience in managing theatrical companies before he entered pictures as one of the Hollywood pioneers.

He thinks, as Stokowski does, that writers, creative artists of any kind, should not remain in Hollywood all the year. It's a good thing to revisit the less glamorous world, where men and women are wrestling with life or enjoying it without thought of entertaining their fellows. Though he did not accuse writers of indolence, he evidently thought they could read more, and as a result of their reading they might perhaps write better.

He seemed to me to have a better understanding of the film writer's difficulties than most producers. He spoke of the imaginative results achieved by silent pictures, which encouraged the audience to supply whatever dialogue they liked best and to confer upon the mute actors ideal beauties of voice and diction.

" The writer now," he reflected sympathetically, " has a difficult task."

FROM the writers themselves I got various opinions. At one end of the scale I heard that to look for art in the pictures is and will continue to be silly. No good writer, they assured me, is permitted by Hollywood to write well. He is opposed at every step by film executives who know and care nothing about art, who are trying to impose upon the movies certain ideals gained in other businesses.

These rough-and-ready indictments of Hollywood are familiar—and out of date. Their injustice becomes obvious if you investigate the background of the present film executives and the fast rising quality of the pictures they give us. But that even a few writers should make so bitter an indictment against those whom they are willing to accept as employers is a queer phenomenon.

I told one writer the burden of proof was on him. " You say you've been here fifteen years and you haven't been happy as an artist one moment of the time. Why do you stay? "

He looked me squarely in the eye. " For the money, of course."

In justice, I think his answer was incorrect. His apparent candor was bravado. No doubt it takes character to give up an assured fifteen hundred or two thousand dollars a week, but such a salary is not paid to those who do unsatisfactory work, and if his writing is good he must get more satisfaction from it than he is willing to admit.

My own conviction is that many of the literary folk who continue to gibe at pictures do so because film writing is new and they are not sure their friends will think it creditable. I met one day one of the best known novelists in our country, respected in Hollywood for his fine work. He pretended to be a little shocked to see me. "You aren't writing for pictures, are you?"

I said I was not.

He gave a sigh of congratulation. "You can thank God for that." I believe he was putting on a pose.

AMONG the younger writers I found two points of view, both encouraging. One group reminded me of myself when I was a very green college instructor, eager to correct the mistakes of the elder teachers. More than one Hollywood newcomer thinks the art will progress as soon as the elder generation retire.

The other group, still younger, are happy in their careers and quite ready to say so. They think it not discreditable to invent stories which will satisfy the millions who resort to pictures for entertainment. Their confidence in the human race enables them to accept the audience, in the long run, as their guide to what is entertaining.

This group are criticized by those other young writers who wish to uplift their fellows and instruct them in the way they should go. The optimists, however, are undisturbed. One of them pointed out to me that those who object most strongly to the collaboration expected in film-making, and to the film executives' deep regard for the mass opinion of the audience, are often young liberals or radicals who theoretically believe the world should be even more social-minded than it already is.

"They preach social-mindedness," he concluded, "for others. They beat all when it comes to having their own way."

From experienced workers in the films who are neither producers nor writers I gathered practical comments. They agree that however the present situation has evolved, it is altogether wrong to have so many men working on one story, because collaboration here defeats its own purpose. Trying to guard against weakness in the story, the studios have put the writers in a position where they need accept no responsibilities for mistakes and can gain no adequate credit for success.

I think this comment is just. Screen writers are singularly untroubled when the picture they worked on is a flop. Their serenity is caused not by the fact that they are paid so much weekly by contract, but by the ease with which they can lay the blame on the other five or six who had a finger in the pie.

The writing problem in Hollywood will probably be solved only when each picture can be recognized as the work of one author, when the audience becomes interested in individual authors to the same extent as a theatergoing public are interested in individual dramatists. Even in the theater we are more likely to know the name of the actor than of the dramatist; but in certain instances we learn to recognize the personal quality of the dramatist's work, and go to a play not because So-and-So is acting in it but because Somerset Maugham wrote it, or Robert Sherwood, or S. N. Behrman. The screen as yet has no such authors—with the exception of Charlie Chaplin and Walt Disney. And to name these two is to emphasize how far behind lags the typical screen writer.

John Pierotti

"Helen, I want you to meet Mr. Smith— See, I told you!"

More than once I heard the suggestion that the screen writer would come into his own if he were paid not by a fixed salary or in a lump sum but by a percentage of the picture's earnings. He would then assume both responsibility and credit, as a novelist does, or a playwright. But the film executives object that the bookkeeping for such a method of payment would be very difficult, and the writers object even more strongly—because so long as there are six men on the typewriter it can never be clear who wrote what. If the picture succeeds, which of the six caused its success? If a good writer is compelled to collaborate with a poor one—and the collaboration is always compulsory—why should the good writer go unrewarded for his labors when it was the incompetent who ruined the picture?

This brings us back to the conclusion that each picture should have one author. But since this happy condition cannot be reached until the screen writers are sufficiently grounded in their art to supply in one individual all the skill and experience now sought in five or six, we must be patient awhile.

This seems to be the problem of the writer in Hollywood today, so far as it can be explained by the natural development of the film. But there are extreme cases which ought to be mentioned if the picture is to be complete. There are instances, hard to forgive, of curious mishandling of the story—and at the other extreme there are examples of the right kind of collaboration and of the right attitude of authors toward the pictures.

One case on the debit side I knew before I made this visit to Hollywood. Some time ago a young woman called upon me to ask whether I cared to write the story for a picture in which Jascha Heifetz was to play the violin. As it happened, I knew the question had been put to other novelists. As it happened also, I wasn't entirely ignorant of what goes on in the musical world.

"Will Mr. Heifetz make two pictures?" I asked. "Or is this the one in which the recording has been done before a story has been found?"

This was the one, she admitted. All the music had been recorded; nothing was lacking but a story to put it into. There was also a child prodigy, a singer, for whom a part must be provided, and of course there should be a love story. Otherwise the problem, she was sure, would cause me no trouble.

"Very well," I said in effect. "I know how much Mr. Heifetz was paid for his playing. I don't wonder he asked that fee before he risked his reputation in such a crazy enterprise. For the same amount I'll risk mine."

That ended the episode. In Hollywood I saw the preview of the picture, and admired what the author, or authors, had done, much as I admire the solution of a crossword puzzle—not for the intrinsic value of the result but as evidence of mental agility. The violin playing was of course superb, the sound recording was marvelous, the camera work seemed perfect, and the acting was as good as acting can be when there is nothing in particular to act. Why a good story was not prepared in advance I don't know. But to embalm the playing of Jascha Heifetz in such a mess of sentimental absurdity is to set back the art of the pictures quite a distance.

ON the other side of the ledger we have the example of such first-rate dramatists as Robert E. Sherwood and the late Sidney Howard. Before his tragic and untimely death Mr. Howard wrote the scenario for Gone with the Wind. While I was in Hollywood, Mr. Sherwood came out to make the screen version of his Lincoln play.

I speak of these two men, typical of many others, who have held their position as writers away from Hollywood, and have yet learned the screen technique and have done more than their share in aiding the pictures as an art. The solution of the writer problem in films is for film writers to become as able as they.

I admit that such advice is easy to give!

THE END

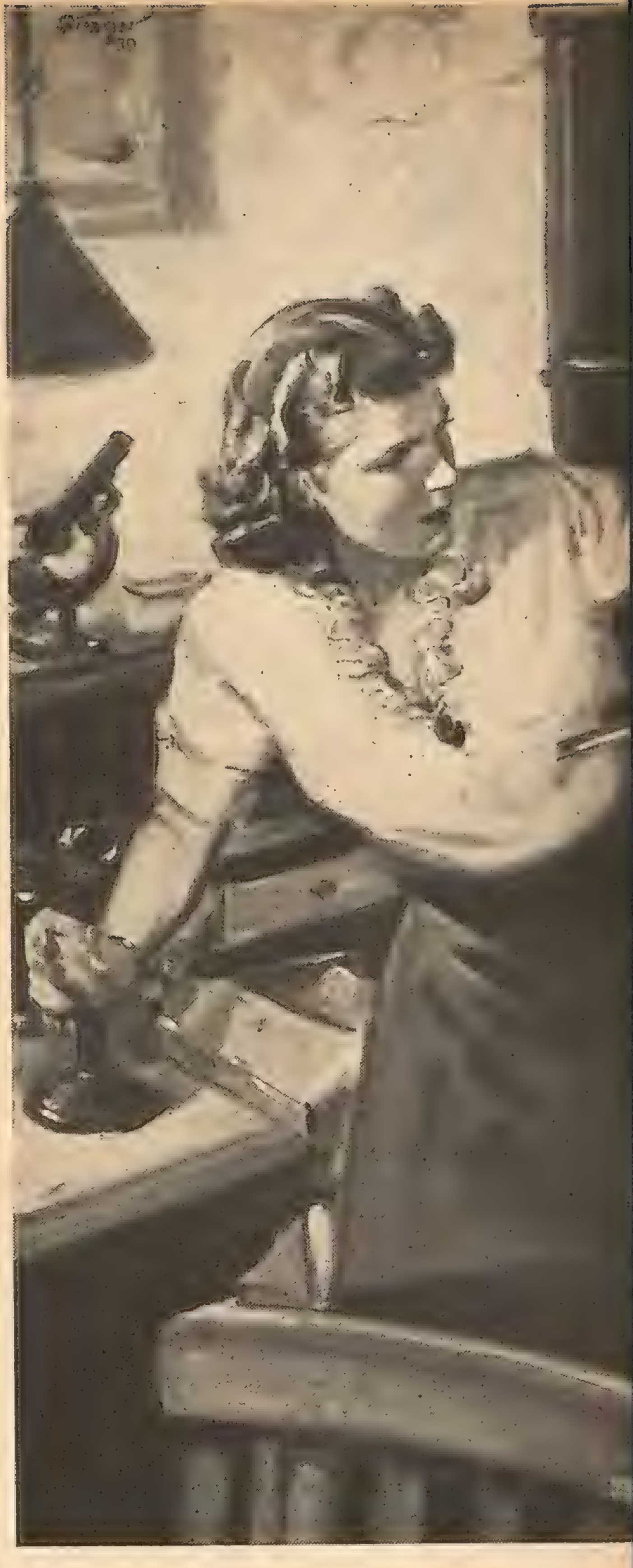
Picture WITHOUT CAPTION

READING TIME ● 26 MINUTES 15 SECONDS

The stirring story of a girl who gambled with death . . to save the man she loved

BY CARL CLAUSEN

ILLUSTRATED BY MALVIN SINGER



PETE HAWN, owner of the Straddled U, reined his mount sharply and stared at the single strand of new barbed wire that gleamed in the afternoon sun as if it were a mirage. His small black eyes followed the string of wire and new posts until they dipped into a coulee, then picked them up again on the other side.

Dismounting, he threw the reins over one of the posts and stood twanging the wire with his horny thumb and forefinger. The wire gave forth a singing sound that diminished as it ran from post to post and became muted and lost in the stillness of the desert.

Crawling under the wire, he straightened up and shaded his eyes against the bright sun and made out the old fence—his own old one—on the other side of the small canyon which had been carved from the mesa by a prehistoric stream in an era when what was now sere and yellow wasteland had been a heavily timbered domain teeming with forms of life long since extinct.

All that remained of this stream now was an underground brook that came to the surface at the mouth of the canyon in the form of a spring—the only good spring for five miles in any direction. Hawn had figured to water his mount there as he always did on his way to Inca, the county seat.

His own fence, which he had erected to keep Cameron cattle from the spring, had been demolished. All that remained of it was a couple of miles of sun-warped posts, minus its string of rusted barbed wire, to mark the boundary between the Straddled U holdings and the Cameron range.

Half sliding and half walking, he gained the spring at the bottom of the canyon where for twenty-odd years his stock had come to drink. Even before he got there he saw the sign that had been nailed to a stake driven in the damp earth above the spring. He approached it warily as if it were a rattler coiled to strike and read:

Trespassers will be prosecuted. For privilege to use this spring, see owner.
RUSS CAMERON

Small black eyes stony, Hawn walked up to it, pulled the stake from the ground, put the sign under his arm, and climbed back up the bank to where he had left his mount. From one of the saddlebags he took the pair of wire clippers he always carried to mend breaks in his fence. As he cut the new wire, the strand, released of its strain, whipped singing through the air and coiled itself around the nearest post.

Hawn rode his horse through the break, watered it at the spring, and resumed his way toward Inca. In the distance beyond the town, whose adobe roofs he could just make out above the sycamores that grew along the dry wash, he saw the mile-long dust cloud where the road gang was building the new highway through the county—a federal project involving millions and giving a spurt of temporary prosperity to the stagnant town.

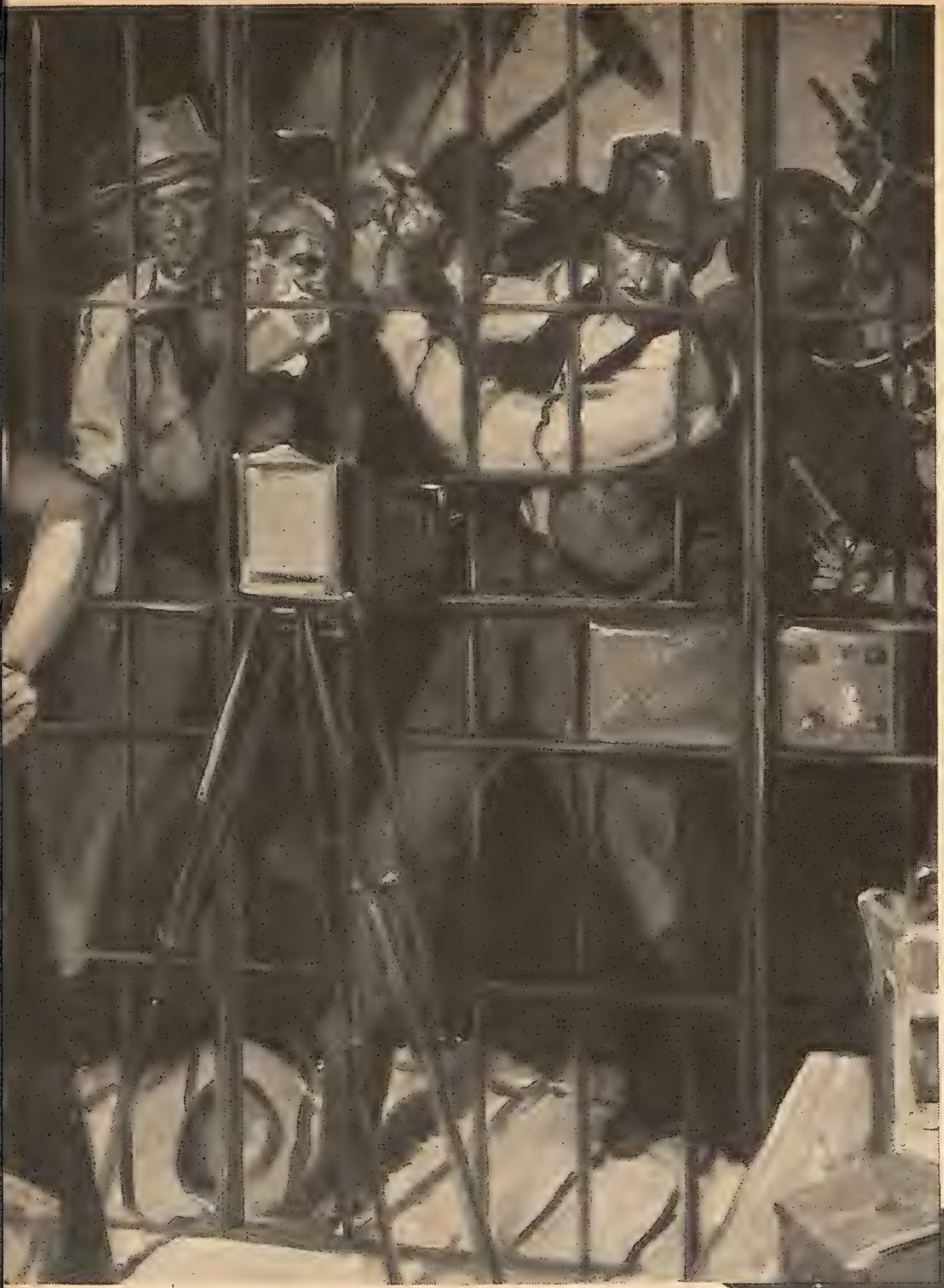
Hawn's bird-of-prey profile sharpened as he took a turn with his lariat around the stake with the signboard, his mind leaping ahead to his meeting with Russ Cameron. He knew where to find him since the Fletcher girl had got herself a job helping Ed Shank, the sheriff and recorder.

Giving the girl the job had been something of an affront to Hawn. On her father's death he had expected her to leave the valley as the other Easterners had done. Instead she had applied for the job at the courthouse and stayed. He would have had her discharged if Ed Shank hadn't needed an assistant so badly while the highway was being put through. The engineers were running in at all hours with easements to record and titles to look up.

In Inca's recorder's office, Russ Cameron had just handed Joan Fletcher a document, properly witnessed by Burchard, the notary and justice of the peace, and was asking her to record it.

Joan was a little thing, with light brown hair and a warm beauty in her face which suffering had not eradicated. She read the paper and her blue eyes were bright with concern as she looked up.

"Are you sure you're wise in recording this? I mean, before talking it over with Hawn?"



Hawn swung the hammer at the lock for the third time. "I'll give you the key!" Joan called.

"Talking with Hawn would be like trying to blow out a prairie fire," Russ retorted. "You should know, after what he did to your father, trying to make him believe he could grow an orchard in the desert without water. He wasn't the only Easterner Hawn swindled to get money to stock his range with Herefords. Chet Moore shot himself after trying for four years to grow lemons in the dry wash Hawn sold him, and the Rowlinsons died in the hills trying to get to Oregon with what was left of their household goods after dry-farming for three seasons on that quarter section of Hawn's land. I'm surprised at you, Joan, sticking up for Pete Hawn, working here ten hours a day to clean up the debts left behind from him swindling your father."

The girl flushed.

"I'm not sticking up for him, Russ," she said quickly. "Only he's dangerous—and a powerful man to cross—"

"I guess I can take care of myself. I always have—and my old man before me."

"That's what worries me, Russ."

Young Cameron smiled as he laid his dusty hat on the counter.

"Having you worry about me makes me feel good. Why don't you let me take care of those few hundred dollars' worth of grub bills the old man left behind, instead of working in this old rathole?"

In the open ledger she began to copy the document Russ had given her and was aware of his gray eyes following her small hand. He was a tall rangy boy and his mop of dark curly hair added a full inch and a half to his stature. Finally, without raising her eyes from her task, she said:

"If I let you pay it—even if you could afford it, which you can't—there might come a drought when you'd need the money to tide you over. If it broke you for the lack of it, you'd come to hate me."

"If I rode out of this valley on a buckboard with nothing but my blankets and a bean pot, I'd only hate you because you were too stubborn to ride the buckboard out with me."

"You know I'd ride it with you if you were broke," she said very softly. "That I'd ride anything so long as you were in the seat beside me."

Her hand shook a little as she finished copying the paper and handed it back to him across the counter. His two rough ones closed about hers and she didn't draw it away as he said:

"I'll get enough from Pete Hawn for the rights to use *my* spring to

"I mean it enough to marry you—if you want me to," she replied.

more than take care of those bills and fix the house up. Why don't you pocket your pride and write us out a marriage license and come across the street to the J. P.?"

"Because I love you too much to come to you because I need shelter. Don't you understand, Russ? What's happening to us is the most beautiful thing that's—"

She stopped speaking and glanced up at a dusty figure filling the doorway. Russ swung around with the folded document in his hand. His handsome face darkened as he saw the NO TRESPASSING sign under Hawn's arm, but he waited for the other man to speak. The owner of the Straddled U slid the sign along the counter and said:

"Guess that's your property, Russ. I cut that new strand of wire."

"You shouldn't have done that, Pete."

"Why shouldn't I?"

"Because the federal engineer who's in charge of the highway ran my lines for me in exchange for a couple of acres of right-of-way. He located my west boundary where I put that fence up. That spring never did belong to the Straddled U."

"I been using it over twenty years," said Hawn. "That gives me access to it, never mind where the true line is."

"Not if you'd gained it by fraudulent means—or because you were mistaken in the boundary lines. You kept my father and me off our own spring with that fence of yours. Now—well, read this." He held out the just recorded document.

Hawn snatched the paper. As he read it, his hawklike face grew mottled. He tore the paper across and threw the two pieces at Russ' feet.

"That won't do you any good, Pete," Cameron said. "Lawyer Burchard witnessed it and Joan has recorded it. It's in the public records."

"Smart pair—fixing this up between you," Hawn sneered.

JOAN had nothing to do with it," Russ said. "I come here with an instrument properly witnessed. She had to record it on demand." He picked up the torn document, also the sign. "I'm putting this board back up at the spring and splicing the wire again. I don't want trouble with you, Pete, but the fence stays."

Hawn smiled bleakly.

"Do you think I'm going to take this lying down—your forcing me to drive my stock five miles to the government spring across the ridge? If you do, you're crazy."

"My old man and I had to do that for twenty years because you kept us off our own spring with that fence of yours," Russ replied. "We thought you were just ornery. My father offered you five thousand ten years ago for the spring and you turned us down. I won't be that mean. There's plenty of water for all the stock both our outfits carry. Five thousand, or that new line stays up."

"It'll come down," said Hawn. "That engineer's cockeyed."

Russ said, "It'll cost you a lot more'n five thousand to prove the government's maps are cockeyed."

"I don't have to prove—*anything*," Hawn snapped, and turned on his heel.

When he had gone Joan came around the end of the counter and caught hold of the sign.

"Don't put it back up, Russ. Please."

"I have to protect my property, don't I? The law says that you have to post your land like it was a claim when you want people to keep off."

"Is a boundary line worth defending with your life, Russ?"

"My grandfather thought so—everybody's grandfather thought so. That's how this country was settled."

"It was different in those days. We have law here now."

"Hawn's law. He and his gang have run this county for twenty years."

She tugged at the sign. "For my sake, Russ—"

SHE let go her hold as Ed Shank the sheriff entered. He looked at them in surprise, his habitual expression. Everything that had happened in Ed Shank's life had come to him as a surprise, except his baldness. Beginning to threaten in the twenties, it had progressed slowly but inevitably for three decades, until his small rounded skull was completely deforested but for a mouse-colored fringe that encircled it like a misplaced halo.

He was looking at the sign under the young man's arm.

"Weren't you a mite hasty about posting that there notice, Russ?" he asked. "Wouldn't it have been better to have taken it to court?"

"You know I haven't any money for lawyers, Ed, and if I had, Pete'd pack the jury with his friends. Doing it this way, *he'll* have to sue me to get that fence down and show cause before he can take it to court. The shoe's on his foot, not mine. If he pulls this sign up again and cuts my fence, I'll swear out a warrant for his arrest—if I have to serve it on him myself."

Ed Shank blinked. The notion of having to arrest Pete Hawn was quaint. Ed had been elected sheriff and recorder by the Hawn faction. He was painfully aware that the reason they had picked on him was that what little law did crop up now and then in the courts was administered by the Straddled U and its many friends grazing cattle in the rough lands that constituted a good three fourths of the area of the county—prosecuted through District Attorney Rader, Hawn's son-in-law.

Ed felt that the set-up was wrong, but he didn't go out of his way to quarrel with his meal ticket.

"I wish you hadn't been so hotheaded, Russ," he said mildly, but found himself talking to the wall. The young man had gone, with the sign under his arm.

The sheriff leaned over the girl's shoulder and glanced at the open ledger with pursed lips.

"Too bad you went and recorded that instrument, Joan," he sighed. "Pete'll make me tear that whole page out."

Joan stared at him.

"I won't let you do it. You swore me in as your deputy. How can you even consider such a thing, Ed? Tampering with the public records!"

"Come in back," he replied. "I want to talk with you."

She followed him into a barred cubicle at the rear. It had been originally one of the two cells of the county jail. Like the one facing it, it had contained four cots, a washbasin, and a lavatory, but since there were not enough laws in Tortilla County for eight persons to break simultaneously, Shank had stored the four cots in the cellar, had moved his old walnut desk and chair in, and used it as a sort of office and "laboratory." It contained, besides the desk and chair, a camera on a tripod, a complete fingerprinting outfit, a microscope, and a cabinet filled with chemicals.

Since his salary as sheriff and recorder were more than ample for his simple needs, he had acquired all these items with his spare cash after having had his requisitions turned down by the county comptroller who was in turn comptrolled by the Hawn hierarchy who still believed in the efficacy of a long enough rope—with the lawbreaker at one end of it.

The county commissioners regarded Ed Shank as a mild nuisance and chaffed him mildly about his activities in crime detection, but relented enough to give him an old filing case for his records.

NERVOUSLY he dusted the chair off for Joan and sat down on this filing case.

"I've something mighty unpleasant to tell you, Joan. Pete Hawn is up in the air on account of what Russ went and done. He figures you and him are in cahoots about this spring, and he wants me to fire you. So I'll have to let you go Saturday. It's mighty unconvenient, what with all this road building and title chasing and the crew drinking themselves disorderly down to Dave's. You been mighty helpful to me, the way you fixed up my fingerprints, classifying them and helping me with that there camera, but there's nothing I can do about it—you know that, don't you?"

"Yes," Joan replied faintly.

"If you could talk Russ into laying off on that there spring, maybe I could fix it up with Pete."

"I couldn't ask Russ to sacrifice his interests to save my job, no matter how badly I need it."

Shank looked at his feet.

"Maybe he's sacrificing both your interests," he replied. "You been figuring on marrying him, haven't you?"

The girl rose. "I'll stay after hours the rest of the week and get everything caught (*Continued on page 20*)

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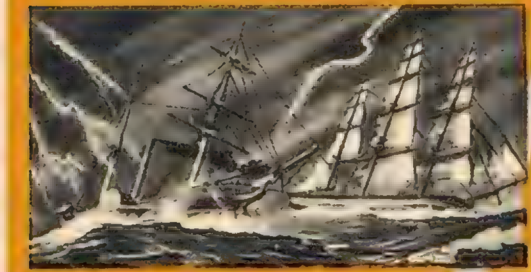

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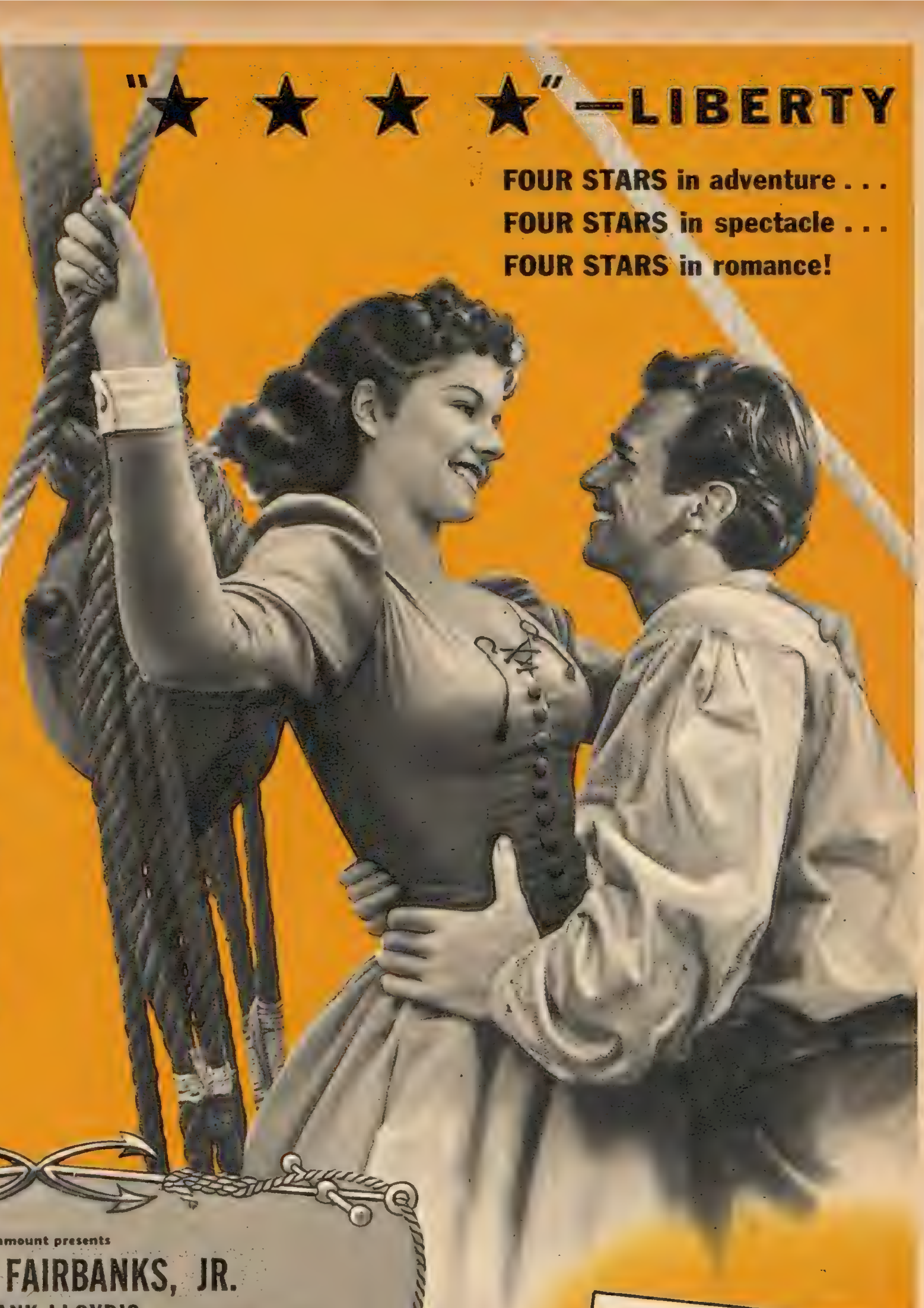

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(Continued from page 18)

up before I leave," she said, flushing.

"I sure hate to see you go," Shank muttered morosely. "And you needing the money, too."

"I'll find something. Maybe they can use me in the office of the highway project."

Jim Pohler, the railway express clerk, came in with a package. He laid it on the desk with a wink at Joan and gave Shank a slip to sign.

"So you're going in for flashlight pictures, Ed. Just like Ed Hoover at Washington."

Shank flushed painfully as he signed for the package. "If I had had a picture of that truck smashing into Lou Croasdale and the missus on the night of the Fourth of July, the insurance company wouldn't have beat the Croasdale kids into the poorhouse," he replied severely.

POHLER winked at Joan a second time. "I hear the Shafer mob's headed this way. If they don't show up, you can always set up that contraption down by the wash and get your flashlight pictures of the coyote that's been robbing the widow Karsten's henroost. Better put it in the safe," he added seriously. "Ten pounds of flashlight powder is dangerous to leave standing around, the way you smoke cigarettes. First thing you know we'll be looking for you and Joan in the next county."

"I'll take care of it," Ed grumbled.

When Pohler had gone, Joan asked, "What made you get flashlight powder, Ed? Why didn't you get bulbs, like I told you to?"

"Because they wanted thirty-six bucks for the gun to set the bulbs off, and the bulbs themselves cost around fifteen cents each. I was figuring to save the county some money," he added sheepishly.

Joan felt sorry for the little man who tried to take his job seriously—who wished to be honest and efficient in the discharge of the duties that had been foisted upon him because he was thought harmless and a little cracked. But she was worried about Russ more than she was sorry for Ed. She knew that Hawn would stop at nothing. That he and his men would make capital of his dispute with Russ. He never accepted defeat—and he was clever.

The worst was that there was nothing she could do about it. The fortunes of women might be ever so subtly involved in the quarrels of men, but their hands were tied. They could only stand by and hope for the best.

She ate a hurried dinner that night at Pop McCraw's diner near the railway station, and then went back to the courthouse to help Ed Shank clean up the work that had accumulated during the week. Midnight found them still checking and filing, when Ed said, "It's time we quit. I'll walk you home."

He paused, listening, as hoofbeats sounded outside.

With the certitude born of fear, Joan knew instantly that the thing she had dreaded all afternoon had come to pass, yet she was unable to move as she heard quick familiar steps in the hall.

The door was opened by Russ. He was covered from head to foot with caked mud in which red dust had dried in great splotches.

"I saw the light," he said. "I killed one of Pete Hawn's men—Charlie Brent—so I came to give myself up."

"You—what?" Ed Shank gasped.

Joan saw then the streak of red on his temple.

"Oh, Russ—you're hurt!" she cried, getting him into the chair.

"Just a scratch. They ganged up on me at the spring around dusk—shooting downhill from all sides. I was holding my own until Charlie come sliding down the coulee when I was busy the other way. His boot loosed a chunk of shale, or I'd have been found in the morning with a slug in my back. We practically fired together, and Charlie came rolling down with my bullet between his eyes. The rest of them beat it."

Joan had drawn water in a basin and was cleansing the wound. The bullet had grazed his temple—had plowed a long, ragged groove just above the hairline. She shuddered as she saw how near she had come to losing him.

ED SHANK picked up Russ' gun, broke it, and squinted absently into the chambers.

"So long as nobody has sworn out a warrant for you, I've no call to hold you," he said.

"Pete will have one sworn out by morning. I'm saving you the trouble coming after me."

"If it happened the way you say it did, it's self-defense. I doubt if the grand jury'll want to bother sitting on you when the facts come out."

"That's why I came in. I've nothing to run away from."

Ed Shank sighed. "I guess I can't refuse you a place to sleep if you're set on staying, but I wish you'd ride off somewhere until this blows over."

"And make it look like I was afraid of standing trial?"

"He can't go *anywhere* until I know that wound's not infected," said Joan. "I'm staying here with him."

"You can lock yourself in and sleep on one of the cots in the cells," Ed said. He handed her a key.

He wrapped Russ' pistol in his handkerchief and pocketed it. As the outer door closed upon him, Russ grinned.

"The old coot's been reading detective yarns again."

"He's trying to do his duty. I suppose you think worrying about you all night was funny, too. Why did you go to the spring when I asked you not to?"

"You wouldn't want Hawn thinking me yellow, would you?"

"It means nothing to you for me to be left with only—a memory," she said bitterly.

She pulled her hand away as he tried to catch it.

"You'd have been left with more than a memory," he said. "I stopped in at Lawyer Burchard's and willed the ranch and stock to you before going back to the spring."

She drew away as if he'd struck her.

"You were that sure something would happen! Oh, Russ, how could I have taken it? How could I ever have lived alone there, when I've dreamed our children in it?"

"I was just aiming for you to be taken care of."

"You're the one who needs that. You've never grown up. You're still going around with a chip on your shoulder, daring people to knock it off!"

"I stood five men off at the spring," he replied.

"Because you had to—because you were cornered. Anybody can be brave then. Don't tell me this is the end. Hawn'll never forgive you for killing one of his men."

"It'll finish him in the county when folks find out what he did to me and my old man about keeping us off our own spring—and trying to kill me, too, because of it."

The telephone rang. Ed Shank's voice came, shrill with concern.

"I'm down to Pop's diner, Joan. A couple of men from the highway department just came in. They said that Pete Hawn and a dozen of his men are gathered in the dry wash under the bridge. Somebody must have seen Russ ride in. Get him on his horse. I'll ride down to the bridge and try to head them off!"

Joan sat staring at the receiver after he hung up.

"What's up?" Russ asked.

"Oh, Russ!" she gasped, her voice strange. "Get on your horse—quick! Hawn and his men are on their way here!"

SHE ran to the barred hall window and peered out. A cavalcade of horsemen was coming up the slope of the hill at a brisk trot.

She ran to the door, locked it and shot the bolt—looked up at Russ wildly.

"The telephone!" she whispered. "Call long-distance while I stall Hawn off. Tell them to get the State House—the governor's home—for the militia!"

A pistol butt pounded against the bolted door. "Open up, Ed!" Hawn's voice called out.

Joan stepped to the hall window.

"Ed's gone home," she replied, trying to keep her voice steady. "What do you want?"

"We got Russ' horse. Open up!"

"I'm calling the State House for the militia unless you go away," she told Hawn.

"You won't call no State House. I've seen to that."

Russ, behind her, whispered, "They cut the wires."

"Russ'll be on hand to stand trial," she called through the window.

"Else why should he have given himself up?"

"Because he's yellow. Knew we'd get him for the murder of Charlie Brent unless he hid behind the law."

Joan was surprised at her own calmness as she replied, "Ed swore me in as his deputy. I'm in charge here in his absence. I've given my oath to uphold the law."

"And I'm giving you one minute to open up!" Hawn retorted.

She saw a railroad tie in the hands of the men.

"Get into the cell and lock yourself in," she begged Russ.

"And be caught without my gun?"

"I knew something like this would happen," she whispered. "I put one of Ed's guns under the blankets of the cot in the far corner of the cell."

He ran for the cell, and while he pawed the blankets for the gun that wasn't there she slammed the cell door on him. As he heard the lock click he whirled, stood looking at her through the bars, his gray eyes stony.

"They'll blast me full of lead and leave me for Ed to make a picture of," he said with a shrug.

Savage blows of the railroad tie shook the oaken door.

Joan's one idea had been to lock Russ in out of harm's way, to gain time. Ed Shank would be telephoning the State House from wherever he was, but it would be almost daylight before the militia could get there. Time was the thing she must have. Russ had given her an idea.

She ran into the laboratory and locked herself in. Like the cell opposite, it faced the hall and was separated from it only by steel bars. As the door began to give way under the blows, she set up the camera, focusing the lens between the row of bars that faced the hall. From the adjoining cell, Russ, his gray eyes expressionless, watched her pouring flashlight powder into the pan.

AS the door crashed in and men poured through the opening, she set the powder off. They fell back, blinded by the flash. She reloaded her camera, then refilled the pan with powder. This time she got a close-up of a dozen men with guns leveled at her.

Hawn, the foremost, blinked through the acrid haze at the two of them, each in a barred cubicle. "What d'you think this is going to get you?" he coughed. "Pass me the key to Russ' cell or watch him get plugged!"

"You must be a bigger fool than I think you are," Joan said. "Ed called me before you cut the wires. He'll have telegraphed the State House by now. The militia will find us locked in, dead, and these two pictures I took will hang all of you. I have the cell key and it takes more than a railway tie to break down these bars."

Hawn turned, spoke to one of his men, who disappeared and returned at once with a big sledge hammer. Hawn seized it and swung it at the lock of Joan's cell.

"You going to pass me that key peaceful?" he asked threateningly.

Just then Ed Shank came loping through the wrecked door.

"You can't do that to my jail, Pete," he whimpered. "It's against the law."

Hawn pushed him aside and swung at the lock again.

Joan called out to the sheriff, "Why don't you shoot?"

One of the men yanked Ed's gun from its holster and smacked him across the face with it.

"For God's sake, be reasonable, Pete!" the little sheriff stuttered, blood running from his lips. "I called the State House from Pop's diner. The militia will be here by daylight."

CARL CLAUSEN

Danish-born, sailed before the mast in old windjammers for seven years, mined in Australia, had a fishing smack off New Zealand, fished for pearls in the Gulf of Papua, and sailed the South Seas in the old copra traders. His hobby is excavating for remains of prehistoric man.

"We'll have Russ and the pictures by that time!" Hawn snapped, "and you, too, if you don't shut your trap! Are you going to pass me that key, girl?"

Russ in his cell had been standing facing them. He now sat down on the edge of one of the cots and lit a cigarette. Joan almost hated him for that last show of bravado when she herself was wild with fear. He raised it to his lips. The glowing point flashed a message to her harassed brain just as Hawn swung the sledge hammer at the lock for the third time.

"I'll give you the key!" she called.

Hawn let the hammer fall to his side. She reached into one of the drawers of the walnut desk for the key—and something else—then retreated to the old-fashioned safe and threw the key through the bars to Hawn.

By the time he had the door open and the men had poured in, Joan had reached for the package of flashlight powder and put it on top of the safe.

"Stay where you are and drop your guns!" she told them.

Hawn shook his head and blinked at the small shiny object she was holding over the open package.

"If Russ is going to die, we're all going with him," she said.

Ed Shank's voice broke the silence: "For God's sake, Joan, keep that seegarette lighter away from that flashlight powder!"

A hoarse voice behind Hawn said, "She's bluffing, Pete! Let's rush her! That stuff won't hurt nobody!"

Quietly, still holding the burning lighter over the package, Joan transferred a pinch of the white powder to the corner of the safe and set it off. There was a puff and a flash and the men fell back a little.

"You can shoot me," she said, so quietly that none could doubt her, "but I'll have time to drop this lighter in the powder. With Russ dead there'll be nothing left for me to live for. You've already taken everything else from me, Hawn. You murdered my father—and Chet Moore and the Rowlinsons—as surely as if you had used that gun in your cowardly hand." She glanced at her wrist watch. "You have thirty seconds to drop your guns. And the key, Hawn!"

Ten of the thirty seconds went by in silence. At the end of the time Hawn's gun and the key clattered to the floor and the rest followed suit.

Joan called to the sheriff, "Hand Russ one gun. Ed. Kick one to me and keep one yourself!"

Ed complied with the order and unlocked Russ' cell.

"When I have these films developed and turned in to the attorney general, you'll be through in this county, Hawn," Joan said through the bars. She turned to Ed. "Let them out when we have a couple of hours' start. Give them a chance to scatter before the militia gets here. The county's better rid of them than wasting money on a trial."

WHEN she was riding double with Russ through the starlit moonless desert night, he said, "I could never make up to you for what you did tonight if I lived to be a hundred."

"Neither of us could," she replied, laying her face against his broad shoulder. "I was mistaken about you. I couldn't have lit a cigarette with death staring me in the face."

He sighed. "I was scared plumb stiff. I lit it hoping you wouldn't notice how scared I was. I guess what we call courage in this neck of the woods isn't so much. Maybe it's because we've not had time to learn. Maybe we need women like you to show us." He fell silent as the horse picked its way across the boulder-strewn ridge. "When you said that you wouldn't want to go on living without me—was that grandstand play just to save me, or did you mean it?"

"I mean it enough to marry you the minute the license place opens at the State House—if you want me to," she replied. "I'll get enough for those two pictures from the newspapers to square me with everybody. What are you laughing at?"

"You're such a funny little thing," he replied, leaning back and kissing her, "and laughing feels so good when you thought you'd had your last."

She looked up at the stars that had shone upon this land long before man with his possessiveness had come to carve its sere and dry remains into little pieces and deny his fellows the use of its scant resources.

As if in answer to her thoughts he said, "I'm pulling down that fence. It's inhuman to make cows, no matter whose they are, trek five miles to water. Anybody that needs to can drink at our spring."

"I'll love you for that too," she replied, smiling up into his serious gray eyes.

THE END

THE LID OFF LOS ANGELES

More startling revelations in an astounding study of corruption and vice in a great American city—and of a gallant battle against them

BY DWIGHT F. McKINNEY and FRED ALLHOFF

READING TIME ● 28 MINUTES 25 SECONDS

Good citizens of Los Angeles are at last in revolt against a long-established underworld despotism. Their leaders are Mayor Fletcher Bowron and Clifford E. Clinton, operator of Golden Rule cafeterias. It was Clinton who, unwittingly, began the fight. At the request of County Supervisor Ford, he investigated waste in the General Hospital. This brought upon him the derision of the local machine's press, and upon his cafeterias a plague of "sabotage." Undaunted, in 1936 he backed Ford for mayor. Then the authorities, with groundless sanitation charges, went after his business. The next year, finding himself on the grand jury, he moved that it investigate gambling and prostitution.

To show why Clinton was "licked before he started," the authors of this series harked back last week to the origin of the underworld despotism. Its founder, Charles Crawford, made his stake during the Yukon gold rush, and came to Los Angeles from Seattle. Later, turning outwardly respectable, he got a thug named Albert Marco to Simon-Legree his vicious enterprises. Would-be reformers were squelched with framed-up morals charges. The last of them was City Councilman Carl I. Jacobson, who in 1927 was—as he himself tells the story—led, on a pretext, into a house where he was seized and was made to appear, when police got there, to have been consorting with a woman and drinking bootleg liquor. Jailed, he was refused freedom on bond, and a lawyer he knew came and warned him of a rumored plan to inject into his veins blood of one of Marco's "landladies" who had syphilis.

PART TWO—THE PASSING OF "GOOD-TIME CHARLIE"

IF Jacobson had been alarmed before, he had good reason to feel stark terror now. He blurted out a plea to his attorney friend:

"Get to an outside telephone, quick!" he begged. "This one in here is dead! Call Dr. Parrish, the city health officer! Have him get in touch with me at once!"

The attorney followed instructions. Parrish called Councilman Jacobson at the jail, and Jacobson explained the situation and asked him to come there at once and give him a physical examination. Within an hour that had been done. There was no longer legitimate reason for holding Jacobson in technical custody. He was released.

He had left home at eight o'clock in the evening. He did not reach his home again until seven twenty the following morning.

The mild-mannered but outspoken councilman was indicted by the grand jury and tried on a resorting charge. The jury disagreed and the case was dismissed. Carl Jacobson then set out to clear his own name. He sought the arrest and conviction of those who, he insisted, had framed him.

Now, the story you have just read, it must be pointed out, is Carl Jacobson's own story. It is the story he told when he went before a grand jury. It is the story he told throughout a series of long-drawn-out trials. It is the story he—an aging man in his sixties—tells to this day. It deserves consideration if for no other reason than that he was on the scene when so many of the happenings of that mad night occurred.

But it must also be added that, to this day, there is no official and legally approved version.

Seven persons were indicted and tried on charges of conspiring to frame Jacobson. Four of them were tried twice. Each time the defense harped with mock solemnity upon a burlesque motif: Was Councilman Jacobson in his underwear when officers came upon him? Was it long underwear? Was it red underwear?

And each time a laughing jury disagreed. The conspiracy charges eventually were dismissed.

Two of the persons indicted were Charles Crawford and Albert Marco.

The prosecution attempted to establish that one of the raiding officers, immediately after the raid, walked down the street to a filling station, where he made a telephone call assuring some one, somewhere, that the raid had been a success: that Councilman Jacobson was smashed, discredited. The prosecution claimed that phone call was made to a room in the Biltmore Hotel; that Crawford received the message; that at Crawford's side sat Marco.

This interesting link, however, was never legally forged—and Crawford and Marco walked out of the courtroom free men. Mrs. Callie Grimes also was acquitted.

The four members of the Central Vice Squad who were tried were Captain Hubert B. Wallis, Dick Lucas, "Rusty" Williams, and Harry Raymond.

The law—a fickle wench—had given Jacobson's story a sidelong glance of encouragement by refusing to find him either guilty or innocent. The law now did the same for the four indicted Vice Squad officers. Their trials, as has been noted, resulted in two hung juries.

So it is only fair to present their story as they brought it out in court. Defense testimony there insisted that the Central Vice Squad *had* received a tip that some immoral goings-on were taking place at the Grimes home; that they *had* gone there in the course of duty; that they *had* found the councilman and the lady in a bedroom, with liquor on the dresser, and that Jacobson *had* been in his underwear.

Those are the stories. Take your pick.

You might even exonerate every one by holding to a theory that some unknown men disrobed Jacobson in the darkness and fled, and that, in the interim before the lights went up, an innocent vice squad, acting upon an anonymous tip, crashed the place to find (when the lights came on) a suspicious situation.

The policeman who, Jacobson claims, overheard the plot to inject the blood of a syphilitic into his veins and who tipped him off, later was charged with handling liquor and was ordered out of the Police Department. Jacobson says he too was framed.

District Attorney Asa Keyes cannot offer any evidence, for he was soon to be convicted of bribery and sent to prison, and he has since died.

Jacobson says that after the second mistrial the district attorney told him: "Carl, it is hard to send your lodge brothers to the penitentiary."

He says that he replied he would be

satisfied if they resigned. Raymond, Dick Lucas, and Rusty Williams did resign. Later Raymond and Lucas were reinstated. Still later they resigned a second time. There are two versions of that, too. Jacobson claims he insisted upon their resignations. The other version has it that Raymond, angry because he had been taken along on the vice raid, resigned in disgust. Take your choice here, too, but keep in mind the name of Harry Raymond. He became an extremely important stimulus to Clifford E. Clinton's effort to bring sane and decent municipal government to Los Angeles in 1937.

The newspapers had enjoyed a howling holiday with the story of the "councilman's underwear." But it was a story, any way you looked at it, that was essentially sinister and not funny at all. And two incidents in its aftermath strike a weird note.

After the trials, a detective, looking ill and wretched, came to Jacobson. "I can't sleep, Carl," he said. "When I testified against you, I perjured myself. Say you'll forgive me."

Jacobson told him gently, "The only One I know who can forgive you would be God Himself."

Two weeks later the detective was dead.

Another man, connected with a Los Angeles newspaper, also sought out the councilman.

"I had to write a lot of things about you during this case. I didn't want to. I had to, to hold my job. I hope you'll understand. No hard feelings?"

"Forget it," Jacobson advised. "I don't hold anything against you. I know what you were up against."

Two weeks later that man committed suicide.

The years between 1926 and 1930 were troublous ones for the political and underworld hot shots of Los Angeles. Boss Crawford and his man Marco, "King of the Underworld," had come out of the Jacobson case with their crowns tilted but intact. But other trouble was brewing.

The crookedly rigged $40,000,000 Julian Petroleum Corporation collapsed.

"Good-Time Charlie" Crawford, the pioneer organizer and big shot of Los Angeles' underworld, and (left) his business manager, Albert Marco.

There was a clatter of shots. The man in the blue suit ran out and disappeared.

District Attorney Asa Keyes had the reputation of being a ruthless prosecutor. In five years he had sent 5,000 persons to the penitentiary. Now, however, he began by asking for a dismissal of the charges in the Julian oil company case. Failing there, he prosecuted so insipidly that the defendants were acquitted, while he himself was convicted of receiving a bribe and sent to San Quentin.

One of those who squeezed out of a bribery rap in the Julian oil company scandal was Charles Crawford.

The case had an interesting aftermath. A reporter named Morris Lavine had originally exposed the oil company in a series of newspaper articles. Now Lavine brazenly tried to put the bite on the boss of Los Angeles. He went around to Crawford's office, told him he had dug up some incriminating evidence, and offered to sell it to him for a paltry $75,000.

Crawford paid Lavine the money. It was marked. Detectives arrested Lavine outside Crawford's office. The money was impounded, as evidence, in the county courthouse. Lavine was convicted of the attempted shakedown and sent to prison, where he started suit to recover the $75,000 he had extorted from Crawford. He carried his suit to the federal court in Los Angeles, but lost. The court ordered the money returned to Crawford.

It was gone. The county official who had been its custodian had never seen so much money before. Temptation had overcome him. He had invested it, on the theory that he could double it, replace it, and retire. He lost most of it in the market, philosophically took a vacation trip with the rest, and then went to prison.

Charlie Crawford was out $75,000. But Albert Marco, his pudgy vice collector, was having even more exasperating troubles. They were trying to put him in jail.

Marco insulted a woman one night in the Ship Café in Venice, California. The woman's escort invited him into the men's room for the announced purpose of beating his ugly face in. Marco, a big man, accepted—and took an awful beating before two of his henchmen rescued him. They knocked his opponent to the floor. Marco drew a gun and put a bullet into the helpless man.

At the time of his arrest he tried to buy his way out, but failed. Charlie Crawford tossed money and political pull on the blanket in an effort to save his swarthy vice manager. He did win him delay; nothing more. Albert Marco eventually was brought to trial on a charge of assault with a deadly weapon.

District Attorney Asa Keyes, at the time still in the saddle and, it was rumored, taking orders from Charlie Crawford, assigned one of his young deputy district attorneys, Dave Clark, to try Marco.

It was Dave Clark's big chance—and he made the most of it. Clean-cut and handsome, in his early thirties, he was the son-in-law of a New York Supreme Court justice. He was brilliant and hard-working and showed a lot of promise. He went into court and hit Marco with everything he had. It wasn't enough. The jury disagreed.

Undaunted, he brought Marco to trial a second time. This time he made it stick. Marco was convicted and sent to prison. Later he was deported.

NOW, in order to get a proper perspective, it is necessary again to go back to the easy-money days when Crawford came to Los Angeles to build his political power upon a hotel that was a combination drinking, gambling, and bawdy house.

The vice unit of the Police Department in those days was known as the Purity Squad. Two of its members were James E. Davis, a big-bodied, smooth-talking man, and Guy McAfee, a thin, wing-eared, likable chap who had come to Los Angeles from the wheat belt.

Davis, known to some of his fellow cops as "Cupie," was to become Chief of Police of Los Angeles.

Guy McAfee, sometimes called "the Whistler" but more commonly "Slats," was to become one of the gambling czars of the city.

Old-timers say that though McAfee was a tireless raider of vice and gambling joints, Charlie Crawford's place always seemed to escape.

Legend has it that McAfee's nickname "the Whistler" came about in this way: A tip on a place of vice or gambling would come into headquarters. The Purity Squad would be given the address and orders to go out and push the place over. Often McAfee, before they went out, would have to make a phone call. He'd call a number but, apparently, would get no answer. He'd just stand there a few moments, the receiver in his hand, whistling some popular tune. "Guess nobody's home," he'd say after a while—and hang up.

When the Purity Squad arrived at the supposed joint, they would find it to be an empty house.

Guy McAfee left the Police Department of his own accord. He knew his way around by this time and—some accounts have it—joined forces with Crawford.

IN 1926 McAfee's former fellow member of the Purity Squad, James E. Davis, became Chief of Police under Mayor George E. Cryer. Then, in quick succession, came the Jacobson "raid" case, the Julian oil scandal, the Asa Keyes conviction, and the Marco shooting.

A revolted public, headed by a militant church group, put John Clinton Porter, a reform mayor, in office. Porter was dry and he was honest, but he was not, unfortunately, too sophisticated. He demoted Chief of Police James E. Davis to a traffic job and put Roy E. Steckel in as chief. It added up to little more than a conscientious gesture, for Chief Davis had not been responsible for the alliance between Los Angeles' Police Department and Los Angeles' underworld. Rather, a clique of men in the Police Department were to blame. They held their jobs year after year, administration after administration, backed by those with whom they shared the profits from the vice and gambling rackets.

The Police Department clique, when a new administration came into being, closed up for a month or so, for appearances' sake, meanwhile busily mending their organization fences. Then graft flourished anew—more tightly organized than ever.

But now reform was in the air. It had put a new district attorney into office—hawk-nosed Buron Fitts, a shrewd political opportunist who had begun his career in law as an office boy for the famous criminal lawyer, Earl Rogers. A wounded war veteran, Fitts' big chance had come when, as an assistant district attorney, he had prosecuted and sent to prison the man who had appointed him—his own boss, shifty Asa Keyes.

Young Dave Clark, now a Fitts assistant, was riding the reform wagon too. He had had the nerve to slap the notorious Albert Marco behind bars—a daring blow at the machine. He was captivating, and the public loved him. He resigned his job to campaign for a municipal judgeship. His chances looked excellent.

The most truly incongruous figure on the reform band wagon was Charlie Crawford himself. His weather eye peeled, he suddenly announced that he had got religion. No more rough stuff. He was off wine, women, and games of chance. From his Hollywood real-estate office and his swank North Rexford Drive home, snuggled amid the palaces of movie stars in exclusive Beverly Hills, he let it be known that he had been converted. To prove it he dropped his nickel on the drum—a $3,500 diamond ring, a bauble of his roistering saloon days. The ring went one Sunday into the collection plate in the Rev. Gustav Briegleb's fashionable St. Paul's Presbyterian Church. Attached to it was a card reading, "Use this for the children."

CRAWFORD was known as the "Gray Wolf" by this time. More properly, he was a fox. If people wanted reform, they could have it. He contributed lavishly to the campaigns of reform candidates for public office on the theory that, once they were elected, he could outguess them and acquire more power than ever. And, since they were honest, he wouldn't have to share the spoils.

He began loudly to endorse a list of candidates for office. Amazingly, young Dave Clark, who had sent his business manager Albert Marco to prison, was among those whom he ostensibly supported.

He even hired a publicity man, a resourceful ex-newspaperman named Herbert F. Spencer, who in his days as a police reporter had made a dubious name for himself. Once he had taken a hard-drinking chief of detectives for a ride out to a ranch, where he had got him drunk on spiked wine, and then, as they were driving back to town, he had steered him into a policeman. The chief of detectives had been arrested for drunken driving and Spencer had scooped the town on the story.

Now Spencer had aligned himself with a political exposé sheet having a reputed circulation of 15,000. It was called the Critic of Critics. In its first few months of publication it had lampooned Mayor Porter and the church crowd. Now, with Charlie Crawford's money reputedly behind it, it deplored vice's rampancy in Los Angeles.

In its first anniversary issue, published in May, 1931, it accused former vice cop McAfee of lording it over the city's "nether regions" and promised a fuller exposé, to be entitled Guy McAfee, "Capone" of L. A.

Whether this was subtle strategy or an attempt by Charlie Crawford to squelch what he may have considered poaching is not clear. But that month of May brought sensational developments.

At about three o'clock on the afternoon of May 20, Charlie Crawford and Herbert Spencer were sitting in Crawford's real-estate office in the shadow of a church, when a visitor came to see them.

He was a tall dark man in a blue suit. He was cheerful and smiling.

He said his name was Wilson. He was admitted to the inner office where Crawford and Spencer sat. Sometime later there was the clatter of shots. The man in the blue suit ran out of the place and disappeared down the street.

Herbert Spencer was dead; Charlie Crawford was mortally wounded. He was rushed to the Georgia Street Receiving Hospital. The Rev. Gustav Briegleb came and held his hand and prayed. His wife came and cried. The cops came and told him: "You're going to die, Charlie. Who did it?"

Crawford pushed an ether mask off his face and told the young detective leaning over him, "I'd like to give you a break, son. I know who did it, but I'll take care of it in my own way."

He went under the anesthetic and never came out of it.

ALL Los Angeles wondered who had killed Charlie Crawford and Herbert F. Spencer.

Spencer's widow, crying bitterly, said, "Find Guy McAfee. Ask him who did it."

That was easy. The cops found Guy McAfee at his big expensive home on Fremont Place. But McAfee quickly demonstrated that he had had nothing to do with the killing.

He too had thrown his political power behind Dave Clark.

He was not placed under arrest but was taken into "technical custody." That is, for several days a policeman followed him wherever he went. At the time of the murder he had been nowhere near the scene but, as he proved, in Los Angeles' Hall of Justice.

McAfee told newspapermen: "This is a natural—that I should be sought for and questioned and held in technical custody after the death of Charlie Crawford and Herbert Spencer. I am perfectly satisfied with my position. I want the police to hold me until I am vindicated."

He added a word about his relations with Crawford: "Here is something that is not generally known: Charlie and I buried our chief political differences last Monday night. We had a conference arranged by mutual friends, and went over a great number of matters. At the end of that meeting our main differences had all been ironed out."

Good-Time Charlie was buried from St. Paul's Presbyterian Church, built with funds he had supplied and dedicated to his mother. He lay in a $15,000 bronze-and-silver casket. Two thousand persons attended his funeral.

His property, real and personal, amounted at the time of his death to nearly $170,000. He wore expensive clothes and carried a $150 watch. Yet he died a pauper. He had debts running between a quarter of and half a million dollars. His watch was sold for sixteen dollars.

Herbert Spencer was not buried in a costly casket. But he received floral tributes from two prominent mem-

SO THE HARDER A WIFE WORKS, THE CUTER SHE LOOKS!
1.
GOSH, HONEY, YOU SEEM TO THRIVE ON COOKING, CLEANING AND DUSTING—AND I'M ALL TUCKERED OUT BY CLOSING TIME. WHAT'S THE ANSWER?
VITAMINS, DARLING! I ALWAYS GET MY VITAMINS
2.
REMEMBER WHAT THE DOCTOR TOLD YOU—YOU CAN'T HAVE PEP WITHOUT VITAMINS? WELL I'VE DISCOVERED SOMETHING—A PERFECTLY DELICIOUS BREAKFAST CEREAL CALLED KELLOGG'S PEP, THAT'S RICH IN VITAMINS B AND D. AND I'VE ALREADY LAID IN A SUPPLY FOR OUR BREAKFASTS
3.
HONEY, IF VITAMINS CAN GIVE ME EVEN A LITTLE OF YOUR ZIP AND SPARKLE, YOU'VE MADE THE DISCOVERY OF THE AGE!
IF YOU, TOO, HAVE LACKED VITAMINS, DISCOVER THE GRAND THINGS THEY CAN DO FOR YOU. AND TO HELP GET YOUR VITAMINS, EAT KELLOGG'S PEP FOR BREAKFAST. IT'S A SUPREMELY DELICIOUS CEREAL—CRUNCHY GOLDEN FLAKES OF BRAN AND OTHER PARTS OF WHEAT, ENRICHED WITH VITAMINS B AND D. EAT IT EVERY DAY, AND SEE IF YOU DON'T HAVE MORE ZIP AND ZEST!
Kellogg's PEP
VITAMIN (B+D) ENRICHED

Vitamins for pep! Kellogg's Pep for vitamins!*

**Pep contains vitamins B and D. Each ounce contains 1/5 of an adult's and 4/5 of a child's daily requirement of B, and about 1/2 the daily requirement of D.*

bers of the gambling fraternity, Milton “Farmer” Page and—Guy McAfee. Los Angeles newspapers of the time fail to record whether he wore, in death, an accessory he had continually worn since his early reportorial days—a .45 Colt in a shoulder holster.

The Crawford-Spencer double killing did not long remain a mystery. On Thursday, May 21, the killer walked into the Hall of Justice and surrendered.

He was David H. Clark, former deputy district attorney, whose race for a municipal judgeship was even now drawing to a close.

THE Los Angeles public was aghast. Its handsome idol, the brilliant hard-hitting ex-prosecutor, the respected local boy who was making good, was in a serious mess. He had dared to lash out at the underworld and send Albert Marco to prison; he had dared, just a few days before, to declare in a campaign speech that the conviction of Marco had temporarily broken the stranglehold of underworld corruption, but that Los Angeles was again sliding under the iron thumb of organized crime. And he had intimated that he, if elected municipal judge, would carry on the fight for reform.

And now he was being held on two counts of murder!

If he had shot Crawford and Spencer, what, in heaven's name, could possibly have been his motive?

Dave Clark didn't answer that question. He told persistent newshawks, “Sorry, boys. I'm in a turmoil inside.”

He had not, police learned, been home since the morning before the murder. On the day he left home, it was likewise discovered, he had attempted to borrow a gun from a policeman friend and, upon being refused, had purchased a .38 revolver from a Los Angeles shop, offering a “rubber” check in payment. The bullets taken from the bodies of Crawford and Spencer were .38s.

Los Angeles again witnessed the astounding spectacle of a candidate for public office conducting his campaign from a prison cell.

On June 2 he was defeated in the race for municipal judge, but polled 67,000 votes. The following day he was released from prison on bail of $100,000. He still had uttered not a word that offered the faintest clue concerning his motive for the murders.

Police meanwhile had nothing better than the tortuous trail of political rumors to follow in their search for the motive. Rumors and more rumors floated about, many of them sensational in the extreme. Two are recorded here, not because they contain an iota of truth, but merely as an example of what some of Los Angeles' honest cops, seeking an explanation for the killings, were up against.

One rumor had it that the underworld had framed young Dave Clark. When he had been a fighting deputy district attorney, intent upon sending Marco to San Quentin, he had been invited, so the story went, to a party. This party—attended by a number of political figures—had taken place between the first and second Marco trials. A pretty and shapely young woman had plumped herself down in Clark's lap and—to his surprise—had thrown her arms around his neck.

All of which, the story insisted, had been recorded by a hidden camera.

Dave Clark was devoted to his pretty wife Nancy, and it is doubtful if such a thing could have happened. However, the story had it that Crawford was holding this photograph over Clark's head; threatening to use it if he attempted, on his second try, to convict Marco.

The story went even further—to the effect that when the time had come to select a jury for Marco's second trial, word had been sent to Special Prosecutor Clark that three men who would hang the jury had been wormed into the panel of prospective jurors. If he knew what was good for him, Clark was supposed to have been told, he would not try to keep those three men off the jury.

Whatever the facts, a judge who didn't like the looks of things sent the whole jury panel into another courtroom and a new panel was drawn for the Marco case.

The other rumor sent police looking for June Taylor, a comely blonde, consort of Albert Marco who reputedly became his field manager after he went to prison.

According to this rumor, Dave Clark had agreed to “throw” the Marco trial. Instead, to the annoyance of Crawford, he had gone in, pitched ball, and convicted Marco. It was even hinted that he had an “understanding” with June Taylor: They would take over Marco's business enterprises—in which Crawford had a cut—and leave the political boss out in the cold.

Then—to wind up this legend—Crawford in return threatened to frame Dave Clark with the “wild party” photograph almost on the eve of election, and, with Spencer, was shot to death for his pains.

ABOUT all such rumors, in which despairing police could not discover the faintest foundation of fact, Dave Clark said nothing. It became obvious that at his trial—and not before—he would rip the veil of mystery from what had happened in Crawford's real-estate office on Sunset Boulevard late in the afternoon of May 20.

On Monday, August 3, before Superior Court Judge Stanley Murray of Madera County, who was announced to hear the case only a few minutes before court opened, David H. Clark went on trial for his life. He was to be tried first for the murder of Spencer.

On the eighth floor of Los Angeles' Hall of Justice, hundreds of persons sought a chance to jam their way into the tiny stuffy courtroom that had seats for only sixty-five spectators.

Clark's pretty young wife was in the courtroom. Clark himself, nattily dressed, cheerful, handsome in a dark fashion reminiscent of the movie idol John Gilbert, had the crowd with him from the start.

The defense, not unaware of his masculine attractiveness, succeeded in seating seven women on the jury. It was selected in two days and locked up. Clark was ordered back to jail.

District Attorney Buron Fitts had sent his boss, Asa Keyes, to San Quentin. He didn't relish the job of trying now to put his former deputy on the gallows. He designated a veteran attorney, W. Joseph Ford, to conduct the prosecution.

Ford, in his opening statement, frankly assured the jury that the State hadn't the faintest idea why Clark had slain. Only Clark, it seemed, could tell them that.

Ten days after the trial opened, David Clark took the stand as his own principal witness, and the whole city waited breathlessly. It did not have long to wait. Calmly he testified that he had shot both Spencer and Crawford. It was done, he swore, in self-defense.

And before his story was over, David Clark was a greater hero than ever, if you reacted as many people evidently did to his testimony.

HE said that on the day before the murder he had received a phone call from Herbert Spencer, who was angry because Clark had been persistently attacking organized crime in Los Angeles.

“Something is going to happen to you,” Spencer said.

“Now, wait a minute,” Clark quoted himself as replying. “What are you trying to do?”

“One of these nights you will drive into your driveway and you won't get out of your machine.”

Worried, he had purchased a gun that day with which, if need be, to defend himself. Then he had gone to Crawford's real-estate office to find out what was wrong.

He admitted on the stand that he had asked Crawford, the convert to the church of the Rev. Gustav Briegleb, to try to get him, Clark, the minister's support in his race for the municipal judgeship.

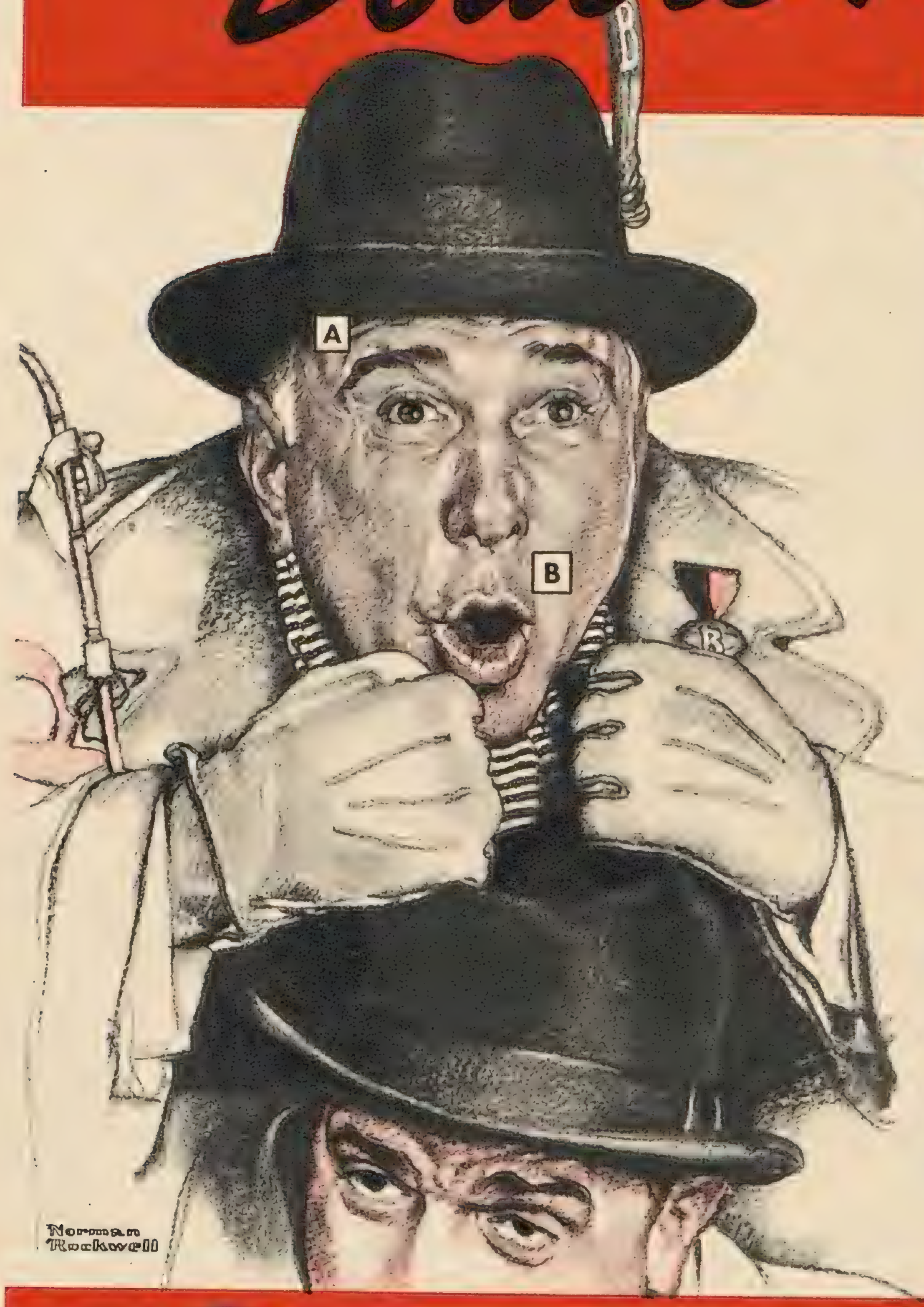
Crawford was in a pleasant frame of mind, according to Clark. He told Clark, in effect:

“I'm back in the saddle now. I'm going to be the real political boss in this town. I can control four members of the next grand jury. And next year, with the Olympic Games here and with all those visitors, Los Angeles will be at its greatest. And it'll be *my* city!”

Crawford revealed that he was double-crossing his pastor, too. “With the radio station I'm going to build for Gus Briegleb, think what I can do! Why, I'll have a political machine that will swing seventy-five to a hundred thousand votes!”

(Continued on page 28)

Because it's "*Double-Rich!*"


A
B
Norman Rockwell

YOU'LL LIKE THIS STRAIGHT BOURBON IF YOU'RE THIS ARDENT TYPE

A Heavy brows which curve low at the eyes' outer edges. Prominent veins in vicinity of eye.

B Upper lip hollowed out in center . . . resembling "Cupid's bow." Lower lip full and slightly projecting.

If you're this vivacious high-spirited type, you will be an enthusiastic rooter for old Kentucky's *"Double-Rich"* Bourbon . . . such a winner that it's the world's largest selling straight Bourbon. Say *"Make Mine Cream!"*

SCHENLEY'S *Cream of Kentucky*

STRAIGHT BOURBON WHISKEY

A 90 proof whiskey with the Mark of Merit. Copr. 1939, Schenley Distillers Corp., New York City

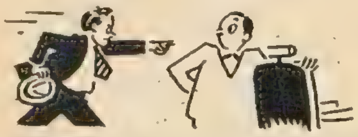
SCHENLEY
A Schenley Product
BOTTLED AT THE DISTILLERY
Cream of Kentucky
Straight Bourbon Whiskey
90 PROOF
BOTTLED FOR SCHENLEY DISTRIBUTORS INC
NEW YORK, N.Y.

X show this to Bill

"UGH! Scalp no good! Won't pass FINGERNAIL TEST!"

WOTTA NIGHTMARE! But it woke me up to the fact something was wrong with my hair. If my scalp wasn't good enough for an Indian, it wasn't good enough for me!

that's telling him



"SAY," I asked Mike, the barber, "is there anything to these Fingernail Test ads?"

"YOU'RE A FINE ONE," snorts Mike, "and you the fella they're runnin' those ads for! Your scalp's as gummy as a race track after a rain!"

sounds good

"GET WISE," Mike says, "and use this 3-Action Wildroot-with-Oil. It's the same Wildroot that's been scarin' away dirt and dandruff scales for 30 years, plus pure *vegetable* oil that can't build up grease on the scalp! Use it between shampoos and your hair stays well-groomed and clean too!"

must get today

NOW my girl friend calls me "Handsome", and she's darn near right! My hair stays down and dandruff stays away!

35¢

60c and $1 at all drug dealers. Professional applications at barbers.

WILDROOT CO., BUFFALO, N. Y.
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WILDROOT
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WILDROOT WITH OIL

THE 3-ACTION HAIR TONIC

1. CLEANS AS IT GROOMS 2. RELIEVES DRYNESS 3. REMOVES LOOSE DANDRUFF

IMPORTANT: *Wildroot Hair Tonic, original formula, used by millions who prefer a non-oily tonic, on sale everywhere!*

(Continued from page 26)

Clark, it seems, sat there waiting for Crawford to say something about the matter that concerned him—help in his campaign for the judgeship. Crawford got to it. He promised Clark he would help him. But—

"Dave," Clark quoted him, "you're just getting started in politics. You know, if people do things for you, you've got to do things for them."

Dave Clark waited, to learn what the catch might be. Crawford told him, "I want you to take Chief Steckel down to Santa Monica."

Chief of Police Roy E. Steckel and Dave Clark had been friends for eight years. It had been Steckel who had handled the arrest of Albert Marco on the gun-assault charge, Steckel's testimony that had been largely responsible for Marco's conviction and subsequent imprisonment. Spencer and Steckel had been enemies and, Steckel once said, the gun-toting ex-newspaperman had tried to have him demoted and transferred.

Now, according to Dave Clark's testimony, Crawford, in exchange for his support, was asking Clark to take his friend Steckel to a place in Santa Monica. Clark, on the witness stand, said that he had jumped to his feet upon hearing that proposal and had shouted:

"Do you want me to frame my good friend Steckel? You dirty low-down skunk! You were indicted for framing Councilman Jacobson . . . now you join the church and profess to be a Christian, and you throw a big diamond into the plate. . . . I'm going out and from every platform and radio I am going to tell the people what happened in this room. You are two dirty rats."

Crawford, Clark swore, said, "No —— —— has ever talked to me that way," and seemingly reached for a gun. Clark said he grabbed Crawford, who said, "Get him, Herb."

"I pulled out my gun and shot Mr. Crawford," Clark testified. "Then I saw Mr. Spencer coming across the room. He was leaning over, making a movement with his hand, and I pointed my gun at him and shot him."

THUS did the picture take form. A young ex-prosecutor, brilliant, dashing, fearlessly challenging the underworld; refusing courageously to frame a friend.

It was a vivid picture, and eleven of the jurors believed in it. The twelfth, a stubborn male, didn't. For three days he hopelessly deadlocked that jury. The result was a mistrial.

Handsome Dave Clark was tried again in September. This time there were eight women on the jury. They were deadlocked for almost a solid day—again by a male juror. They brought in their verdict: "Not guilty!"

The presiding judge congratulated smiling David Clark and told him, "Had I been hearing this case without a jury, I would have rendered the same verdict these good citizens did—not guilty."

Dave Clark, the dashing ex-prosecutor, was acquitted. The public, like both juries, probably had stood preponderantly behind him.

Mrs. Alice O. Thomas, forewoman of the first jury, summed it up most colorfully: "He shot Crawford and Spencer to save his own life. He is one of our noblest Americans!"

William E. Weller, the hold-out juror on that same jury, however, had said, "I voted guilty right from the start. I was for hanging, but I would have given in if they had gone for a guilty verdict of any kind. I would not have changed had the trial kept on ten years."

Why Mr. Weller was so stubbornly convinced that Dave Clark must be guilty does not appear. Perhaps he lost all faith in the picture of Clark as an inflexible, forthright public official because of one dismal, disillusioning fragment of testimony that was given during the trial.

Clark was being questioned about his ringing speeches during the judgeship campaign. "You didn't believe," he was asked, "your talks against the underworld would incur the hostility of any one or hurt any one?"

"Well, I don't know," he admitted. "I was just talking to get votes."

AFTER his acquittal he told reporters of his plans:

"In a couple of days Nancy and I are going to motor to the ranch of a friend upcountry and stay there for about two weeks. Then I am going back and take things up where I had to lay them down. I will open a law office in downtown Los Angeles, the city of my birth, and expect to spend the remainder of my life here in the practice of my chosen profession."

So much for Clark's plans. After a fashion, he carried them out, but his legal work for a while seems to have been concerned with discovering how dog racing legally could be carried on in California, and he was to become an associate of Guy McAfee. He lived in a big and fashionable home and became something of a free-spending man about town.

And then, suddenly, Dave Clark vanished as completely as if he had been swallowed up by the earth beneath him, and his pretty wife Nancy sat at home sobbing over a mysterious ransom note she had received demanding $10,000 for his safe return but offering no evidence that it came from any one who knew, any more than she did, where Dave Clark was.

How much did good citizens really know, even then, about Los Angeles' invisible empire? Did they know of its reorganization for higher-power plundering after its stooge Shaw became mayor? Of its creation of that atrocious police spy squad which was to rival the Old World's Gestapo and Ogpu? You, at all events, will know the whole stories of those diabolical developments after reading next week's installment of this series!

THE SHADOW OF THE MASTER

READING TIME ● 23 MINUTES 17 SECONDS

PART NINE—A MAD MASQUERADE

IT was Gordon's last day's trek toward Dou Van. His worst day.

"You see," he explained later on, "in spite of what it says in those elegantly illustrated travel and adventure books—the kind where the author, all freshly shaved and powdered, lords it over a lot of abject natives and ditto animals—a guy doesn't get toughened by bone-breaking fatigue, doesn't get inured to rotten food and stinking brackish water and brazen heat and poisonous insects and attacks of malaria. Not I at least. Maybe because I had no reading public to impress with the swell physical condition I was in. Swell physical condition, my foot! You should have seen me. I was as thin as a rail. I shook with ague. I was as filthy as a pigsty in midsummer. I stumbled, at times fell. I was more dead than alive."

Not that he thought most of his bodily sufferings. Truthfully, by now, he did not mind them spiritually.

On the contrary, he welcomed them, since they helped him to carry on. They endowed him with a stony, almost pagan resolve that he *must* carry on, *must* win through.

In a way, he figured, it was patriotism. Not jingoistic patriotism with a formal bow in the direction of the Stars and Stripes—indeed, what had America to do with this fantastic journey of his across the Indo-China wilderness? — but the pride which comes to a man, like a deep, mysterious consciousness, when in an alien land he feels a racial or national pulsebeat; something like a specific challenge which dares him to prove to himself that he has the courage and strength and, too, the mother wit to finish what he has begun.

A challenge to his manhood no less than to his faith.

He must find both, here in the torrid zone where blazing summer seemed eternal. By finding both—and somehow they intermingled and were one, as if manhood were but a part of faith—he would find Yvonne.

He was sure of it. Was sure that he would see the white amazing miracle of her which years ago in France, in the little village of Lamaze, he had been unable to perceive and comprehend because selfishness and sheer animal sensuousness had struck him blind.

Now suffering, grief, despair, tragedy—ah! tragedy of material things which was glorification of

ILLUSTRATED BY PHIL LYFORD

PHIL LYFORD

All at once, he broke into laughter. Louder and louder he laughed, like a man entirely bereft of reason.

Drums in the jungle! Strangely now a man faces death for love

BY ACHMED ABDULLAH and ANTHONY ABBOT

WHAT HAS GONE BEFORE

WHILE attempting to shoot Captain Gordon McArdle, who is addressing a crowd in the New York Yankee Stadium on "Jesus the Lord of Peace," a young man is felled by an invisible power. Their imaginations aroused, two writers go in search of the story behind the evangelist, and learn the details of his past from an unidentified woman.

Rising out of vagabondage, Gordon McArdle became a captain in the A. E. F. in the World War, the woman tells them, and fell in love with a pretty French nurse, Yvonne Durand, but he doubted her constancy.

Once, during hostilities, Gordon killed a German prisoner and put the dead man's heavy seal ring on his own finger. Subsequently made prisoner himself, this ring was recognized on his hand by the father of his victim, a high Uhlan officer, who cut off Gordon's guilty finger with a blow of a saber. Then the American was sent to the worst of detention camps where he suffered the tortures of the damned until the armistice. But in this place began his spiritual regeneration due to the visions that had come to him.

Released from the detention camp, he immediately went in search of Yvonne in Paris, and was informed that she had had a baby—his child—and that there was no trace of them. Following the trail of a psychic dream, Gordon headed for Dou Van, an outpost in Indo-China, where Yvonne was supposed to be. Not far from his goal he had the misfortune to be bitten by a leper, and was compelled to enter an isolation hospital. Though not infected, he remained there for ten years, helping as an orderly with the doomed patients.

Meanwhile, even as the dream had indicated, Yvonne was in remote Dou Van. Her little son, Jean, had been adopted by Colonel and Mme. de Lubersac, and she, withholding her identity, had become his nursemaid and governess. And day and night she thought of Gordon, wondering if she would ever see him again—praying that she would.

Out of a clear sky there came an uprising of Moy tribesmen and Dou Van was made into a shambles, but with other Europeans Yvonne and Jean were taken prisoner—to be enslaved! The revolt and massacre had been instigated by Communists under the leadership of Meh Sao, a Tonkinese, and Martin Greenes, an American.

Reading of this horror, and seeing the picture of the lost Yvonne in a native newspaper, Gordon wastes no time in setting out to pierce the jungle and rescue her.

---

spirit—had opened his eyes. Wisdom had flung wide her doors; had given him a glimpse of life—immortal life for which Jesus had been nailed to the cross, for which earnest simple St. Paul had been beheaded by the Romans and a peasant Joan of Arc had been burned at the stake. . . .

HE must find her, he realized, before the French war machine got under ponderous portentous way. France would not permit this insult to her prestige to go unavenged. A punitive expedition, horse, foot, the guns, planes, and tanks would be sent. They would invade the territory of the Moys; would burn the villages; would take a life—no! a hundred lives—for a life.

And what, then, would happen to the prisoners, the women and children? What would happen to Yvonne?

Yes! He had to get to his goal ahead of the French columns. So he steeled his will, tightened his muscles, lengthened his stride, and at high noon came to the jungle itself—spreading its creeping coiling carpet of matted corruption, its throbbing surge of green life, but life that seemed innately vicious and harmful.

There was a trail—what had once been a trail. Hardly discernible; wiped over by the toxic breath of the tropics into a dim smelly mire which stewed and bubbled and sucked; which, was Gordon's morose imagining, seemed to reach out great tentacles for those who dared tread its foul solitude.

There was an exuberant entangling of leaves and odorous extravagant waxen flowers; cable-like spiky lianas made a tracery from tree to tree, serving as a bridge for tribes of little monkeys; trailing parasites interlaced in all manner of curves, in broad swings, in endlessly repeated circles, made an impassable network, and Gordon drew his bush knife to cut through.

Whit-whit-whit! went the blade.

Hack! hack! Hack and slash through the green sappy tunnel. . . . Hack! slash! hack! Hack upward! Slash hard at those mazed thorn vines crisscrossing to the left, threatening your neck and eyes. . . .

Look out! Quick! Jump sideways!

That isn't a root. It's a snake darting off, a streak of crimson and yellow and brown, a thing beautiful and venomous, fragile and deadly. . . .

Hack away! Slash away!

Whippy branches lashing backward—flicking you across face and chest, stinging you. Take your punishment, soldier! Swearing helps a little, not much. Remember France—no man's land . . .? Same thing. Only worse. . . .

Mosquitoes swarming. Flying ants getting into your ears and nostrils. Squishy spineless things popping underfoot—makes you sick. . . .

A clearing. A single clean arrogant palm rising straight up like a rocket. A breath of cooler air. Step a bit more briskly, relieved of the intolerable burden of fatigue and aching bones. . . .

The jungle again. The fetid malign wilderness which hates you, which stretches out fingers to clutch your throat, to strangle you.

Don't let those fingers get you! Take your bush knife! Hack at them!

A bayonet plant ripping across your knee. . . .

"Damn it to hell!"

You yell loudly. Then, suddenly, you drop your voice to a whisper. Because you are afraid. Like a child in the dark.

Afraid of ghosts. Jungle ghosts.

On your way though! Forget your fear! Push along through that bamboo thicket!

Not at all like that small park at Lamaze, unscathed in spite of years of war.

Remember it?

Remember that time you went there with Yvonne . . .?

On an evening it was. You had both been working hard, she with a batch of wounded just back from the front, and you trying to drill some horse sense into a half company of raw recruits who didn't know their right foot from their left.

So you went to the park. You carried a picnic basket. Not army chow. But a roast chicken, a long loaf of white French bread, wild strawberries wrapped in moist leaves, creamy Norman cheese and a bottle of red wine. Not so bad! And after you had eaten, you and she had sat down, hand in hand—and the lawn was starred with celandine and cotton thistle and love-in-a-mist—and, high in the poplars, the chittering of finches and red-billed curlews—and the little shiver down your back—and the distant roar of the guns was nothing but a cheap tinny penny whistle compared to the song in your heart.

And then, later on, in her nurse's room. How white and soft her throat was, how red and soft her mouth—and how her brown curly hair smelled, like rain on new-mown hay—and how tightly you held her, so tightly that it hurt her—but she had not complained, the pain had been so sweet!

Well, he shrugged his shoulders, no earthly use *thinking* of her.

It was up to him to *find* her.

So hack and slash! Hour after hour, until afternoon was over and the jungle darkened very rapidly.

THERE was another clearing. He lay down, his head against a palm, for a short rest.

He watched the sky fade to a sort of coppery decayed brown. He watched the trees show their under leaves of white and silver as the evening wind turned them over; watched the crimson and purple of the sun drop like a bright sword among the feathery tufted grass; watched the moon come up, calm, passionless, indifferent to the fate of man. . . .

Finally (Continued on page 32)

Of all leading Dentifrices

PEPSODENT ALONE NOW HAS AMERICAN DENTAL ASSOCIATION SEAL OF ACCEPTANCE!

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If you want a Winter oil that will flow freely at low temperature, yet be sturdy enough to stand up under hard driving . . . if you want an oil of exceptional purity, to give your car the safest possible protection against sludge, carbon and corrosion . . . or to sum it all up . . . if you want to make your car run better, last longer . . . then drive your car around to your nearest Quaker State dealer and

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(Continued from page 30)

he fell asleep, to be awakened, quite early the next morning, by the sound of far thunder.

A storm coming?

He looked at the sky. It was pale pure blue without a single cloud.

Yet once more the rumbling thunder, and all at once Gordon knew. He recalled what Cham Thang had told him at the leper hospital.

Drums. That's what it was. Signal drums.

The droning radio of the wilderness tribes, spanning forests and streams, leaping across clearings, slushing through swamps and miasmic jungles, picking up rumor and gossip, truth and lie; sending it from village to village in vibrating waves.

Rub-rub-rub-rumbeddy-rumbeddy-rub rolled the drums; a breathless pause, followed by a hollow *banng!* like an exclamation mark.

Rub - rub - rub, rumbeddy - rub—thumping with impetus of physical shock; advancing steadily, massively, threateningly, then receding in a way that seemed pathetic, frustrated, seemed a tragedy of incomplete achievement.

Rub-rub-rub . . .

Gordon bit his lips. He listened tensely to the muffled rhythm; confounded it with the dry, frightened, staccato pulsing of his heart, while the thudding and thumping continued from all directions, minute after minute. . . .

Rub - rub - rub - rumbeddy - rub — a gnarled old chief of the Moys beating the tall wooden drum with elbow and fist. Morse-coding his glorious tale. A tale of freedom having come to the Moys. Their warriors had taken the path of strife, had vanquished the foreigners in battle. *Hai!*—for long months to come the vultures would gorge themselves, and the little gray jackals would not feel the belly pinch of hunger. Hundreds and hundreds of the oppressors had been slain. Their women and children had been carried off and grand loot taken. *Hai, hai!*—we have caused the French, the accursed, to eat dirt, a great deal of dirt. By the many gods!—it was we who sat on top of the heap when the world was created and hardihood was to be had for the asking. . . .

Rub-rub-rub-rumbeddy-rub!

Then a pause as the gnarled old chief waited for the answer.

IT came, a few moments later, from miles and miles away, where a high priest of the Laos drummed what *he* had to say. To us, too, O men of the Moys—he said—came the two prophets of freedom, promising us weapons and gold and shrewd leadership. Thus, soon, soon, we shall march and fight and kill side by side with you. We shall show the French the edge of the red sword and a land hissing with blood. . . .

Similar messages from other tribes—north, east, south, west. . . .

And, far off, a medicine man of the Banis droning out, for all to hear and rejoice, the tale of a child, lately born, with three legs, seven arms, and two heads. An evil omen for the French. Yet less evil than that, quite recently, in a grove of flamboyants, a red-eyed horned devil, eleven feet tall, had been seen in broad daylight. And what further sign was needed of the fact that the end of the alien rule was at hand? . . .

Rub-rub-rub-rumbeddy-rub echoing everywhere in nasal sardonic cadences, swelling and decreasing in turn, breaking off abruptly, unexpectedly, like a dirge skirled on the bagpipes.

Complete silence.

Then, once more, the chant of the wooden drums.

But, thought Gordon, this time the sounds seemed to issue from close by. Too, they seemed more threatening.

He looked about him.

He imagined he could see savage figures through the greenish gloom flitting past, gliding and indistinct, blending into the jungle like brown splotches of moss on the brown furry tree trunks. . . .

And, presently, when they got good and ready, the toss of a spear. Or a shower of poisoned arrows. . . .

Stark fear came to him. But almost immediately he controlled it as he recalled something else which Cham Thang had told him.

☆ THE BOOK OF THE WEEK ☆

BY GEORGE E. SOKOLSKY

★ ★ ★ **SIDNEY HILLMAN, LABOR STATESMAN** by George Soule. The Macmillan Company.

George Soule, one of the editors of the New Republic, has in this book provided a valuable history of one of the most constructive labor unions in the United States. The biographical sketch of Sidney Hillman has value only as it aids in an understanding of the union—the Amalgamated Clothing Workers of America—a union whose conduct is so progressive and statesmanlike that even employers favor it.

" Remember," he said, " that up in the Dou Van country, among the superstitious cattle of the jungles, only the mad are safe."

The American had been surprised, rather incredulous; had echoed:

" Only the mad? "

" Indeed. For the junglies—being, as I mentioned, superstitious cattle—hold that those who have lost their minds are specially beloved by the filthy tribal gods. That's how I escaped with my life when I was forced to seek asylum there many years ago, running away from the French—bless them not, the Lord Buddha!—for certain reasons. I made believe that I was mad. And—*hayah!*—they did me great honor."

Other advice the old pirate had offered out of the fund of his rich and rather indecent past. Principally, he had told the American, let the latter, should he succeed in persuading the junglies that he was insane, behave as a chief, not as a slave. Let him demand and never beg. Let him bully and never be courteous. . . .

"Whatever you see and fancy—gold or girl—stretch out your hands, O king, and help yourself!"

Gordon smiled reminiscently. Maybe, he thought, the other's advice had been sound. At all events he had nothing to lose by taking it.

And as to being mad—well, he reflected cynically, he *must* be. Else he wouldn't have started out on this crazy trek, alone, to find Yvonne.

So he got up, shouldered canteen and bag of provisions, and turned toward the trail. It was broader now and well trod down—later on, he discovered that it led straight to one of the Moy villages—so that no longer did he have to bend and stoop and use his bush knife. Steadily he pushed on. He paid no attention to the brown savage figures—was it his imagination or wasn't it?—that were flitting and gliding among the trees. . . . And then he broke into laughter.

Shrill, shrieking laughter it was. Grotesque, senseless, high-pitched. Maniacal laughter.

Louder and louder he laughed, like a man entirely bereft of reason. And he changed from a walk to a dance. With short, mincing, effeminate steps he pirouetted along the path. Occasionally he stopped; he leaped into the air; he bowed right and left.

AND suddenly he sang—the first song that popped into his head. He had heard it years ago in Chicago, when he had begged for food and bed at a Salvation Army shelter. There had been an old woman who had preached to the down-and-outers, who, after the sermon, had sat down at the wheezy parlor organ, vamping the accompaniment and singing the words in her age-cracked voice.

So, today, was Gordon's voice cracked—with nervous apprehension, not with age—as the tune floated out into the coiling matted wilderness:

"Mine eyes have seen the glory of the
coming of the Lord;
He is trampling out the vintage where
the grapes of wrath are stored;
He hath loosed the fateful lightning of
His terrible swift sword;
His truth is marching on. . . ."

Gordon was nearer to Yvonne now, and, though no one had told him, he knew in his heart that she was alive and not dead. No word had come to him at all. Who was there to tell him how, after the storming of Chiring-Phang, the white prisoners were taken to Ma-Ther, the principal village of the Moys? Who could describe to Gordon the wild scene of the arrival? The great clearing in a dip of the jungle. The hundreds of houses, made of reeds and palm fronds, circular in shape, looking like enormous mushrooms in the sun glare that plopped into the valley as a stone drops into a deep pool. The blaring of long-stemmed trumpets and droning of drums. The women and the children and the old men, who had been too feeble to go to strife, rush-

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ing out to greet the returning victorious warriors. The quivering yells:

"The salute!"

"The salute, O hero!"

"The salute, O strong man!"

"May the road of life be wide to the stepping of your feet, O princely one!"

Other shouts of welcome, extravagant, picaresque, and curiously stilted—as primitive folk the world over are stilted in their speech when swayed by great excitement.

A grandmother shrieking to her grandson:

"Is the telling true that seventeen thousand of the foreigners, the accursed, you slew with your two hands, O sweetness? True that dead meat they are—and you can buy them by the pound?"

Ringing laughter then. Throaty guttural glee. And more cruel jests. More laughter.

"*Hai-hai-hai!*" — the laughter spread; and it seemed to Yvonne, holding tight to her son's hand, that the squatting wilderness was echoing the sound; that the trees and creepers and thornbushes were breaking into a gurgling paroxysm of merriment.

"*Hai-hai-hai!*" screamed the jungle.

Yet straight through the savage jesting and laughing there was love in the welcome. There was gladness and deep happiness because the lads were back.

Just, thought Yvonne, as it had been in France during the war, when a battalion had returned from the trenches for a week's furlough. And, she reflected morosely, as in France, so here, too, were foul insults hurled at the captives. Oh, yes—she remembered scenes at Lamaze, when German prisoners of war had been brought in; when she had heard Frenchwomen, some of them elderly and cultured, shrill their hate; had seen them throw stones and mud and press forward with clawing fingers, to be chased back by the flats of the officer's swords—as here, today, at Ma-Ther, it was Milton Greenes and Meh Sao, the white renegade and the Tonkinese gentleman, who interfered.

IF the latter obeyed an impulse of charity and mercy, the former was moved by practical considerations.

"The women and children," he told Man-Coc Teng, the paramount chief of the Moys, "are a valuable pledge in our possession. It will permit us to bargain with the French. At least for a time. Time enough for more weapons to be shipped across the frontier and the other tribes to rally to our support."

Man-Coc Teng saw the wisdom of the advice. Order was restored. Not for long.

For, a few hours later, Milton Greenes and Meh Sao left to preach revolt in the farthest wilderness. That same night the Moys celebrated their victory. A drunken orgy it was. The white women were forced to look on, to listen to the raucous triumphant shouts. . . . "*Hayah!* It is the defeat of your men we are feasting!"

"The death of your husbands!"

"Of your sons!"

"Of your lovers!"

Bamboo cups, filled with strong pungent palm beer, were put into their hands.

"Drink!"

"Drink, foreigners!"

"Drink to your dead!"

The whips were plied until they swallowed the palm beer, repeated the toast. And finally, with a withered old crone acting as mistress of ceremonies, they were ordered to execute an indecent dance before the leering belching tribesmen. . . .

THE next morning brought headaches, rebellious stomachs, and to Man-Coc Teng a return of wisdom.

The prisoners were a valuable pledge.

"Let none of them," he decreed, "be harmed!"

So they were put into the medicine lodge, the largest house in the village, guarded by sentinels. And in later years Yvonne said that she was proud, so proud, of the women, even the children, of France, incarcerated there in the stinking sweltering heat. For they did not complain, did not whine.

Afraid?

Of course they were. Terribly afraid.

Still, they were French, weren't they? Their homes were in Anjou and Languedoc, in Normandy and Lorraine and Burgundy. So let death be their fate, or the most degrading, most shameful form of slavery. What of it? Their men, marching beneath the storm and fury of the tattered Tricolor, would bring if not deliverance, then at least grim revenge.

Thus hold up your heads! Stiffen your spines! Put the flint into your eyes!

And what about the Marseillaise? Sing it! Sing it loudly!

Defy the enemy, the wilderness, with the strength of your voices, since your arms are too weak!

"*Allons, enfants de la patrie!*
Le jour de gloire est arrivé! . . ."

Le jour de gloire—the day of glory. Glory of stanch undying courage in the hearts of the women and children of France, as there has been stanch undying courage in the hearts of the men of France on a hundred and a thousand fields of battle; from the days of Vercingetorix to those of Charlemagne, from the days of the Capets to those of the Valois, from the days of the silk-breeched Bourbons to those of the ragged soldiers of the Revolution, from the days of Napoleon to those of Marshal Foch.

Sentimental, is it? Romantic?

Well, why *not* be sentimental and romantic? Natural, proper thing to be. It is the spice and glory of life, as faith in the Lord is its inner secret meaning.

And so, after all, is the gentleness of summer rain sentimental, and the yellow of buttercups, and the crickets chirping their song to rose-red evening, and the ripple of a swift stream cantering down to the sea, and the swish of the swallows darting to and from the eaves of some ancient house, and a baby's head soft and warm in the cradle, and an old dog drowsing by the fire. And so, after all, was Judith a figure of romance, and the mother of the Gracchi, and Queen Isabella of Castile, and Joan of Arc, and Barbara Frietchie.

Sentiment and romance, in spite of sneers and cavils, in spite of the cheap mean ridicule of cheap mean men. Therefore, once more: “*Allons, enfants de la patrie!* . . .”

LITTLE Jean de Lubersac sang shrilly with the best of them. When night came, and silence, and dread of what the next day might bring, he lay down by the side of Yvonne, an arm thrown across her shoulder.

An hour later he awakened.

“Yvonne!” he whispered. “Ma'm-s'lle Yvonne!”

She opened her eyes.

“What is it, darling?”

“Tell me something!”

“Yes . . .?”

“I am French—aren't I?”

“Of course you are.”

“And,” with a slight quiver in his voice, “I am brave?”

“Naturally.”

A pause.

“Ma'm's'lle Yvonne!”

“Darling . . .?”

“Now that my parents are dead, you will never leave me—never?”

“Never!”

“You swear it?”

“I do!”

Another, longer pause.

“Ma'm's'lle Yvonne! You know Jacques Letellier, the sergeant major's son?”

“What about him?”

“We had a row last month. We were playing soldiers, and I wanted to be colonel. And he—he said I hadn't the right—because,” the words tumbled over each other, “he said that my parents weren't my parents. That they adopted me. Took me out of an orphan asylum.” He drew in his breath sharply. “Is that so?”

She hesitated; replied presently in a low flat voice:

“Yes, darling.”

Both his hands clutched hers.

“I”—he mumbled—“I see.” He was silent; went on after a while: “I wonder who my real parents are. Do you know, Ma'm's'lle Yvonne?”

Again she hesitated. She swallowed hard. And finally, because she did not know what the future held in store for them, she told him. She told him the truth; and he was old enough to understand, young enough to exclaim excitedly:

“Oh, my father an American? Really? Tell me! Does he paint his face and wear eagle feathers in his hair?”

Then Yvonne laughed—and then she cried—and she said to herself:

“If Gordon could see our little son!

HOW HE MARRIED HER WITHOUT A SCENT!

“GOODBYE, MR. LYNCH,” said the sweet young thing. “Your new car is a dream, but as for marrying you . . . No! I just can't stand that pipe of yours! It smells perfectly awful!”

“BUT SUSABELLE! This here's a brand-new pipe! Be reasonable, woman!” No . . . the odor of that pesky briar still haunted her, so on went the roller skates. But . . .

LUCKILY, the postman heard the quarrel, and suggested, “Swab out that pipe, me lad. Refill with a *mild* blend like this Sir Walter. Take one sniff, lady—you won't regret it!”

THAT PIPEFUL of Sir Walter sure won her back! In fact the mild burley leaves made such an agreeable aroma that Susabelle up and said “yes”! Try a two-ounce tin yourself!

New!
CELLOPHANE TAPE
around lid seals flavor in . . . brings you tobacco 100% factory-fresh!

UNION MADE

IT SMOKES AS SWEET AS IT SMELLS

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AIR-CONDITIONED DUKE OF DUNDEE $1.00

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CONTINENTAL BRIAR PIPE CO., INC., 80 YORK STREET, BROOKLYN, N. Y.

He would love him—as I love him! Would be proud of him—as I am proud of him!"

She thought of Gordon. Often, there in the village, as time passed on, she thought of him. And, since love does not consider the years or the change that comes with the years, when she saw him with the eyes of her mind, she saw him as she had seen him last, in France, during the war. Good-looking, she saw him, well set up, so much the soldier with his bronzed keen face, his squared shoulders. And she would have sobbed could she have seen him on a day, his face emaciated, his clothes in rags, a festering sore on his knee where the bayonet plant had ripped across—could she have seen him singing and dancing his crazy way up the jungle trail—and then suddenly a great fear coming to him as a thick mass of creepers opened like a curtain—and a brown savage stepped forth, a sheaf of spears in his right hand. . . .

Can Gordon elude these lethal spears? And if he can, will he escape capture at the hands of the savages? Are torture and slavery ahead of him? How is it possible for him ever to reach Yvonne? Swiftly this enthralling story races to its topmost climax in next week's Liberty.

20 QUESTIONS

1—"The Sweetheart of the A. E. F.," she entertained American soldiers in France during the World War. She recently demonstrated that even at fifty she still has the charm that made her famous as a vaudeville actress. When this picture was taken, she was starring in The Vanderbilt Cup. What's her name?

2—What are four typically German breeds of dogs?

3—Who, during the World War, joined in perfecting a famous surgical treatment?

4—What United States senator is the son of the man who was Speaker of the House of Representatives during the World War?

5—How long since Estonia, Latvia, and Finland were independent nations?

6—What birds are named for their calls?

7—What eye pigment is said to be abundant in animals that see well at night?

8—Is a banderillero a dart or a man?

9—In what profession are these names outstanding: Frank Lloyd Wright, Irving K. Pond, and Ralph Adams Cram?

10—Who are the majority and minority leaders in the United States Senate?

11—What college football teams are known as Buckeyes, Lions, Wolverines, and Trojans?

12—Which of these is a single spice and which is a blend: curry or turmeric?

13—What states celebrate the fiftieth anniversary of admission to the Union this month?

14—How is placer mining distinguished from other types?

15—What childhood classic tells the story of a marionette that became a boy?

16—How does the name indicate the number of islands in the Dodecanese group?

17—What American bird is having its figure renovated in response to popular demand?

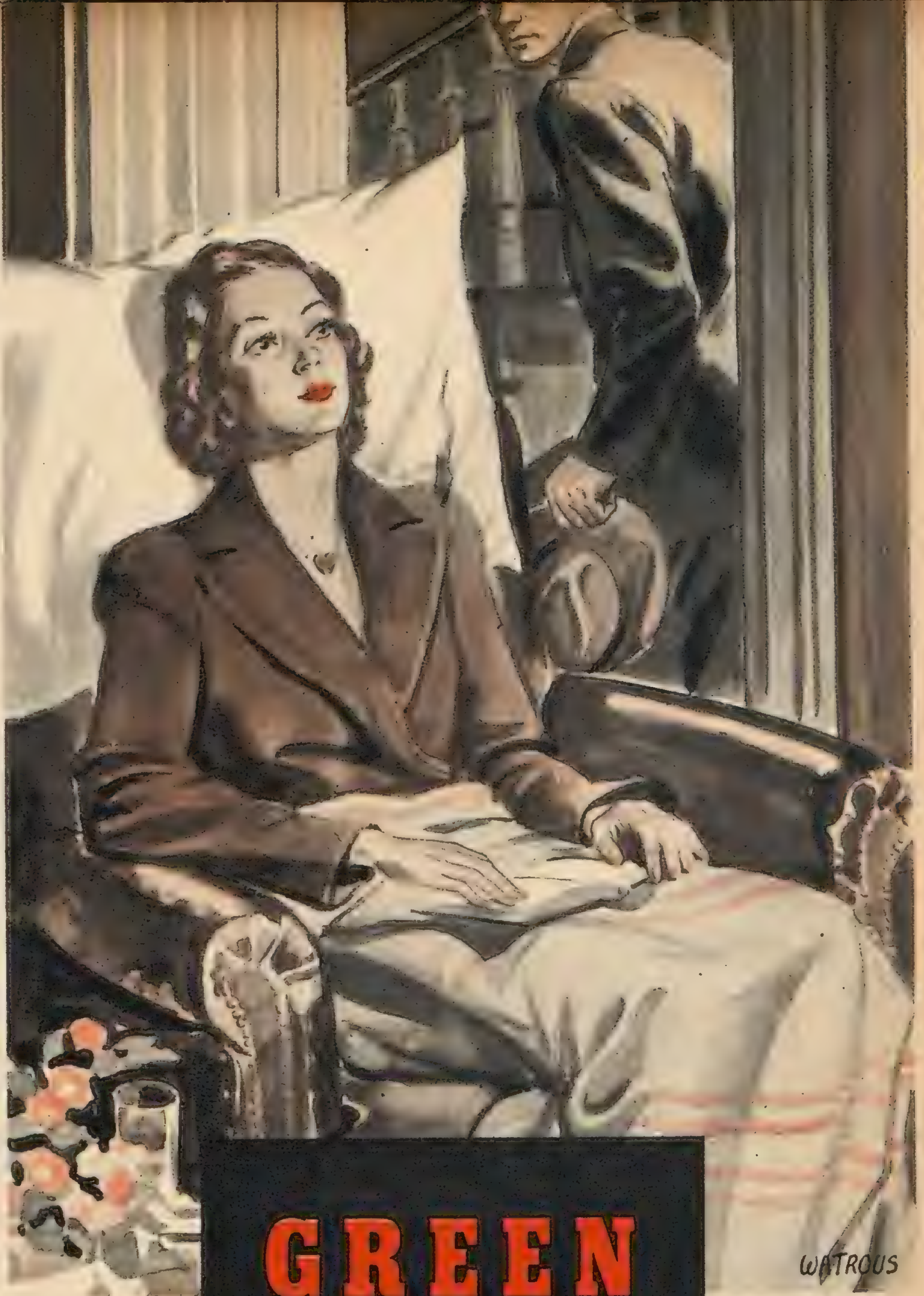
18—Where did "ike," the television equivalent of "mike," get its name?

19—What were the Turkish Janizaries?

20—Who is governor of the smallest state?

(Answers will be found on page 58)

Smiles and a tear—and a heart-warming tale of a girl's shining courage



GREEN HEART

BY HORATIO WINSLOW

ILLUSTRATED BY JOHN WATROUS

READING TIME ● 7 MINUTES 20 SECONDS

LONG before Faxon moved in at Mrs. Bauman's roominghouse he knew he was a failure and had stopped trying. Only the dead are happy, he told himself. That's why I'm always laughing. Ha-ha. Faxon was almost twenty-seven.

Mrs. Bauman's front lower parlor had been turned into a bedroom, and inside, pillowed and blanketed on a leather easy chair, sat a girl. He saw her the first morning as he went down to breakfast. Her eyes were so big and her head, aureoled in soft copper-colored hair, seemed so youthful that he took her for a youngster of twelve.

"Come on in," she called, "and say hello to me. Everybody does. All I have is smallpox. I'm Rusty Bauman and an only child and terribly spoiled. If I don't get what I want I kick and scream. You're in 46, aren't you?" The voice was buoyant.

He stopped at the doorway and then entered.

She was wearing a dressing gown of warm brown. From her neck hung a little green silk heart, embroidered with interlaced symbols. She was not a little girl of twelve, but at least six years older than that.

Five minutes later, when Faxon left, he felt a warmth toward the whole universe, a sensation he hadn't enjoyed for a long time. He was astir with a pleasant restlessness. Long before noon he turned back to Mrs. Bauman's.

The door was closed; but when he knocked Rusty called, "Come on in, Forty-six." She must have seen him through the window.

Five minutes later, when Faxon left, he felt a warmth toward the whole universe.

"I am here," he said impressively, "because, as president of the Society for Minding Other People's Business, I find it my duty to ask you what that green thing is hanging around your neck. Speak up—and remember, anything you say may be used against you."

She laughed and held the heart between two slim fingers. "It's a charm. You see these embroidered letters? They spell *ihmybyc.*"

He took the heart and examined it closely.

She went on gaily: "Only yesterday I said, 'It's two months since I've had any real conversation. Forty-six is vacant, so let's have somebody nice come to 46. Somebody nice but not too terribly serious. *Ihmybyc-ihmybyc.*' And here you are. So sit down and tell me the story of your life."

"Well," said Faxon, "I'm a reformed cannibal. Shall I tell you how I caught my first missionary?"

He talked largely and handsomely, but he went away without having committed himself as to his past, his present, or even his future.

Faxon was especially ashamed of his present. Under the name "S. O. Strace," an anagram for Socrates, and with the aid of the public library, he wrote "How-to" books. His father had died, the family bank had gone down carrying with it the family fortune; his girl had decided to marry some one else; and he had lost his job and broken his right leg. With his leg in a plaster cast, he had gathered together all the offensive good advice of various offensively perfect philosophers. Their idea had been that the only way to control circumstances is to control yourself. He had skimmed the cream off this blah, had added suitable and sarcastic wisecracks, and titled it Pep Talks for Toads Under the Harrow.

But the cunning publisher had cut out all the wisecracks and sarcasm and renamed it How to Make a Success of Your Life. It had sold well

SO I GAVE THE PILOT A LIFT
BEEMAN'S PEPSIN GUM

"Fun to fly high? Humph!" grumped the Pilot. "Not when I'm feelin' low." So I held out my package of Beeman's. "Make a discovery. Try that for a flavor that's tops in fresh deliciousness."

"Beeman's—say! That's no discovery. It's been the favorite with my clan for years. Just the right blend of smooth, mellow taste and cool tang. It's always fresh and so long lasting—never lets you down. Lady, the next flight's on the house but be sure you bring Beeman's."

BEEMAN'S AIDS DIGESTION

enough for him to offer Faxon the opportunity to write four "How-to" books a year at $250 a book, C. O. D. Faxon had accepted because he was hungry and licked. He moved in at Mrs. Bauman's.

The medical student in 47 told him what had happened to Rusty:

"Four years ago an auto crash caught her along the spine and she's been getting steadily worse. She's skidding right to the undertaker's and the skids are greased."

But, as though unconscious of this fate, Rusty continued from her easy chair, forever gaily cheerful. To Faxon's astonishment, he found that life seemed almost worth living—while he was with Rusty.

DO you know, Fax, that when I first got this way I thought of killing myself? You see, I'd heard the doctor say I'd never stand on two legs again. One day, when I was feeling particularly blue, I said to myself, '*Ihmybyc-ihmybyc.*' And in two shakes of a lamb's tail, or maybe three, I had a typewriter here in the room and I'd learned to type. After a while I was copying and earning something every week."

"The old charm, eh?"

She held it up. "And nothing but. When I couldn't sit up easily any more, the doctor stopped my typing. So I said, '*Ihmybyc-ihmybyc,*' and there I was, sewing away like mad. And I'd always thought I'd hated sewing. I made layettes that sold in our biggest stores, and was I flattered! And when my right hand began to go funny I said, '*Ihmybyc-ihmybyc,*' and what do you suppose happened then?"

"A genie appeared?"

"Practically. The man in 36 couldn't pay his bill, so he made up the difference by leaving the Treasury of the World's Literature in Ten Volumes. I never supposed I could care for that sort of thing, but for the last two years I've been a culture hound." She waved at a pile of books beside her chair.

He talked to Rusty; read to Rusty; brought her the chocolates she adored. Always she was in good humor. When her eyes crisped with the foreshadowing of pain she would look at him maliciously and repeat "*Ihmybyc-ihmybyc*" till the little wrinkles vanished and the smile came back.

"Listen, Fax," she said one Sunday evening. "If a mysterious stranger should ever ask you why you waste your time sitting around a third-rate roominghouse, reading detective stories and talking with the landlady's daughter—what would you say?"

Faxon looked carefully around, and then, with his hand to his mouth, whispered, "I'm pulling off a big job next week, gal; cracking the bank on Grand Avenue."

"You know you haven't ambition enough to crack even a toy bank; and you've worried about it and it's got you down. I'm no fortuneteller, but I know part of the reason: the most beautiful girl in the world married somebody else, didn't she?"

"My lawyers won't let me answer leading questions." For the first time, he realized that during three weeks he hadn't once thought of the girl who had blighted his existence.

"From things you've said, I know that happened. Probably other things happened too. But you've got to forget them and start living again. That's why tomorrow you're going to get a present."

"From Santa Claus?"

"From me. My charm."

"Not *ihmybyc-ihmybyc?*"

"Exactly."

"But why are you giving it to me?"

Her eyes twinkled. "It's my daily good deed. When I do ten I get a white star, and when I get ten white stars I get a red star, and when I get ten red stars I get a blue star, and when I get ten blue stars I get—what do I get?"

"This," said Faxon, and he bent over and kissed her.

She smiled radiantly. "Do you know, Fax, I believe that at heart I'm just a vampire like every other girl. I wanted you to do that. It's the first time I've been kissed by anybody but my mother—at least, it's the first time since I fell to pieces. Fax, I'll take that kiss with me."

"With you where?"

She wrinkled up her nose. "Don't you wish you knew!"

NEXT morning the door to Rusty's room was shut. He knocked without an answer.

While he was gone, some one had left on his table a flat oblong package with an envelope tucked in the fold of the paper. He recognized Rusty's handwriting.

Dear Fax:

At this very minute (last night to you) I'm slipping off on a vacation. A doctor has discovered a new operation for people in my fix, with results absolutely guaranteed: kill or cure—fifty-fifty. But what I started to say was that in this package you'll find the most wonderful book you ever read. It changed me from a brawling, whining brat into something almost grown up. I put the gist of it into one sentence—It's Hard Mastering Yourself But You Can. Then I put the sentence into one word—IHMYBYC. And it's true. I proved it's true. You can prove it too, Fax. RUSTY.

The green heart lay on the cover of a thin book. The name of the author was an anagram of Socrates; the name of the book was How to Make a Success of Your Life.

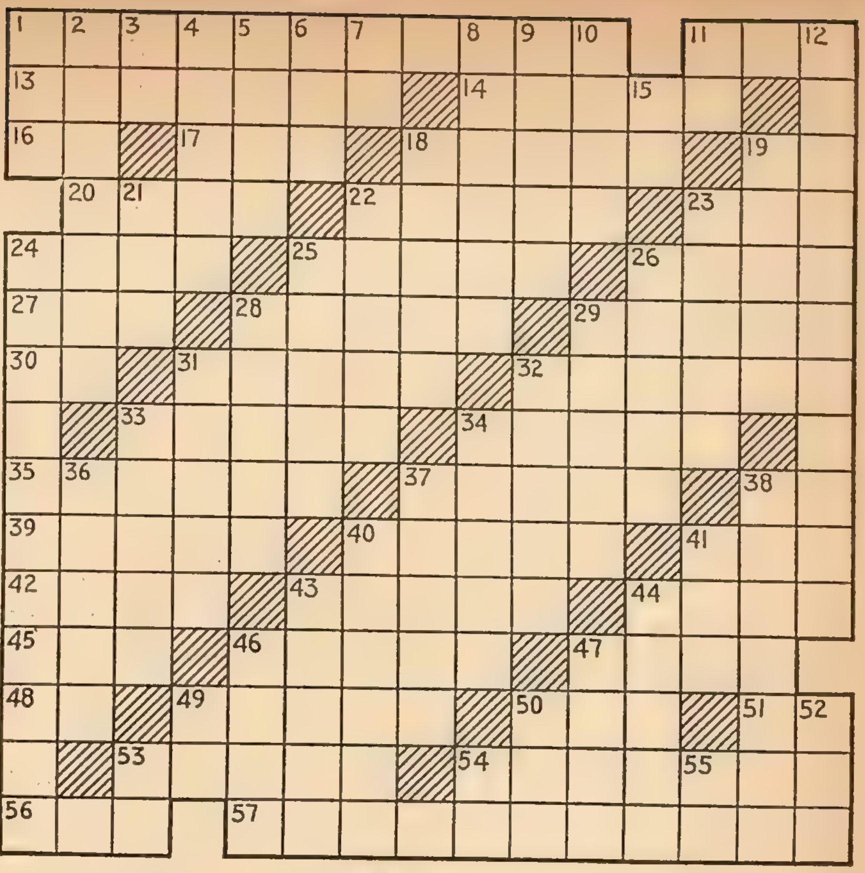
Now he perceived that the philosophers had been right, and that in his hands was the golden key to whatever might be worth while. First master himself—*ihmybyc.*

As he held the little green heart tight in his hands he suddenly seemed to know that all was well with Rusty.

THE END

COCKEYED CROSSWORDS

by Ted Shane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42 43 44
45 46 47
48 49 50 51 52
53 54 55
56 57

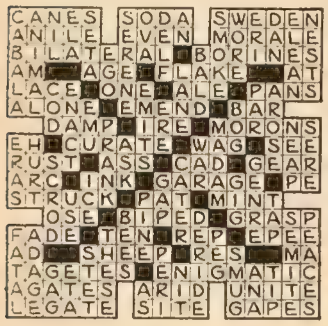
HORIZONTAL

1 When a girl tries to enforce this, she has a struggle on her hands (two words)
11 It's a wow
13 Lou Holtz' good-humor man
14 Culbertson's heart lead
16 Quart, abbreviated
17 Most hard-boiled thing in London, though shelled daily
18 Worn-out saw
19 The British Lion—to Hitler
20 The Dean of Crosswords
22 How prohibitionists talk
23 Wot Noo Yawkiz t'row on trubbild wautiz
24 Wot constitoots a crowd in Noo Yawk?
25 A yodelbug
26 Kind of campus iron man
27 "—— wood!" cried the lumberjack
28 Dunk recklessly
29 Animals found hanging round the Nudist Ranch
30 Funny thing in old Rome
31 The state of old England
32 Blusterpuss
33 A pinch in the nose
34 100 per cent more chaste
35 Distinguished look
37 Loses that rougeish look
38 "Oh ——!" yelled the soprano
39 Broadcast
40 Pine pineapples
41 A deciduity suggesting warmth
42 What Podunk society women do at tea
43 They chase those who immediately follow them
44 They like to be chased by the above
45 The last word in novels
46 Social clubs
47 Found in the head of every family
48 Week ends
49 Sent by air, there's a catch to these boots and they must be returned immediately; later you may have a kickback
50 It produces most of the gas in Hawaii
51 Hit's constantly on Chimberline's mind
53 A plugless radio, a peaceful Europe, or a taxless world
54 Destruction's sidekick
56 It's personal and doesn't refer to me
57 Legs in parentheses

VERTICAL

1 What marooned mountain climbers yell for
2 What the o.-f. business man does when his shoes wear out
3 Rep. with Br. accent
4 Warsaw a bad one
5 What the well dressed society man has on for dinner
6 Ugly pan with a crack in it and big handles
7 Boss Stalin (abbr.)
8 Antiscorbutic root of brassicaceous *Raphanus sativus*
9 This fall the Army and Navy will strive desperately to get as many as they can
10 Whoopee with oomph
11 A downtrodden man of Mar's
12 Whalen headaches
15 Half a bite
18 Be on the up and up
19 Nazi gift to Polish mothers
21 Well known brand
22 Half pint
23 A stray
24 Rat exterminator
25 This is a bird!
26 Looks like a rube
28 A corny expression (sing.)
29 Causes of yawning
31 A Mr. Sly
32 Makes a noise like a wet shrimp
33 Do a Roosevelt
34 What glaziers' kids have in their tummies
36 Fortitude
37 They faw down when the Nazis go boom!—but they'll rise again
38 What you got out of old shoes
40 Gingertown
41 Torso screen
43 This'll drive you nuts
44 A successful clock factory
46 Lowest thing on Wall Street
47 Put up with
49 "Something smells rotten in Denmark!"
50 He'd give you his shirt and often borrows yours
52 Was he a cute cockeyed kid!
53 Cab Union (abbr.)
54 Lacy end
55 Early signs of age

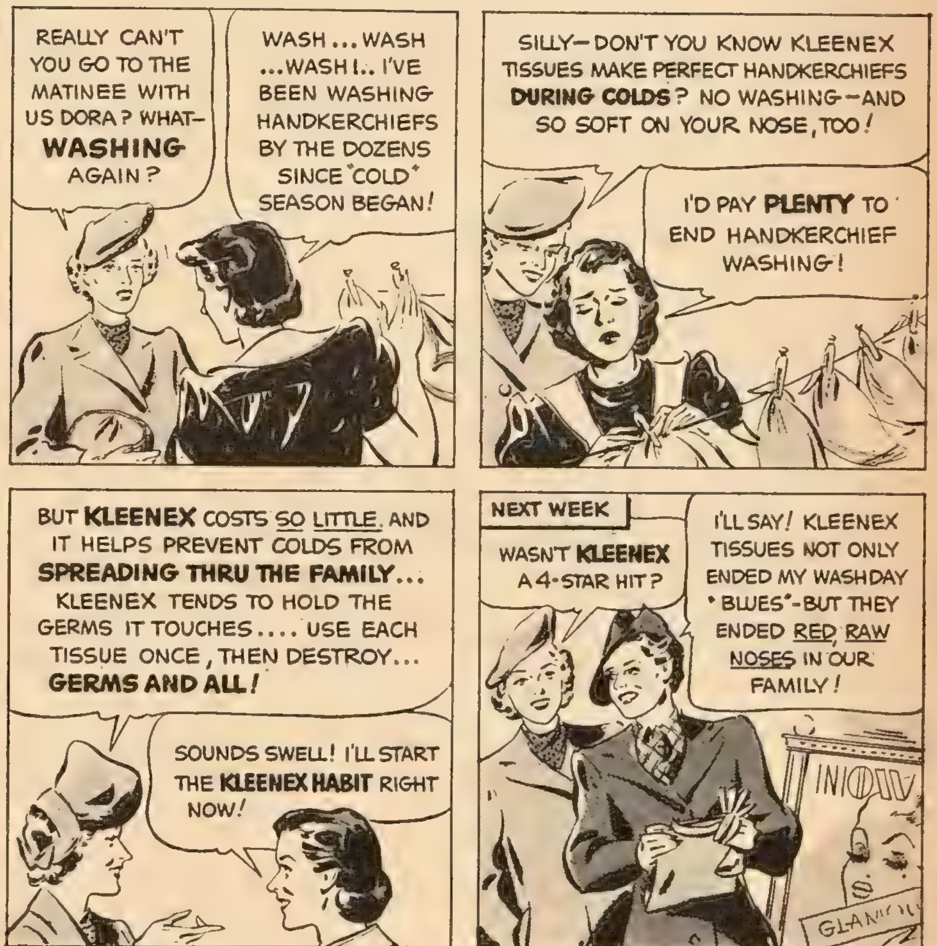
The answer to this puzzle will appear in next week's issue.



CANES SODA SWEDEN
ANILE EVEN MORALE
BILATERAL■BORINES
AM■■AGE■FLAKE■■AT
LACE■ONE■ALE■PANS
ALONE■EMEND■BAR
DAMP■IRE■MORONS
EH■CURATE■WAG■SEE
RUST■ASS■CAD■GEAR
ARC■INK■GARAGE■PE
STRUCK■PAT■MINT
OSE■BIPED■GRASP
FADE■TEN■REP■EPEE
AD■■SHEEP■RES■■MA
TAGETES■ENIGMATIC
AGATES ARID UNITE
LEGATE SITE GAPES

Last week's answer

WASHING HANDKERCHIEFS HAD DORA DIZZY!


REALLY CAN'T YOU GO TO THE MATINEE WITH US DORA? WHAT—WASHING AGAIN?
WASH ... WASH ...WASH!.. I'VE BEEN WASHING HANDKERCHIEFS BY THE DOZENS SINCE "COLD" SEASON BEGAN!
SILLY—DON'T YOU KNOW KLEENEX TISSUES MAKE PERFECT HANDKERCHIEFS DURING COLDS? NO WASHING—AND SO SOFT ON YOUR NOSE, TOO!
I'D PAY PLENTY TO END HANDKERCHIEF WASHING!
BUT KLEENEX COSTS SO LITTLE, AND IT HELPS PREVENT COLDS FROM SPREADING THRU THE FAMILY... KLEENEX TENDS TO HOLD THE GERMS IT TOUCHES.... USE EACH TISSUE ONCE, THEN DESTROY... GERMS AND ALL!
SOUNDS SWELL! I'LL START THE KLEENEX HABIT RIGHT NOW!
NEXT WEEK
WASN'T KLEENEX A 4-STAR HIT?
I'LL SAY! KLEENEX TISSUES NOT ONLY ENDED MY WASHDAY "BLUES"-BUT THEY ENDED RED, RAW NOSES IN OUR FAMILY!
NOW
GLAMOU

ADOPT THE KLEENEX* HABIT!

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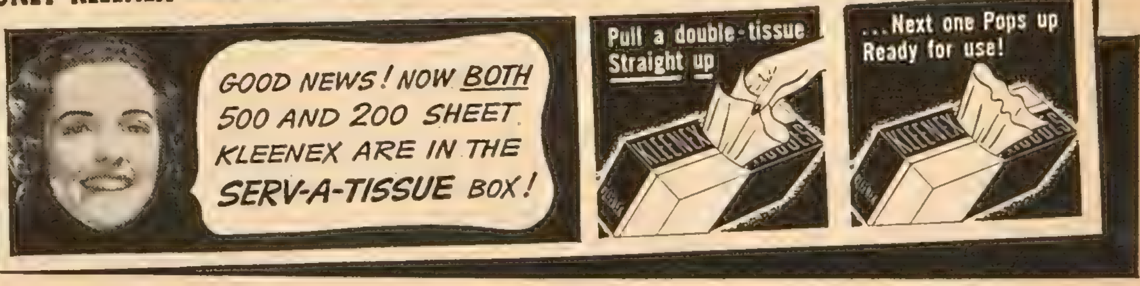
During colds especially, Kleenex soothes your nose, saves money, reduces handkerchief washing. You use each tissue once—then destroy, germs and all.... The handy "Serv-a-Tissue" box is the answer to every motorist's prayer ... never start on a trip without Kleenex in the car.

KLEENEX* Disposable Tissues (*Trade Mark Reg. U. S. Patent Office)

ONLY KLEENEX has the Serv-a-Tissue Box...ends waste and mess!

Adopt the **KLEENEX HABIT**


GOOD NEWS! NOW BOTH 500 AND 200 SHEET KLEENEX ARE IN THE SERV-A-TISSUE BOX!
Pull a double-tissue Straight up
...Next one Pops up Ready for use!
KLEENEX

The Latest BROADWAY Gags

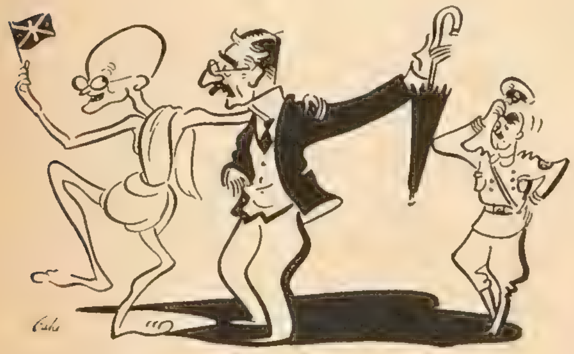
BY HARRY HERSHFIELD

Noted Raconteur and Compiler of Contemporary Humor

READING TIME ● 5 MINUTES 20 SECONDS

RIDICULE has at times swept the powerful from control. Benign humor, in turn, has been the arbiter with seeming unyielding forces. To slacken or halt the present war surge with a collection of current war humor is some counterattack, brother.

With Goliath still stalking the earth, we are beginning to sense some very bad reporting in ancient days—I have a feeling that David " missed," instead. Which should spur us on to continue with our " sniping "—with the hope that some of these gags will find their marks. But will they be like Clancy, who said, " Ireland will remain neutral—but against *who?* "



DICTATED BUT NOT READ

" Mussolini hoped to stay out of this war. He is perfectly satisfied with the old Roman ruins that he's already got on hand."

" For the Japs and Chinese to get their battles in the newspapers these days, they've got to insert them as advertisements."

" The Asiatic situation is a terrific headache to England—specifically, Sinos trouble."

Two liberal-minded Germans were sitting in a streetcar. Opposite sat Max Ginsberg. The Germans were discussing Hitler, with one saying, " It's the Fuehrer's own fault. Hitler is his own worst enemy." With that, Ginsberg jumped up and yelled, " Not while *I'm* alive! "

In former years there was plenty friction between the Socialists and anarchists—because the Socialists supposedly used to " toss " the bombs and the anarchists " hurled " them. But it took the Communists to develop the " underhand " stroke.

" Communism and Nazism are the same meat: one is served ' red ' and the other ' brown.' "

Gags of former wars are making their appearance again in new uniforms. A colored youth, though he could ride a horse expertly, insisted on enlisting in the infantry. When questioned as to why he wouldn't join the cavalry, he drawled, " When we get orders to retreat, boss, I can't be bothered draggin' no horse along."

Getting plenty of revival is this one: A Polish soldier was caught by the Nazis. Knowing that his letters would be censored by the enemy, he wrote to his parents as follows: " I have been captured by the Nazis. I tell you it is a pleasure to be captured by them. I am getting plenty of food, sleep, and entertainment. Your loving son, Paul.

" P. S. Ignatz was shot this morning for complaining."

" President Roosevelt complained that his first letter to Hitler was not answered. Roosevelt's second letter has also been ignored. The Fuehrer should have at least written on it, ' Opened by Mistake.' "

" Not long ago President Roosevelt advanced Thanksgiving Day a week. A few days later Hitler set civilization back two thousand years."

" Emperor Selassie and President Benes are still fighting for their countries by remote control."

" Gandhi is backing England in her war on Germany. That's something, after his wearing nothing but a flag of truce for years."

FOR THE BOYS IN TRAINING CAMPS

A marriage broker tried to arrange a match between an elderly gent and a lady thirty years younger. The two sat alone in the parlor for hours. After the prospective groom left, her father asked, " Tell me, daughter—what do you think of him? " " Well," came the answer, " I don't know yet the name of the marriage broker who brought him; but it wasn't Frank Buck, because he brings them alive."

" The coming hay-fever season calls for strict neutrality. Be careful to whom you say '*Gesundheit.*' "

The international situation is best described by the wrestler in a hospital. Telling how it all happened, he said, " We got entangled in a tough mix-up. Our legs and arms got twisted in and out. Suddenly I see an Adam's apple. I grab it and squeeze it hard—but, oh, it's *mine!* "

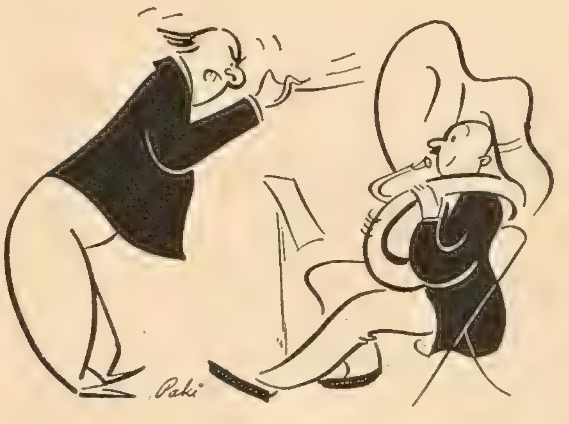
" In a war where the winner is no better off than the loser, it pays to be the loser. He, at least, might get a little sympathy."

In this era of ill will, this conversation piece:

" How you have changed! You used to have thick black hair and now you're bald. You used to have a ruddy complexion and now you're pale. You used to be stocky and now you're thin—I'm surprised, Mr. Gordon."

" But I'm not Mr. Gordon."

" Look! You've even changed your name! "



IN A THEATER ORCHESTRA

" You gave me an E flat instead of an E natural."

" Gosh, I didn't think I was as near to it as that! "

ACTOR: It was a very big funeral—but very little enthusiasm.

A prominent comedian's mother attends every one of his performances. Asked if she leads the applause for him, she replied, " No, but I see to it that it doesn't die down."

" What an adorable necklace! "

" Yes—made entirely of my wedding rings."

COMEDIAN, dictating his will: What money I have, if any—such as it is, or might be—

LAWYER: I can put it in more legal language.

COMEDIAN: I know—but I want to get a laugh.

THE WAY OF ALL " FLASH "

MRS. LOUDERNOYS: In the morning my cook makes a special breakfast for me. Then my maid brings it to my room. My bath maid gets the shower ready. After the house-cleaning is over, I go out to see the gardening done—

MRS. PUSHPUSS: How many servants have you got?

MRS. LOUDERNOYS: One. Oh, is she versatile!

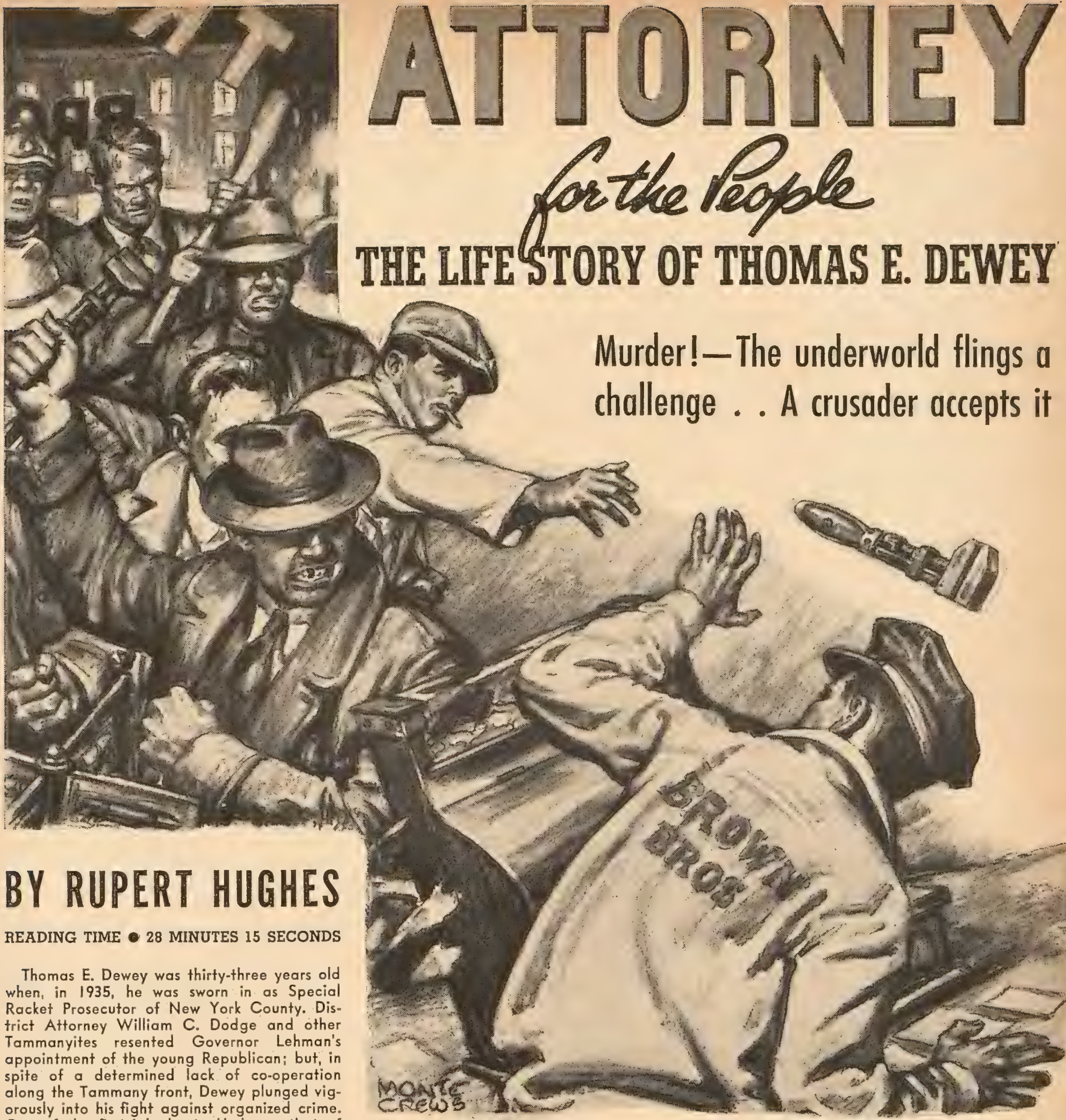
THE END

ATTORNEY

for the People

THE LIFE STORY OF THOMAS E. DEWEY

Murder!—The underworld flings a challenge . . A crusader accepts it



Gorillas threw wrenches at Brown's brother and beat him with an ax handle.

BY RUPERT HUGHES

READING TIME ● 28 MINUTES 15 SECONDS

Thomas E. Dewey was thirty-three years old when, in 1935, he was sworn in as Special Racket Prosecutor of New York County. District Attorney William C. Dodge and other Tammanyites resented Governor Lehman's appointment of the young Republican; but, in spite of a determined lack of co-operation along the Tammany front, Dewey plunged vigorously into his fight against organized crime. One of the first jobs he tackled was that of breaking the trust that racketeers had made of organized prostitution. In a sensational night raid in January, 1936, he rounded up the girls, the madams, the bookers, and some of the higher-ups in the gang. By patient questioning, he finally learned the name of the big boss—Charles "Lucky" Luciano.

Luciano and his aides were brought to trial and were found guilty on all counts. Determined but unsuccessful efforts were made to discredit Dewey's witnesses. Luciano appealed, but all his appeals failed.

In the meantime the Special Prosecutor's office had been investigating the rackets that preyed on business and the labor unions. For months Dewey had been secretly bringing terrified victims of the poultry, bakery, garment, and restaurant rackets to his office and questioning them. They feared to testify for fear of reprisals from the racketeers. He finally got enough evidence to secure a double indictment against Gurrah and Lepke, who squeezed the garment and bakery industries. Both men fled.

An even greater racket was the restaurant racket, started by the late Dutch Schultz and now controlled by some of his mob. Working through crooked labor leaders who dominated certain locals of the waiters' union, the gangsters had organized the Metropolitan Restaurant and Cafeteria Association, to which 90 per cent of the well known New York restaurants paid tribute to prevent labor troubles and to ward off stink bombs and other outrages. Here, too, victims were unwilling to talk; but Dewey managed to get sufficient evidence to indict thirteen defendants.

PART FIVE—THE RACKETS

NEWSPAPERS headlined the Special Prosecutor's round-up. This time his quarry was published thus:

13 INDICTED IN CAFE RACKET!

DUTCH SCHULTZ GANGSTERS, LAWYERS, AND UNION LEADERS ALLEGEDLY EXTORTED $2,000,000 YEARLY FROM RESTAURANT OWNERS AND EMPLOYEES

9 Are Under Arrest—7 Union Chiefs Held—4 of Dutch Schultz Gang Now Dead Mentioned

The Communist Daily Worker resorted to headlines denouncing Dewey and scenting an "anti-union drive behind the racketeering charge."

Dewey had always been a friend of organized labor and a believer in collective bargaining. He had declared his faith again and again, and proclaimed what he proved: that the most dangerous enemies of labor were gangsters who had wormed their way into the ranks and had stolen whole unions to use them for the oppression of the members. Now he had laid hands on these dictators and stood ready to prove what corrupt influences were poisoning the whole cause.

Yet union protests began to flood Albany, warning both the Governor and the legislature that Dewey was bent on wrecking organized labor.

Dewey never answered these charges, knowing that the result would prove the falsity of the attacks.

Encouraged to find one man willing to assail the criminal elements which had invaded labor unions, the officers of a shipping company publicly demanded that Dewey's office should intervene in a strike that was paralyzing their business. But he refused to take any part in it, since there was no evidence of racketeering.

The trial of the restaurant racketeers was set for November 23; but, at the request of defense counsel, dismayed by the mountainous evidence, it was put off until January 14, 1937. While awaiting that date the office business went on with its secret work along many lines, and Dewey made twenty-one simultaneous raids in a seizure of the books of the Salvaged Brick Industry.

A recently developed monopoly had raised prices in that field so that the expenses of the City Housing Projects alone were jacked up by $170,000 a month. The trucks of independents had been destroyed and ten salvage firms forced out of business. A truck drivers' union was active in this monopoly. But the prestige of Dewey's office was by this time so well established that his mere act of subpoenaing all the books brought about the instant collapse of the racket.

IN December, the aide to Martin and Krantz, Louis Beitcher, who had fled from the restaurant indictments, was captured and held on $150,000 bail. Sam Krantz and two others still eluded capture. On December 29, Max Pincus, vice-president of the Waiters Union, one of the leaders indicted, jumped out of a fifth-story window to his death. Now Beitcher confessed that the charges against him were true and pleaded guilty.

Strangely startling to the press was a simple question Dewey asked of the jurymen on the panel:

"Do you know James J. Hines?"

The newspapers sprang into headlines:

"Dewey Names Hines!"

They published Hines' picture, and later published Max Gottfried's allegation that Hines was behind the restaurant ring.

Always making use of his aides as far as possible, and well aware of the ability of William B. Herlands, Dewey delegated to him the trial of this most important racket case, and returned to his desk to supervise the other work of the office. Herlands was assisted by Milton Schilback and Charles D. Breitel.

Though one of the first witnesses suffered the familiar lapse of memory and change of mind, forty café owners in succession told of yielding to extortion. "Edith Doe, Mystery Girl," really a close friend of Jules Martin, linked the union leaders with the underworld. Benny Gottesman, Gottfried, and other leaders of Local 1 and some of the workers told of the threats they had received.

Herlands rested his case on February 19 and the defense took over its shabby task. Six weeks were required for the marshaling of the defense witnesses and their complete disintegration under the questioning of Dewey, who returned now to the courtroom and took over the work of cross-examination. But first he had spent twenty hours a day for four days familiarizing himself with the testimony. He cross-examined Coulcher for thirteen hours.

One of the defendants protested that he had been himself the victim of terrorism and had fled with his wife from a gangster threat to cut off his ears. His wife had kept a diary, and it was used to prove how they motored from place to place, in terror of their lives and in poverty, seeking both escape from torture and a livelihood. But Dewey, with smiling geniality, used the diary to elicit from the unsuspecting wife a rapturous description of the flight as a pleasant and leisurely tour of sightseeing and visiting among friends. She purred while Dewey purred. But her husband's lawyer gnashed his teeth in agony, and when the woman left the stand still smiling, her husband had to be held to keep him from throttling her. Only then did she learn how she had exposed his perjury. The whole scene was rated as a masterpiece of cross-examination.

After having ruined the defense, Dewey turned the case back to Herlands for a summation over which Dewey and others worked till 6 A. M. After one hour of sleep Herlands began his summation with a tribute to his chief. He took seven hours to recapitulate the results of eighteen months of investigation and ten weeks of trial.

The jury took only six hours to reach a verdict finding all seven defendants guilty on every count.

As Judge McCook was distributing their sentences to the various prisoners, there was a dramatic interruption when he reached Coulcher. Coulcher had pleaded for mercy because he was simply a poor ill-paid official of a labor union, unable even to meet his taxes.

But Dewey brought forward now a café man who handed to the judge a sealed envelope across the flap of which Coulcher had written his name in lieu of a seal, with instructions to keep that envelope in hiding and return it to Coulcher at once if he were acquitted; or, if convicted, when he came out of prison.

Justice McCook had Coulcher identify his signature, then opened the envelope. He found inside it $3,300 in bills. Dewey said he had reason to believe that Coulcher had deposited at least a dozen such envelopes. Justice McCook sentenced Coulcher to fifteen to twenty years in the state prison. The rest got terms of five years or more.

At last, now, Locals 16 and 302 came to their senses. They sued Coulcher for embezzlement, and expelled the traitors who had misled them.

The Hundred Year Association presented to Dewey the annual gold medal it awards to the person who has made the outstanding contribution of the year to the welfare of the city, with the words:

"It has taken plenty of courage and enormous labor."

In the midst of the restaurant racket trial, on February 3, Mayor LaGuardia publicly requested Dewey to run for District Attorney. He had been active in politics since he first reached New York, but from now on the fields of public office were opened to him.

THE year 1937 had begun with the arrest of one of New York's most picturesque and pitiless rascals, "Tootsie" Herbert, the business agent of the Chicken Drivers, Chauffeurs, and Helpers Union, Local 167. With him were collected David Diamondstone, the president, and Harry Frankel, secretary-treasurer of the union and an ex-convict. They were accused of embezzlements and defalcations from their own unions amounting to nearly $40,000.

The night after their arrest the city was shaken by an utterly unforeseen assault on the lottery or policy racket. In what was described as a "midnight sweep through Harlem," seventy persons connected with the long established policy game suddenly vanished from their haunts. Among them were eighteen of the nineteen heads of the racket. This was the most startling of all Dewey's raids and had the most important consequences of all.

In New York the general change from direct to alternating electric current had built up an annual business of fifty million dollars. Certain contractors fixed prices by collusive bidding and the allocation of both public and private jobs. Some of the larger jobs went to a particular contractor, the others refraining from serious bidding against him. Here was a suggestion of a monopoly, and Dewey's staff spent thirteen months of secret investigation before attacking it.

The probe into Tootsie Herbert's malefactions had been met by the prompt destruction of all the union's books except the two latest sets, which were sardonically produced in response to Dewey's subpoena. But his expert accountants began to reconstruct the lost books by the infinite toil of going through bank accounts and tracing checks for many years.

While Dewey was politely but firmly refusing to permit himself to be even considered as a candidate for the District Attorneyship, or diverted in any way from his complex tasks, he was paid a most remarkable tribute. He had been parading past his two grand juries such endless droves of witnesses that on April 2, 1937, both of them implored release from his devastating energies. They handed up reports which closed with high praise for Dewey, and two new juries were promptly impaneled.

After he had exposed the infamous robberies inflicted on the restaurant unions by their own leaders, those unions had cleaned house and admitted that they had been duped and pillaged. Did other labor unions afflicted with racketeering immediately turn eyes of suspicion on their own leaders? Reason says, Of course! Experience says, Of course not!

Shortly before Tootsie and his indicted associates were brought to trial, they called a mass meeting of the union and received a wild and devoted ovation. One member shouted: "If they embezzled all that money, then we'll raise more money for 'em to embezzle!"

Before the trial of these fascinating leaders was reached, Dewey took time out to visit Tufts College and accept a degree of LL. D. A week later his own alma mater, the University of Michigan, made him Master of Laws, just fourteen years after he had earned his A. B. there, twelve years after Columbia had made him a Bachelor of Laws.

BEFORE the poultry racket case was perfected for trial, the staff succeeded in getting ready for court two other groups involved in the garment trucking and in the bakery rackets.

Dewey told later how one truckman, William Brown, defied the gangsters. Within three weeks emery powder in the crankcase of his best truck wrecked the motor. Seven gorillas entered his office one night, threw monkey wrenches at Brown's brother and beat him with an ax handle. He was in bed for two weeks. A fellow worker was slugged at the same time.

Mr. and Mrs. Brown were terrified. But after hearing a radio speech by the Police Commissioner, who said racket victims should come in and he would see they were protected, Brown went to the Police Commissioner's office. He was sent at once to tell his story to the grand jury. Indictments for coercion and conspiracy were voted against Dominick Didato, alias Dick Terry, James Plumeri, alias Jimmy Doyle, and Johnny Dio, or Dioguardi. Brown and his wife left believing they had found justice.

"But the case dragged on for a year with no trial," Dewey related. "Finally Brown got a subpoena calling him to the Court of General Sessions for the trial. He handed his subpoena to the clerk, and the clerk said, 'Why, that's a wrong date on that subpoena. Your case was dismissed yesterday.' The record shows that dismissal on recommendation

GIRLS GO FOR MEN WITH GOOD-LOOKING HAIR

GREASE BALL—No glamour girl likes to run her fingers through sticky, gummy hair. Kreml makes stubborn locks lie down and behave. Not sticky or greasy.

WATER SOAK—Too much water is an enemy of hair. It washes out natural hair oils, may encourage dandruff and baldness. Dress your hair with Kreml. Makes hair lustrous.

SNOW BIRD—No girl likes to lean her head on a dandruff-flecked male shoulder. If you have dandruff scales, use Kreml. It helps keep the scalp clean and healthy.

BALDY—No matter how fat the bankroll, baldness is a social handicap. If your hair comes out in the comb, use Kreml. It checks excessive falling hair, often a forerunner of baldness.

HEAD MAN—He uses Kreml and his hair looks it. No dandruff scales. No excessive falling hair. Hair neat as a pin, not greasy.

Kreml is a wonderful dressing-tonic. Used regularly it helps keep the scalp clean, the hair brilliant, removes dandruff scales and checks excessive falling hair. Ask for it in the barber shop or drugstore. Use it at home.

WOMEN TELL US that Kreml puts the hair in splendid condition for a permanent—makes permanents look lovelier and last longer.

Try Kreml Shampoo too. Made with an 80% olive oil base, it cleanses hair and scalp thoroughly, leaves hair soft and easy to manage.

KREML

REMOVES DANDRUFF SCALES—CHECKS EXCESSIVE FALLING HAIR

NOT GREASY—MAKES THE HAIR BEHAVE

of the District Attorney. . . .

"Meanwhile Didato was murdered by gunmen in the office of his Five-Borough Truckmen's Association . . . and Doyle was seriously wounded. . . . With Didato out of the way, Johnny Dioguardi and Jimmy Doyle moved uptown. The Brown indictment was still open and hanging fire in the District Attorney's office, but they brazenly served notice on the Garment Center Truck Owners Association: 'We are taking over your association.'"

The case came to trial on June 2, 1937. After four days of evidence Murray Gurfein, one of Dewey's chief assistants, and his fellow aide, Jack Grumet, rested the case for the prosecution. Instead of making a defense, Plumeri and Dioguardi suddenly decided to plead guilty on all counts. They were sentenced to state prison, and the garment-trucking racket, with its murders, beatings, and extortions, came to an end.

The trial of the leaders of the bakery racket began on June 26 with Chief Assistant Barent Ten Eyck prosecuting the five defendants. On July 20 four of the five were found guilty and another entire industry was freed from control of racketeers. The newspapers paid Dewey the tribute of an ironical rebuke:

He had convicted only sixty-nine out of seventy tried!

A few days before this verdict, on July 14, one of Dewey's brace of grand juries had sent up a round dozen of indictments in the policy racket, the result of two years' work and the examination of hundreds of witnesses. The leading name was that of J. Richard Davis, known as "Dixie" Davis. He fled.

AT last Tootsie Herbert's turn came to face the public and the Special Prosecutor.

In addition to the tremendous general consumption of food in New York, special conditions control the feeding of the city's nearly two million Jews there—almost half of all the Jews there are in all the Americas. Their religion debars them from poultry and other meats dressed in the Gentile ways. Their live poultry must be handled in kosher shops and must be dressed by rabbinical slaughterers called *schochtim*.

Fowl prepared in the kosher manner for the New York market total about sixty million a year in number and over two hundred million pounds in weight. Tootsie Herbert's union, Local 167, handled more than three fourths of kosher slaughterhouses. He also dominated the markets for Gentile consumption of poultry.

Dewey, speaking on October 17, 1937, long after Tootsie's trial was over, said: "Arthur Herbert was a truck driver by day and a bouncer in a downtown dance hall at night. . . . At the age of twenty-four, in 1923, Tootsie bullied his way into a job as delegate for the chicken drivers' union. Soon he took over the union by bringing in a mob of strong-arm men and sluggers. . . . He chose a convicted thief for his secretary-treasurer, and had himself elected for life as the delegate and boss of the union.

"He struck up a partnership with his old friend and associate, Joe Wiener. . . . an expert safe-cracker and not long out of prison.

"Merchants were told where and with whom they could do business. For that privilege they had to pay one cent a pound on every chicken they sold in New York. With this source of revenue the racket became big money.

"Some of the dealers had the courage to complain. Some even refused to pay. But not for long. Their trucks and their chicken coops were burned. The home of one was bombed one night, while his wife and child were asleep. Paving stones were dropped on the truck of another as it went under a bridge, and the truck was wrecked. Quickly an industry was subdued, as the unions had been.

"All of this, of course, was no secret. But the District Attorney did nothing. Finally the federal government itself stepped in. The only thing it could do was to use the antitrust laws. Sixty-seven out of ninety-nine defendants, who had sat through the trial in a specially constructed grandstand, were convicted, including Tootsie.

"Of course, violation of the antitrust law is only a misdemeanor, and so, for this, Tootsie served a total of eight weeks in jail. When Tootsie got back from his two months' vacation, he . . . and Joey Wiener announced that all the chicken dealers in New York must buy feed from them. They moved in on the Metropolitan Feed Company. . . .

"Dealers have to have crates or coops for transporting live chickens to market. A dealer can buy a coop for $1.65 and use a coop 200 times. But Tootsie and Joey ordered the poultry dealers to rent coops from them at sixty-five cents a day. This worked out to cost $130 for a coop which was worth $1.65. But it was cheaper to pay than to have your skull fractured, your truck burned, or to have rocks heaved into the driver's cab, or the engine ruined with emery powder.

"Again the federal government stepped in. . . . Wiener was sent away for two years. He appealed, and managed to stay out of jail for a long time, but is serving his sentence. Tootsie was found guilty and got another short vacation of six months.

"By this time he had jacked up his union pay to $200 a week, and before he went away he ordered his union to keep him on the pay roll while he was temporarily absent."

When generous James J. Hines, the Tammany leader, made his annual distribution of free turkeys to the poor, it was generous Wiener who gave Hines the turkeys. Hines and Wiener were photographed together among the smiling and grateful poor. As the event disclosed, each reflected on the other equal honor.

The reconstruction of the books showed that from time to time Tootsie would order special assessments on all the dues-paying members of his union. These levies ranged from fifteen to fifty dollars. Among these were levies for paying the funeral expenses of dead members. When the fund passed $4,000, Tootsie transferred it to his private bank account. When the investigation of Dewey's men began, Tootsie ordered his men to testify that all their assessments had been given to him to do with as he pleased.

Indicted by Dewey's office in January, 1937, he was brought to trial in August, and charged this time not with a misdemeanor but with a felony—grand larceny.

THE investigation had also shown that one of his lieutenants had been operating a loan-shark concession in Tootsie's union, lending money to poor workers who were hard up for cash and charging them huge rates of interest. When that loan shark was put on trial, Tootsie, though under indictment himself for felony, insolently walked into the Court of Special Sessions and attempted to intimidate the witnesses. But his power had begun to wane. His lieutenant was convicted and sent to jail; and two months later Tootsie himself came to trial along with two of his henchmen.

For more than a year Dewey's assistants Jacob J. Rosenblum and Sol Gelb had been working on the case. When it came to trial and they began to heap up the evidence day after day, the czar of the poultry industry was so astounded and so crushed that he stopped the trial on August 16, 1937, and pleaded guilty. The other two officers indicted with him followed his example. Tootsie even turned back to the members of the union $25,000 of the money he had stolen from them. His sentence was a term in state prison of four to ten years; Diamondstone's from one to five; and Frankel's from one and a half to five.

The presiding Justice Pecora, whom a newspaper called "a one-time Tammany wheel horse," said while sentencing Tootsie:

"If racketeering is to be stamped out in this community, it will only be through the splendid type of prosecution conducted by Thomas E. Dewey and his associates."

The Department of Markets stated that after four years of effort the clean-up of the market scandals, monopolies, cruelties, and atrocities had been accomplished.

The newspapers announced with amazement that out of seventy-three persons brought to trial Dewey had convicted all but one. Such a record had never been heard of, never dreamed of.

It was not strange that New Yorkers clamored for Dewey to take over the office of District Attorney, an office of whose inexcusable and inveterate failures, for one reason or another, he had given such an exposure. The demand was not so much a desire to reward him with more power as to rescue the endangered LaGuardia administration, which was facing a new election.

But Dewey, being above all things a fact facer, realized that he was being invited to join a desperate cause. Even the Fusionists were fighting among themselves. His own party, the Republican, had not been able to elect a district attorney for twenty-one years.

In June, 1937, Judge Seabury, Thomas D. Thacher, and Charles C. Burlingham, all eminent members of the bar and sponsors of the Fusionist Party, invited Dewey to a conference and urged him to accept a nomination. He gave his reasons against the plan: first, he wanted to complete the investigation, which would take another year; second, after that he wanted to retire to private practice, as his family expenses were growing; third, and most important, he had proved for the first time that the law was really bigger than the underworld and that money could no longer buy out the top criminals. But if he gave up this work and ran for District Attorney, he would be seeking a new post in the worst county in New York, one completely dominated by the same machine for twenty years, with never a loss of an office. If Dewey ran, his practically certain defeat would prove that law enforcement was bad politics and not supported by the people. This would wipe out all that the investigation had accomplished in New York and throughout an awakened and aroused nation. He promised to support LaGuardia in the campaign, but refused to run.

NEXT, the Republican committee asked him to run. He refused. The American Labor Party sent representatives to his office to urge him to run. He refused.

The Fusionists nominated a gentleman of no political experience, and the Republicans nominated a member of the Seabury investigation, Irving Ben Cooper. Obviously both would be defeated by a united Tammany.

Dewey went back to his office work, which was heavy enough, and intimately concerned with Lepke and Gurrah.

The federal government had convicted them of a misdemeanor, the violation of the Sherman antitrust law, in the spring of 1936; but Lepke was released in $10,000 bail and then his conviction was set aside, while Gurrah obtained similarly low bail, which he forfeited, then vanished.

Dewey's aide, Murray Gurfein, secured the indictment of Lepke, Gurrah, and fourteen others for racketeering in the garment trade. Eleven were arrested, but five were fugitives, for Lepke now joined Gurrah in the far unknown.

Dewey persuaded the Board of Estimate to vote rewards of $5,000 each

Mrs. Edgar Rice Burroughs has two delightful children—a boy and a girl. She plays a fast game of tennis, swims expertly, finds time to entertain often at her attractive new home in Beverly Hills, California. She is noted as a brilliant and gracious hostess

Charming **MRS. EDGAR RICE BURROUGHS**

wife of the famous writer, creator of Tarzan, says

"I find so many of my guests now choose Wine"

Be Considerate— Serve Wine

"Most of our guests are active, busy people," says Mrs. Edgar Rice Burroughs. "They prefer not to overdo when they relax. So I serve a choice of beverages, and I find more and more people nowadays select wine."

This idea of giving guests an opportunity to choose wine is sweeping the country, hosts and hostesses report.

Women notice it at afternoon teas and bridge parties. So many wives now prefer exquisitely flavored Tokay or one of the golden, sweeter Sauternes — served in a small glass.

Hostesses discover that, before dinner, more and more people today prefer a cocktail-size glass of fine Sherry —or a larger glass of deep-ruby, full-flavored Burgundy with the main course.

Or in the evening, simple informal bowls of fruit and nuts, or a tray of cheeses and wafers, set out with small glasses of mellow Port or fragrant Muscatel.

Next time you have guests in, try it. As Mrs. Borroughs says, you will be amazed how many people prefer wine *because* it is moderate—because good wine and genial, leisurely evenings go so naturally together.

THE WINE ADVISORY BOARD

THE WINES OF CALIFORNIA

Now chosen by more than 9 out of 10 American hosts and hostesses are the good wines of our own country. The wines of California, for example, are grown to strict standards of quality. True to type. Well developed. Inexpensive.

This advertisement is printed by the wine growers of California, acting through the Wine Advisory Board, 85

All you need to know to serve Wine

There are many varieties, but only two main types of wine . . . (1) Wines purposely made "dry" (not sweet) to serve with meals, called *table* wines: (2) Wines that especially complement desserts or refreshments, called *sweet* wines.

Burgundy, ruby red in color, with a delicate tang. Usual serving is half water goblet size.

A distinguished "sweet" wine is Sherry, amber, zestfully nut-like in flavor. Serve your Sherry in small glasses. (California Sherries are made medium

DIXON TICONDEROGA 1395 No2
MADE IN U.S.A.

What makes the stenographer perfect? Well, Knifedge helps. It disposes of all errors quickly and thoroughly—so perfection results. It saves time, saves paper, saves jobs. It's on the pencil America works with:—

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TICONDEROGA

5 different degrees of Ticonderoga pencils — a degree to suit every writing need. Your stationer has No. 2-5/10 for speedy firmness. No. 2 for free-writing softness. No. 1 for extra softness. No. 3 for medium. No. 4 for small sharp words and figures. Only a nickel. Much less according to quantity bought.
JOSEPH DIXON CRUCIBLE CO., Dept. 10-J11, Jersey City, N. J.

for Lepke, Gurrah, and Dixie Davis.

Though the big criminals were not yet captured, their very absence broke their grip on the garment industry, the largest in New York. The indictments were the result of terrific labor for two years by Gurfein and a staff of three.

This success increased the public dismay over the prospect of Tammany's return. The clamor for Dewey increased in press and on platform. He tried in vain to bring Republicans and Fusionists together on one other nominee.

The temptations to move into the vast power of the District Attorney's office, clean it up and make it work, were all but irresistible. Here was the most important public prosecution office in the country. If he abstained from the campaign, Tammany might overwhelm the cause of decent government in America's greatest city. If he could succeed in winning the office of District Attorney, he could wrest from Tammany its most powerful engine of evil, which had not convicted one major racketeer in twenty years.

To choose was a torment, and he had to do his thinking in snatches while his staff heaped old and new problems on his desk and unfinished business poured down over him in a ceaseless Niagara. He and his wife had many an anxious conference, and finally agreed that it was his duty to attack Tammany in its strongest stronghold.

Midnight on August 13, 1937, was the dead line for the withdrawal of nominees by the regular parties. The Fusion and American Labor Parties, not being regular parties, stood ready to name Dewey if only he would accept. The Republican nominee, Irving Ben Cooper, was eager to step out, but insisted that he would do so only if he could himself designate Dewey as his substitute.

IN the evening of the 13th Dewey went to a conference of Republican leaders. He insisted that if he consented to run he must make his own announcement of his reasons, because there were two other parties involved whose tentative designees were also willing to withdraw in Dewey's favor.

The leaders held long telephonic debates with Cooper's friends, and it was not until two minutes before midnight that they accepted Dewey's terms, with the modification that Cooper might say he hoped Dewey would run.

Cooper had a representative in the County Clerk's office, and at just one minute to twelve telephoned him to recall his name from the ballots to be printed. Now there was no Republican nominee, though there was a provision for a committee of five to fill vacancies caused by the withdrawal of candidates.

The morning papers had to content themselves with the statement that Cooper had declined and the wish that Dewey would accept. This gave Dewey time to prepare a statement of his reasons for undertaking the campaign and the afternoon papers of August 14 gave it all their headlines. He said: "As a result of the work of the rackets investigation it has become clear to me that there is an alliance of long standing between crime and certain elements of Tammany Hall. For twenty years Tammany Hall has controlled criminal prosecution in this county and for twenty years the power of the criminal underworld has grown. This alliance must be broken."

As soon as he gave out his acceptance of the nomination Dewey began his drive for success. He spent a week in securing a campaign manager, a finance committee, a publicity director, and a research staff. In a short time he had two thousand young men enlisted to work in the thousand election districts of New York County's two million people. He stirred the leaders of the independent organizations to action and had a citizens' committee organized. Then he went to West Falmouth on Cape Cod for eight days of the restlessness that he calls "rest."

His opponent, the Tammany nominee, Harold Hastings, on the other hand, went on a long and real vacation after telling the newspapermen that it was all over; he did not have to campaign, since Tammany Hall was his guaranty. He did not return till the end of September.

But Dewey was back in town by the beginning of that month, and busy as a beaver. The Fusionists nominated him with jubilation. The Progressive Party nominated him. A pleasant relief from the abuse he had endured as labor baiter number one was his hearty endorsement by the American Labor Party on September 22.

He spoke ten or twelve times a day to a total of over 200,000 people. He spoke on the radio regularly every Sunday night for five weeks, aside from speeches on the Greek radio hour, the Italian, the Czecho-Slovakian, and the Russian radio hours. People spoke for him in every language represented in New York's Babel-land.

Men of high degree came out in his support, among them Judge Seabury, a Democrat, whose revelations Dewey had done so much to confirm. From the Democratic Party many other prominent men seceded to Dewey, notably former Justice of the Appellate Court and former president of the Bar Association Clarence J. Shearn. He became chairman of the lawyers' committee supporting Dewey, and issued an appeal to his fellow Democrats begging them to be "right rather than regular."

Dewey's radio speeches reveal many facets of his personality as he turned them toward the various elements in the conglomeration of voters he must win to himself to save them from themselves.

The work in his office was not neglected. He canceled half a dozen speaking engagements when he learned of the discovery in California of Max Silverman, a fugitive for twenty-one months. Dewey had evidence that Lepke and Gurrah had advanced him $20,000 for expenses in a period of six months while he was on the lam.

The capture of Max Silverman was, in Dewey's opinion, one of the most brilliant pieces of detective work he had ever heard of. His assistant chief investigator, John F. O'Connell, traced Silverman to a rented Hollywood apartment. He was arrested and held under $250,000 bail.

He was brought back by airplane, and while he was still in the air, on the afternoon of October 1, tragedy struck into Dewey's success. Two years before, he had promised safety from gangster threat to any one who testified for him. This promise had been faithfully kept. But now, suddenly, one of his important witnesses, Max Rubin, was shot in the back of the head and taken to the hospital in grave danger of death. Rubin was one of the henchmen of Lepke and Gurrah, and had confessed to Dewey's assistants. But he had refused the police protection urged upon him.

Dewey began his next Sunday-night radio speech: "Tonight I am going to talk about murder. . . . The underworld has flung down its challenge. Tonight I accept that challenge."

The battle was on in deadly earnest, and the whole country was watching Dewey as the leader in a new war of emancipation.

He was already a symbol and almost a legend. The playwrights and moving-picture scenarists were giving him the chief roles in some of their plots, but always under another name: for he would never authorize any direct commercial exploitation of his personality or his work.

ON September 27 the first of several plays based on Dewey's achievements was produced—written by Samuel Shipman and Beth Brown, and called Behind Red Lights.

A special motion picture was produced as part of his campaign, with the title, Smashing Crime with Dewey. It showed the workings of the racketeers, but also the break-up of the gangs by the Dewey investigations. Five trucks, with mounted projection machines and screens, toured Manhattan and showed the film to thousands of thrilled spectators on the sidewalks of New York. A copy of the film is now included among the historic film documents of the Museum of Modern Art in New York.

Dewey was speaking everywhere, constantly emphasizing the fact that he himself would be only a part of the District Attorney's office, and that his colleagues would no longer be Tammany Hall incompetents or dishonest men foisted on the office so that even a well intentioned District Attorney was a mere figurehead.

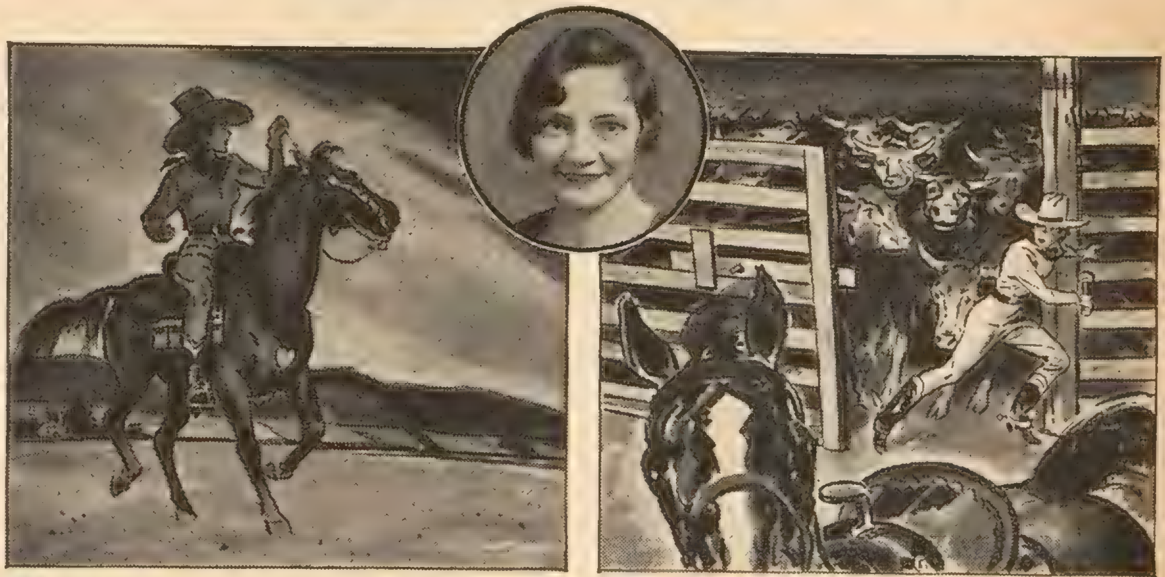
"I don't do the work in my office as Special Prosecutor," he explained. "And no District Attorney does the work in that office. The assistants do the work. The important thing is that there are going to be sixty-four Assistant District Attorneys who don't belong to anybody but the people of New York County."

The most sensational of all his speeches came as unexpectedly as an earthquake, and brought toppling down one of the most powerful political figures in New York.

Dewey continued his campaign, fearlessly and ruthlessly exposing the crooked politicians who had made New York a favorite stamping ground for gangsters. Read next week of the sensational charges that burst like a bomb over the air one Sunday evening when, in a radio speech, he blasted the career of Tammany Hall's most powerful boss!

STAMPEDE TRAPS GIRL In RATTLER'S DEN!

MAE OLSON
Route No. 1, Hudson, Wisconsin

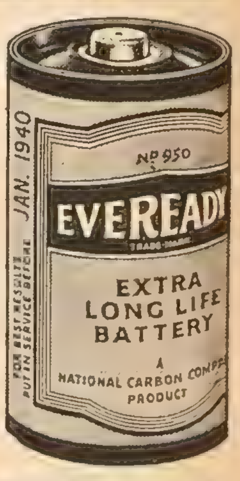


❶ **"While living** on a North Dakota cattle ranch, I rode over to a neighbor's place one night to borrow some sugar," writes Mrs. Olson. "Passing our cattle corral on the way home, I saw the heavy gate slowly opening—and 500 milling cattle inside!

❷ **"I dismounted** and ran for the gate—but too late! A dozen stampeding steers poured through the opening! Sheer instinct told me to run for a hillside cave we had dug as kids. I just made it—diving headlong into the black hole . . . and a new menace!

❸ **"Somehow,** the flashlight in my hand lighted as I sprawled on my face. It spotted a coiled rattlesnake not two feet away—eyes glittering in the piercing beam! Between hoof and fang, I was in a bad fix! Frozen with terror, I waited until the pounding hoofs behind me died away—then crawled out backwards, keeping the light on the rattler. You'll never know how grateful I am for those 'Eveready' *fresh* DATED batteries. They were better than an insurance policy that night.

(Signed) Mae Olson"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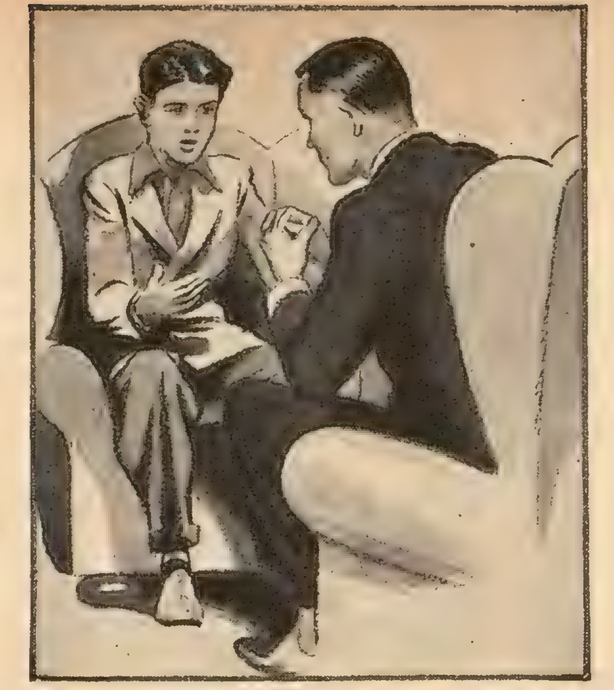


MAN of the WORLD

Liberty's Short Short

BY WILLIAM JENNINGS O'BRIEN

READING TIME ● 5 MINUTES 19 SECONDS

RALPH B. KENT leaned against the porch railing and looked out across Boothbay Harbor, far below, nearly lost in the moonless night. He breathed deeply, noticing with satisfaction the way his stomach muscles had hardened. Ahhhh! Nothing like Maine in the summer. The Courtneys were dull people to visit, but they left him alone. Poor old Jim—he had always been "poor old Jim," even when they had roomed together at New Haven—was always hunched over his typewriter; Mrs. Courtney was always off somewhere playing contract.

But now he could hear that son of theirs stumbling around in the living room. Oh, hell! Here he came.

"Mr. Kent!" It was a sharp whisper, urgent. "I wonder if you—I hate to bother you—but could I see you up in my room? We might be overheard down here."

"Well!" Ralph B. Kent imitated the conspirator's tone. "If it's confidential . . ."

He followed the grotesquely long-legged boy upstairs, past Jim's study, the door of which vibrated from the steady crashing of typewriter keys, and into a room rankly littered with tennis rackets, oars, a half-mended balloon jib, phonograph records, and sea-yellowed sneakers.

Philip emptied a chair for Mr. Kent and sat tensely opposite him.

"I want to talk to you, Mr. Kent, because you're a man of the world. I can't talk to dad. He writes a lot of stories about young love and all that stuff, but he's never been around much. You know what I mean."

"I think so, Philip." His tone was gentle now.

"Well . . ." Philip was pulling his long fingers. "It's about a girl. You don't know her. Lil Taylor. Lives over on Juniper Point. I was with her a lot when she first got here, and I—you know, fell in love with her. And—you might not believe it, but she—well—thought I was O. K. too."

Mr. Kent was attentive.

"Then, a couple of weeks ago, something happened. She won't talk about it, but it seems like some older man has been giving her a rush, and she's—you know, infatuated with him. She won't tell me who it is, but from the description, I get the idea he's a—well, a sort of a *rake*. Very handsome, been around a lot, and all that. The kind of man that certainly wouldn't do her any good."

"Mmmm," said Mr. Kent.

"Well, I'm no prize, Mr. Kent, and it's O. K. for her to throw me over, see?" The boy was leaning forward. "But she's a wonderful girl, and it's my duty to protect her from this man's—you know—wiles."

"Well," said Mr. Kent contemplatively, "if I were you, Philip, I would stay away from this girl—avoid her; possibly your father would send you away for a short time—until this thing passes over. And if it's what you say it is, it *will* pass over." He leaned back. "That would be the intelligent thing to do."

Philip's jaw was hard set, his fists clenched.

"I mean," he announced slowly, "how to go about shooting this man."

"*Shooting him?*"

Philip went to a cabinet and extracted from it a heavy German-looking pistol.

"Yep," he breathed. "Shooting him. I wanted your advice on the best way to shoot him so as not to be apprehended. If," he added, "you have any ideas."

Mr. Kent got up. He put his hand on the boy's arm.

"Ignoring the consequences to you and your family, Philip, the scandal would ruin this girl's life."

"Nobody, not even her own mother, knows about her and this man," said Philip. "So she wouldn't be in any scandal. My plan is like this: She'll probably see him tonight, being Saturday. I figure they must meet in the woods on Juniper Point, by the tennis courts. I conceal myself in the underbrush, and when they part, I let him have it. How does that sound?"

Mr. Kent shook his well shaped head with the hair graying handsomely at the temples.

"She would talk. And she would suspect you."

"No. She told me he is a very mysterious personality whom a lot of people would like to bump off."

"H'mmm. Uh—what would you do with the pistol?"

"In the harbor, with a rock on it."

"I see."

"What I wanted to know from you is . . ."

"Wait, Philip. *I* would know who murdered this man."

The boy's head snapped around and he looked searchingly in the man's face.

"Would you tell?" he whispered.

"I don't know. But we would be accomplices in this crime, Philip. You've brought me into it. Don't you see?"

"Well, I didn't realize . . ."

"You may not listen to what I say as your friend, but as your accomplice I deserve more consideration. Now I want you to sit down at this table, with the gun before you, for the next half hour and *think!* Stay in this room. Consider calmly all angles: the risk, the brutality, the penalty. Come downstairs in thirty minutes. If you still want to go ahead, I will give you what advice I can, and I will remain silent afterward."

Philip nodded and his bloodless lips formed an "O. K."

Mr. Kent closed the door behind him and tiptoed down the hall past Jim's room still filled with creative clatter, and down the stairs to the living room.

The boy was half insane. He would certainly go through with his wild scheme, and only one person could save him: the Taylor girl. Mr. Kent would have to act quickly. There was the telephone, but it had an extension in Jim's room, and Jim must not know about this. Still, there was little chance that Jim would stop his writing to lift the receiver, and that chance must be taken.

He whispered a number into the transmitter, keeping his eyes on the staircase.

"Lillian," he said, "I will be unable to meet you tonight. Terribly sorry. Must go back to Boston at once. No, dear, it's quite impossible. You must forget everything, that's a good girl. I can't talk now. Good-by."

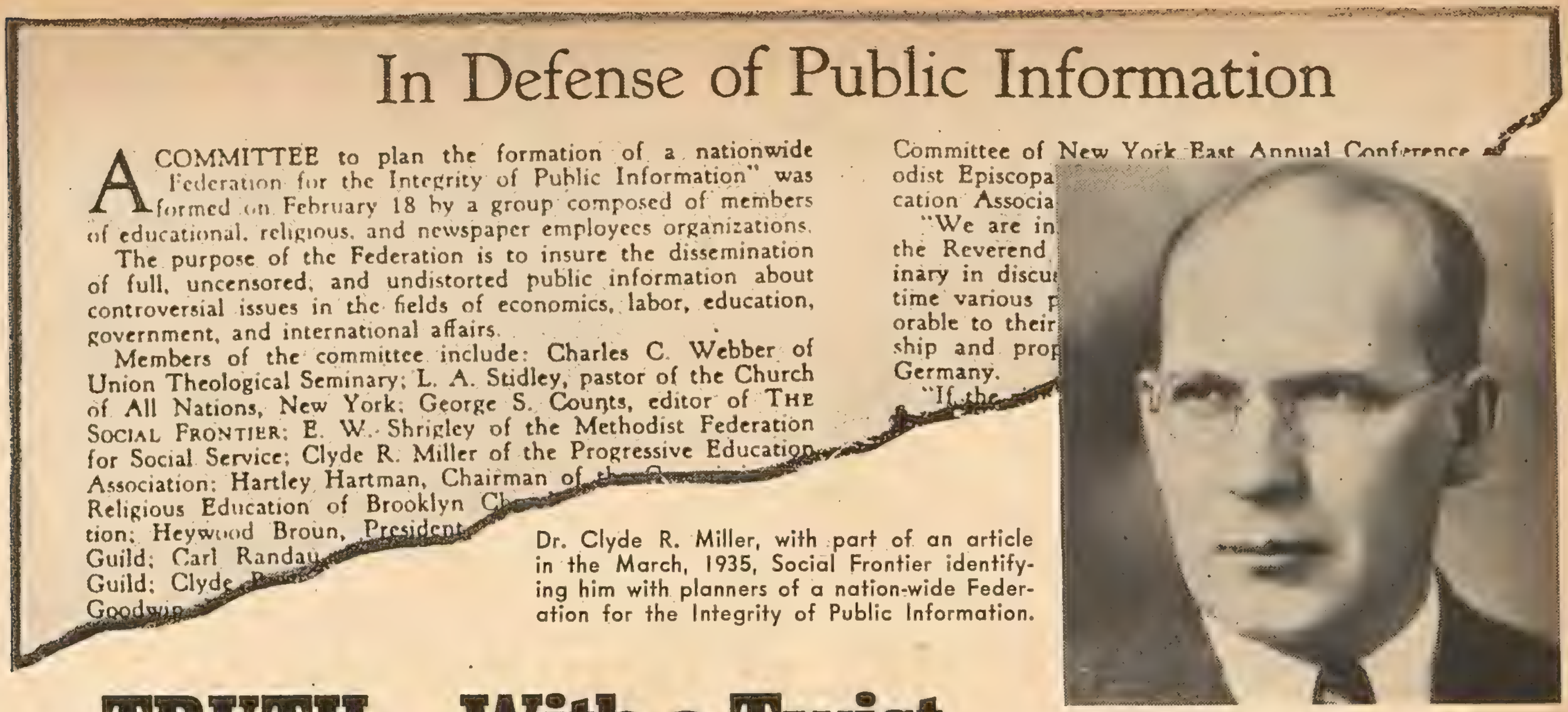
As he replaced the receiver, a smile spread across Mr. Kent's broad well shaped mouth, and he mopped his brow. These narrow escapes gave zest to life.

Up in Jim's room, Philip still held the receiver in one hand. With the other hand he tried to muffle his mouth from which came an inhuman gurgling sound. The butt of a German air pistol stuck out of his jacket pocket.

"All right. Now get out of here," snorted Jim, without looking up from his keyboard. "And don't forget whose idea it was."

THE END

Besides the regular price Liberty pays for each Short Short, an additional $1,000 bonus will be paid for the best Short Short published in 1939; $500 for the second best; and extra bonuses of $100 each for the next five best.



In Defense of Public Information

A COMMITTEE to plan the formation of a nationwide "Federation for the Integrity of Public Information" was formed on February 18 by a group composed of members of educational, religious, and newspaper employees organizations.

The purpose of the Federation is to insure the dissemination of full, uncensored, and undistorted public information about controversial issues in the fields of economics, labor, education, government, and international affairs.

Members of the committee include: Charles C. Webber of Union Theological Seminary; L. A. Stidley, pastor of the Church of All Nations, New York; George S. Counts, editor of THE SOCIAL FRONTIER; E. W. Shrigley of the Methodist Federation for Social Service; Clyde R. Miller of the Progressive Education Association; Hartley Hartman, Chairman of
Religious Education of Brooklyn
tion; Heywood Broun, President
Guild; Carl Randau
Guild; Clyde
Goodwin

Committee of New York East Annual Conference
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Dr. Clyde R. Miller, with part of an article in the March, 1935, Social Frontier identifying him with planners of a nation-wide Federation for the Integrity of Public Information.

TRUTH . . With a Twist

BY GEORGE E. SOKOLSKY

An accusation—Next week we'll have a word from the other side

READING TIME ● 11 MINUTES 20 SECONDS

TO denounce the other fellow as a propagandist is name-calling at its best. That word propagandist smells.

There is no reason why it should, because if a man believes in any principle or ideal he ought to be a propagandist for it. St. Paul was the greatest propagandist that ever lived. The Catholic Church calls its great administrative committee of cardinals the Congregation of the Propaganda.

Nevertheless, the words "propaganda" and "propagandist" have been so smeared and maligned and abused that nobody wants them tacked on to him or his work.

So along comes Dr. Clyde Miller of Teachers College, Columbia University, and starts an Institute for Propaganda Analysis, Inc. He is going to tell the world who is and who is not a propagandist. His organization is to be a Supreme Court to which every one will turn with the question: "Is this propaganda or is it honest-Injun?"

When a man sets himself up on so lofty a plane, he must be sure in his own mind that he is coldly objective, frigidly nonpartisan, without bias and without feeling. The only way to discover whether Clyde Miller has reached this utter Nirvana is to read his total output.

I was particularly interested because, before Propaganda Analysis was organized, Left Wingers were planning a Society for the Integrity of the News. I was informed by one who was among the planners that this society was to be used as a mask for a class-conscious propaganda organization of a scientific character. I knew who the proposers of the society were, and I have since suspected that it was the father of Propaganda Analysis.

If you read all the issues of Propaganda Analysis, as I have, you will discover that Dr. Miller is very human indeed. In fact, I have concluded that he is the ablest propagandist in the United States; that he can tell the whole truth but give it such a twist that the reader is led into byways which are far from the truth.

He accuses all the constructive, capitalistic, patriotic groups in America of propaganda. But in this vast amount of material I have yet to discover a complete and thorough analysis of the tremendous propaganda machine of the New Deal. I have yet to discover an analysis of the C. I. O. propaganda, of the effect of the American Newspaper Guild upon the coverage of news in the daily press, of the snide trickery of Communists in Hollywood who stick speeches denouncing the current American way of life into odd places in important films, of the Consumers Union's propaganda against the American way of production and distribution, of the Teachers College textbook writers who are corrupting the outlook of our young.

Of course, Dr. Miller can answer that he has not yet had time and opportunity to make these analyses. I say that is an excuse. I say it is the method of the Institute for Propaganda Analysis to protect and favor the Left Wing radical element in American life. Let me cite two of his pamphlets as evidence.

The January, 1939, issue of Propaganda Analysis is entitled The Attack on Democracy. The March, 1939, issue is entitled Communist Propaganda, U. S. A. 1939 Model. These two pamphlets deal with the same subject: the subversive groups in America which seek to destroy democratic institutions and to set up a collectivist dictatorship. One group is Right Wing, Fascistic, anti-New Deal and anti-Semitic, with a strong pro-German attitude. The other is Left Wing, Communistic, pro-New Deal, pro-Semitic, with a servile support of Soviet Russia.

If Propaganda Analysis and Clyde Miller were objectively scientific, there would have been no sign of sympathy for either group. Just cold statements of provable facts.

Let me quote you the first column of each pamphlet. Dr. Miller starts The Attack on Democracy with this:

"To America's would-be dictators, Mein Kampf is Horatio Alger, Jr., streamlined. Mr. Alger's hero didn't smoke or swear or drink, he saved his money, loved his mother, and rose from rags to riches, Q. E. D. The hero of Mein Kampf shrieked 'Jew!' and 'Communist!' and he, too, rose from rags to riches—from poverty-stricken house-painter to Chancellor of Germany. There is the moral, for demagogues like William Dudley Pelley, George W. Christians, Gerald Winrod, and George Deatherage to see: shout 'Jew!' and 'Communist!' You, too, can be dictator.

"Today in the United States there are some eight hundred organizations that could be called pro-Fascist or pro-Nazi. Some flaunt the word 'Fascist' in their name, or use the swastika as their insignia. Others—the great majority—talk blithely of democracy or 'Constitutional Democracy,' but work hand in glove with the outspokenly Fascist groups and distribute their literature. All sing the same tune—words and music by Adolf Hitler, orchestration by Dr. Paul Joseph Goebbels, the powerful Reichsminister of Public Enlightenment and Propaganda. . . ."

Notice the phrase "would-be dictators" at the very beginning. That is sheer name-calling. Notice the reference to Mein Kampf. That is to establish prejudice. Notice the "rags-to-riches" reference. That is to ridicule these men. Notice the word "blithely" when he says that they speak of democracy. That is to show that although he reports a fact, he does not believe it. Notice the sentence beginning, "All sing the same tune." There again is ridicule, evidence of dislike and distrust.

Now, I dislike and distrust these Fascists. But I believe in propaganda and want no censorship of it, either by the government or by a self-constituted organization of professors who practice it themselves. I am not defending the Fascists, but I am denouncing the author of those paragraphs for engaging in propaganda against them.

Now for the second pamphlet, the Communist one, published in March. A comparable passage in its first column:

"The Communist Party, U. S. A., has about 75,000 dues-paying members, and just enough money to keep the customary one jump ahead of the sheriff. Party officials don't get as much as W. P. A. workers, and many would do better even on home relief. . . . Only the other day, the New Masses, the party's leading weekly, told its readers that it would have to fold unless they could help out by getting new subscribers. The Daily Worker, the party's leading newspaper, has never seen the minute when it was not in the red, financially as well as politically. Of course, there has been lots of talk about 'Moscow gold,' and it may well be that at times in the past the Communist International has sent money to America to keep the Communist Party here going. . . . It would, however, be difficult indeed to find any 'Moscow gold' around right now. On the contrary, the evidence seems to bear out the Communist Party's claim that right now Moscow is getting money from the United States—for Communist propaganda in Germany, Italy, Japan, and other totalitarian nations."

Notice how friendly and defensive this opening passage is. It starts out by saying that the Communists have few members and little money. I defy Dr. Miller to prove either statement. Does he not know that no membership roll of the Communist Party has ever been provided to any Congressional committee that has demanded it? Does he not know that Communist Party officials contend that no such roll exists? How does he know whether the party has 75,000 or 750,000 or 7,500,000 members?

Again, about money: How does he know whether the Communist Party is rich or poor? Does he not know that its finances have been investigated and that, to date, evidence of its bank accounts has not been available? The only data that have been disclosed are campaign expenses required by law. What accounting has been made of the money collected in this country for Spain, China, refugees, right to work, etc.? Who knows what happened to the money raised in Hollywood for Spain and refugees? In whose names are these funds kept in banks?

I do not know, but I take it from the first few lines of this pamphlet that Dr. Clyde Miller does know. Let him produce the evidence. Let us have it.

He makes the point that recently the New Masses would have folded up for lack of funds. But on page 2 he says: "Last year, with the newspaper business so bad that twenty-nine papers were forced to shut down, the Communist Party nevertheless was able to launch two new dailies."

HOW could they, if they were so broke? Does not Dr. Miller know that the Communists publish nearly thirty papers in the United States? That was my last count; maybe it is more now. Does he not know that they publish papers in this country for many trades and professions, in many foreign languages? Did he never see an exhibit of Communist papers and magazines published in the United States which has been traveling over the country? Is he not interested in analyzing that agency of propaganda?

In the opening of the Fascist pamphlet, with due regard to the libel laws, he fixes the atmosphere so that every one will believe that all these fellows are money-grabbing crooks. In the opening of the Communist pamphlet he fixes the atmosphere so that every one will believe that the men he describes are idealists laboring in self-abnegation. That is first-class propaganda. But it is not science.

Let me turn to another angle to show how Propaganda Analysis hits at organizations that the Communists and the C. I. O. dislike, and avoids similar analysis of such agencies as the C. I. O. and the New Deal.

TAKE THAT, SIR GALAHAD! And take care too, mother, that the small cuts and scratches sonny gets are treated properly. Then put on Band-Aid to help keep out dirt. Band-Aid is a ready-made bandage of gauze and adhesive. So easy to put on! And once on . . . *it stays put.* Be sure you get *genuine Band-Aid.* It's made only by Johnson and Johnson. Look for the Red Cross on the package.

WATERPROOF
BAND-AID
BORATED PAD
36 ADHESIVE BANDAGES
Johnson & Johnson

Johnson & Johnson
BAND-AID
REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.
ADHESIVE BANDAGES

For instance, the work of the National Association of Manufacturers is analyzed in detail. It is brought in as an example in discussions of motion pictures, radio, etc. The propaganda activities of this organization are similar in method to the activities of the Department of Agriculture, the Department of the Interior, the Federal Housing Administration, the National Emergency Council, the C. I. O., and numerous other governmental and Left Wing organizations. Why does Clyde Miller specialize in unpleasant remarks about one and ignore the work of the other?

In his issue of Propaganda Analysis published on May 1, 1939, he deals with Propaganda in the Schools. He points out the propaganda done by the patriotic organizations, the American Legion, the Daughters of the American Revolution, the Sons of the American Revolution, the Chambers of Commerce, the Rotary Clubs, Kiwanis, the National Association of Manufacturers. Not one word on propaganda in the schools by the Communists. Not a phrase about the propaganda of Consumers Union. No reference to propaganda by the government. The method here is to put one group in a bad light and to protect another, whereas the fact is that both are doing about the same general type of propaganda on the youthful mind. Those put in a bad light are patriotic organizations, business men, conservatives; those protected are radicals, Left Wingers, Communists.

DR. MILLER may reply that I attack his aim and method because he mentions me in his Propaganda Analysis. That is nonsense. As one propagandist to another, I tell him that I am proud of my purpose and method, and I only wish that he were as candid as I am. I believe in the conservative conception of the American way of life. For that I fight. He says the National Association of Manufacturers paid me "more than $28,000 in eighteen months to denounce the C. I. O." That is a lie. I was never paid by any one or any organization to fight the C. I. O.

In fact, I was and am so opposed to everything that the C. I. O. stands for that I quarreled with business organizations that signed up with them—to my personal disadvantage. Had Dr. Miller, in accordance with scientific method, wanted the facts as to my work, my income, my associations, he could have had them by spending two nickels in carfare and perhaps two hours of his time.

When Propaganda Analysis describes the work of the patriotic and business organizations but omits similar work done by the C. I. O., Communists, and New Deal agencies, it gives the impression that the former are the only ones who are doing this work. It is true that somewhere else Dr. Miller might say something about the Left Wing organizations; but, for the time being, the reader will read a one-sided case and he may believe that is all there is to it.

What is more, this, I am convinced, is the intention. For instance, why does not Dr. Miller include in his items on the press, the radio, and the movies the full and complete facts about government activities at the taxpayers' expense? That would, of course, spoil the story; for if everybody's doing it, what's wrong with the business men and patriots doing it? Maybe it's right to do it. As a matter of fact, both sides are playing hard in the game, with the Left Wingers holding the edge.

All over this country there are men and organizations that want to suppress, frighten, and humiliate other men and organizations. That is not the road to freedom. Only debate by partisans, only difference of opinion freely expressed, only constant competition for the good will of Americans by Americans with a purpose, will keep us free and democratic. Men and women who set themselves up as self-constituted courts of inquiry and inquisition, volunteer witch hunters, mutual aids in the expression of half-truths and the suppression of the whole truth—these imperil the American way of life.

THE END

MOM, MY FACE LOOKS FIERCE —CAN'T I DO SOMETHING ABOUT THESE PIMPLES?

Is YOUR boy or girl worried and unhappy because of ADOLESCENT PIMPLES?

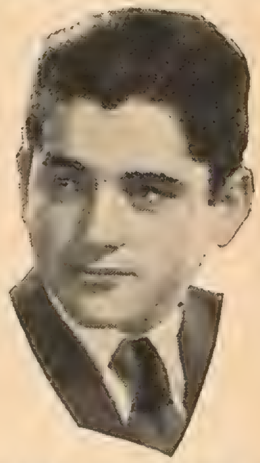
IF your boy or girl suffers from humiliating pimples—read 2 reasons why the skin often "breaks out" between the ages of 13 and 25.

FIRST—At this time, the skin is oversensitive. Then sluggish intestines may cause ugly pimples to break out.

SECOND—Your boy or girl may not get sufficient Vitamin A. This vitamin is important in helping to keep the skin healthy looking and smooth.

These conditions are often helped by eating the new Fleischmann's HIGH-VITAMIN Yeast, many young people find. This *fresh* yeast helps *quicken slow intestinal action.* And 2 cakes a day now furnish *more than 6000 units of the important Vitamin A.*

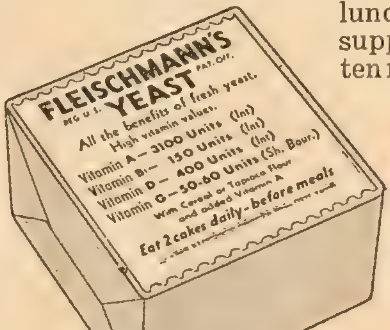
Give *your* boy or girl with poor skin two cakes of Fleischmann's High-Vitamin Yeast *every day*—one ½ hour before breakfast or lunch, one ½ hour before supper. Excellent results often reported in 30 days or less!



READ HOW THIS* BOY GOT HELP

He says: "Pimples can make a fellow feel good and blue. Big ones kept coming out on my forehead and chin. So I started eating Fleischmann's High-Vitamin Yeast. In a couple of weeks my face started to clear up fine."

***name on request**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With Cereal or Tapioca Flour and added Vitamin A
Eat 2 cakes daily-before meals

New HIGH-VITAMIN YEAST helps this skin trouble even more!

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To the Ladies

BY PRINCESS ALEXANDRA KROPOTKIN

LINGUIST, TRAVELER, LECTURER, AND FASHION AUTHORITY

READING TIME ● 4 MINUTES 27 SECONDS

BEHEAD a fat black rooster on the first-laid foundation stone of your new house. Cook the bird, along with additional fowl, and feed all your building men—carpenters, plasterers, etc. Be sure every member of your family partakes of the repast. According to old Greek superstition, this will protect your new abode against bad luck, particularly against crimes of violence. . . . Alexandra Sophia Morettis—one of the most interesting foreign women I've met at the New York World's Fair—gave me the above instruction for a Greek housewarming, but I don't think she expects us to take it too seriously. . . . Handsomely blonde, smart, and attractive, trained both in architecture and engineering, she represents the classic Greek type—brains and beauty—complete with modern improvements. Apart from applying their principles to the world of today, antique arts can claim only her casual regard. She's a live wire. . . . Co-designer and co-director of the Greek pavilion at the Fair, she showed me how various artistries that originated in ancient Greece are being adapted now for up-to-date decoration and household convenience. . . . "Our one-man swimming pool," she said, "of remote Minoan times, seems to be gaining wide American popularity. California builders are installing it in more and more fine homes. It is a sunken marble bath just roomy enough for one person to splash around in freely." . . . Old Greek color schemes, advocated by Mme. Morettis for home decoration, emphasize golden yellow, deep sky cobalt, and cool fresh pink.

Greek workmen at the Fair didn't know how to address a lady boss, so they called her "Mrs. Mother."

SEE FLORIDA
Irving Roir

"I was always under the impression that the Atlantic was in Europe!"

☆ An unsigned letter from Charlotte, North Carolina, brings four lines of a poem accompanied by the following note: "Dear Princess Kropotkin: Your readers might find this verse sympathetic toward their hope of peace and dread of war." Then the lines:

> "Let him await Another who shall come
> and sit in the Siege Perilous,
> And live. In Him shall he behold how
> light can look in darkness and forgive."

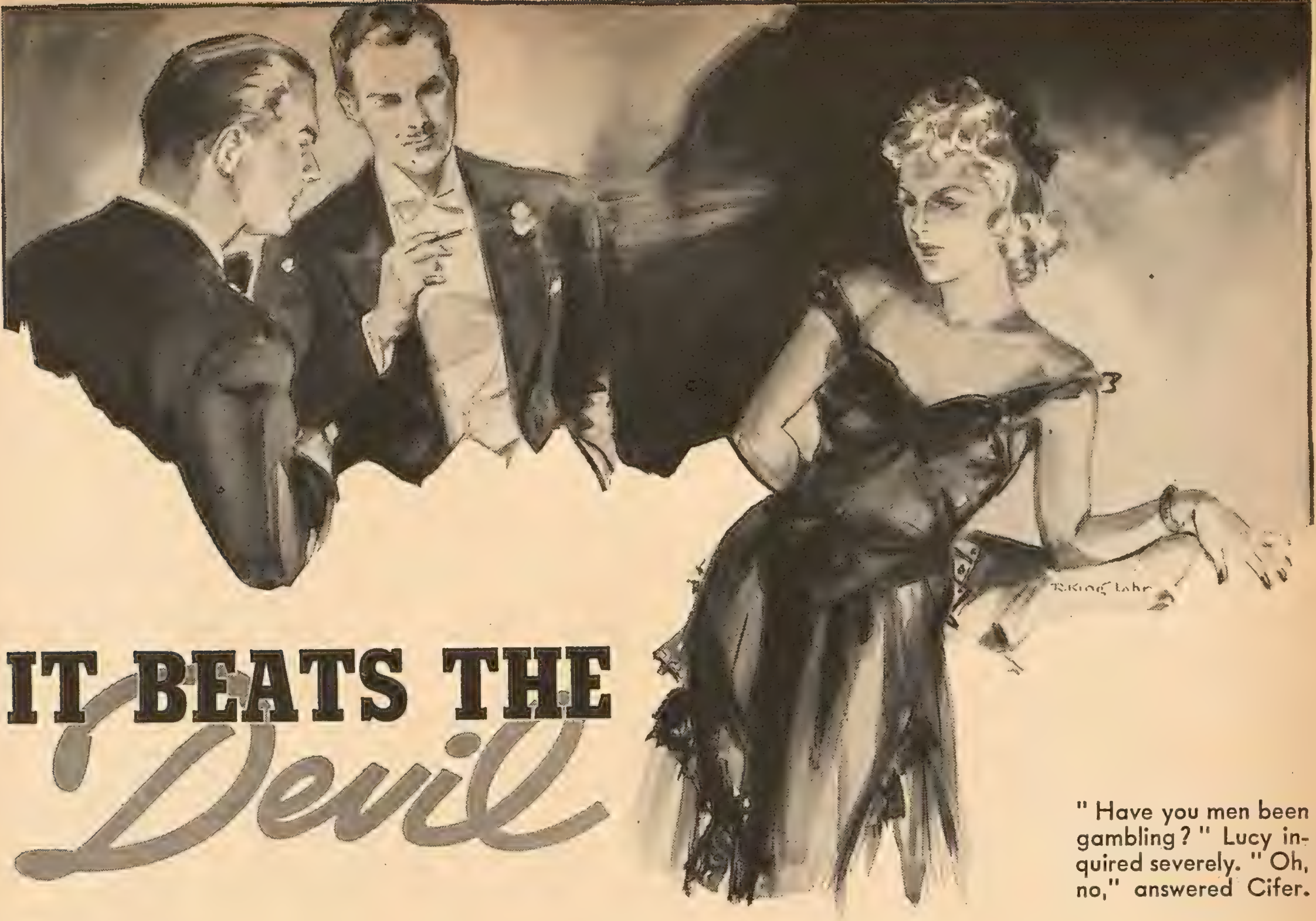
That poem, I learn, was written by Richard Hovey. Thanks to my unknown North Carolina friend for calling it to our attention. I'm sure it expresses what many of us feel.

☆ Two hundred and forty well known picture people, including most of the top stars, have contributed favorite recipes to a novel cookbook just authored by movie men Kenneth Harlan and Rex Lease, under the title: What Actors Eat—When They Eat! (Published by Lymanhouse, Los Angeles.) . . . Bette Davis offers a creamed finnan haddie dish named after herself. Tyrone Power comes through quite majestically with chicken Maryland à la king and sweet potatoes *royale.* Myrna Loy enters Senegalaise soup with curry in it. Clark Gable introduces a hunters' breakfast of stewed doves and macaroni in egg-and-mushroom sauce. Anita Louise orders stuffed shredded-wheat biscuit. . . . On the whole I find the book sound and practical as well as entertaining. To serve with cold roast beef or lamb, I recommend you try Joan Bennett's *Filled Tomato Ring.* Make as follows: Cook large can solid packed tomatoes slowly for ½ hour with 1 bay leaf, pinch of mace, pinch of thyme, salt, pepper, and 2 thick slices onion. Strain and reserve 1 cup liquid. Cream your tomato mixture smooth with 2 tablespoons melted butter and 4 tablespoons flour. Add beaten yolks 3 eggs. Set aside to cool. Now beat whites 3 eggs until stiff, then combine with mixture. Pour into greased ring mold; set in pan of hot water; bake 45 minutes in slow oven (300°). Turn out carefully on hot platter. Fill center of ring with diced carrots and peas. Moisten with reserved cup tomato liquid. Garnish with parsley.

☆ Politics means practically nothing to a certain housewife of my neighborhood, yet the date of Election Day—first Tuesday after the first Monday in November—has been marked indelibly upon her mental calendar. Never forgets it because she has made it the annual date when she always starts putting up her quince preserves!

☆ More we know about our states, more united we should be. Marguerite Cameron's new book, This Is the Place, tells the colorful saga of Utah. (Published by the Caxton Printers.)

☆ Believers in the accuracy of intuition—as what lady isn't?—may feel encouraged by news from Boston, where five research chemists recently cracked an important vitamin problem, four doing it the hard way, through exhaustive analysis, while the other solved it by pure guesswork. Of course they all knew their subject thoroughly, which is more than can be said for some of our feminine flings at intuitive judgment. . . . What the five scientists were after, in case you're interested, was a synthetic formula for the K vitamins obtained from sardines and alfalfa to guard weak-clotted people against bleeding to death from slight cuts. You easily realize that enough grass and fish would be too much to take in natural bulk.



IT BEATS THE *Devil*

" Have you men been gambling? " Lucy inquired severely. " Oh, no," answered Cifer.

READING TIME ● 9 MINUTES 25 SECONDS

FOR more than five years Burke Wilson had experienced every kind of bad luck that could be imagined. He had worked his way through college, studied law and passed the bar examination with very little to spare. The few cases he tried did not help his prestige. He had still to win his first suit, perhaps because his personality was not the sort that made a good impression at the start.

It had been a sore disappointment to lose his case today. Discouraged, despondent, and broke, he was retiring for the night when there was a tap on the door.

A dark good-looking man entered.

" Mr. Wilson," he said, extending his hand, " you saw me in court today. Would you take it as an affront if I ventured to point out why you lost your case? "

Burke was too depressed for resentment.

" Go to it," he replied. " The breaks have been against me so long that I have no pride left."

" That's just it," answered the visitor. " Your spirit has been broken by your continued bad luck. I have specialized in luck, both good and bad. Unless I can put you one hundred per cent right, there is no obligation."

" Well, well! " Burke said. " So you are a psychoanalyst. I'm sorry, old man, but I couldn't raise a hundred dollars to save my soul."

The visitor smiled gently.

" It is not a question of money," he said, " and—why do you want to save your soul? "

" What's the big idea? Are you trying to work a Faust on me? " asked Burke.

" Possibly," answered the visitor. " Are you willing to take a chance? "

Burke was bewildered. However, dreaming or awake, he would see it through.

" Let's have your proposition," he said.

" It's like this," replied the strange guest. " I am prepared to guarantee you every happiness this world can give you for a period of—shall we say twenty years? After that time you belong to me."

" Seems fair enough," Burke answered facetiously. " I believe it is customary in these little matters to give a fellow a chance to escape when his time is up. How about it? "

" Most assuredly," replied his accommodating guest. " I'll give you any fifty-fifty chance for an out."

" Fine," Burke answered. " I'll sign on the dotted line."

" Right," said his guest. " I have an agreement here. I'll just add the escape clause. Have you a pen handy? "

" Back of the chair," said Burke, " you will find a couple of fountain pens in my coat. The one with the jade band has ink in it."

The visitor took a paper from his pocket, added a few lines, and passed the paper and pen to Burke. The legal phraseology was perfect. Burke signed. His visitor took the paper, bowed, and—was gone.

WHEN Burke awakened the next morning he remembered every detail of his dream.

As he put on his coat, he noticed

A triumph at bridge! The sprightly story of a damsel and a dark, mysterious stranger

By the Famous Bridge Maestro

SIDNEY S. LENZ

ILLUSTRATION BY R. KING LAHR

that one of his pens was missing. He must have left it in the office, although he was almost certain he had put it in his pocket.

"Say, Burke," said Bill King at luncheon that day, "you look a bit fagged. I'm driving to the races this afternoon. How about coming along?"

Burke and Bill had been together at college. They had a pleasant drive, and at the races Bill placed a few bets without much success. There was a big stake race that day with an odds-on favorite that looked to be unbeatable. As Bill got up to place a bet on the favorite, a man who looked somewhat familiar to Burke handed him an envelope and said:

"Wilson, will you do me a favor and place this bet for me? I've been called away suddenly. See you later."

In the envelope was a hundred-dollar note and a card on which was written: "Devil's Imp—to win."

"Your friend is daffy," laughed Bill. "He has picked the rankest outsider."

Burke took the ticket at a hundred to one, and Devil's Imp won by six lengths.

With ten thousand dollars belonging to a man whose name he could not even remember, Burke was in a quandary. A personal in the newspaper did no good and he wondered uneasily whether his dream had anything to do with it.

King was very much impressed to find that Wilson had friends who could pick hundred-to-one shots as a matter of course, and was instrumental in getting him the most important client of his career. With new offices, new clothes, and a general appearance of affluence, his success was phenomenal. From a mediocre lawyer he changed into a silver-tongued orator.

The most wonderful girl in the world jumped at his offer of marriage. There were times when he pondered over his extraordinary change of luck and wondered if it had any bearing on the curious dream.

WILSON had changed very little in the past twenty years. He had a fine home, a loving wife, and a clever and pretty daughter who won cups at golf, tennis, and bridge.

Today in court he had won a decision in a difficult case. As he was about to leave the courtroom, a dark pleasant gentleman approached him.

"Remember me, Mr. Wilson? It is some years since we last met. My name is—Cifer."

It suddenly flashed on Wilson that this was the man of the race-track episode.

"Seems to me I am in your debt," Wilson answered.

"Would ten o'clock this evening be a good time to settle our business?" asked Cifer.

"Sure thing," said Wilson. "See you at my home."

Seated in the library, awaiting his guest, Wilson's thoughts persisted in reverting not only to the day at the track but to the night before the day. Of course it was idiotic to associate the two events, but—

"Mr. Cifer," the butler announced.

"You are looking better today than you did twenty years ago," Mr. Cifer said. "I trust you have been prosperous and happy."

"Yes, I have," said Wilson simply. "And here is my check to cover my indebtedness to you."

"Your indebtedness? Isn't there something more?"

Wilson winced. He had tried to fool himself, but it was no use. Incredible as it seemed, the compact he had entered into had not been a dream but a reality. There was no escape.

"Mr. Cifer," he said, "will you . . ."

"Of course," replied Cifer. "All or nothing. Shall we toss a coin or cut the cards?"

Wilson remembered his joking remark about a final chance. Well, he would take it, although he knew it was hopeless against such an adversary. He took a deck of cards from a case and placed it before his guest.

"Let's cut," he said.

AT that moment the door swung open and a vision of loveliness burst into the room.

"Father!" she cried. "I—" Then, as Mr. Cifer arose, she continued, "I didn't know you were engaged."

"It's all right, Lucy. . . . Mr. Cifer, this is my daughter."

Lucy glanced at the check and the deck of cards.

"Have you men been gambling?" she inquired severely.

"Oh, no," answered Cifer. "We were about to decide a—er—business matter by cutting the cards."

"What a poor way to decide anything," Lucy pouted. "I have been playing bridge and we had a fuss about the play of a hand. I was playing with Bruce. You know, father, he gets worse every day. Do you play contract, Mr. Cifer, or am I boring you?"

"Not at all," replied Cifer. "I invented the game."

"Really," said Lucy. "You must be older than you appear to be."

"I am," answered Cifer.

Lucy brought to light a deck of cards she had been holding behind her back.

"May I show you the deal?" she asked.

"Certainly," said Cifer.

Lucy held the deck with her fingers separating the four hands. She spread the cards on the table in this order:

♠ NONE
♡ A J 8 6
♢ A K Q J
♣ A J 10 7 2

N.

♠ 7 2
♡ Q 9 7
♢ 7 6 5 4 2
♣ K Q 4

W.

E.

♠ 8 6 5 4 3
♡ K 5 4 3 2
♢ NONE
♣ 9 6 3

S.

♠ A K Q J 10 9
♡ 10
♢ 10 9 8 3
♣ 8 5

"I sat north and opened with a club. East bid a heart and Bruce bid two spades. With my wonderful hand and Bruce's jump bid, I was bound to bid for a slam; but there was no stopping my partner until he had bid for a grand slam in spades, which East doubled and Bruce redoubled. Because of the double, West led the queen of her partner's heart suit, and there, with his declaration made to order for him, Bruce let them defeat him! Wasn't it awful?" she asked Cifer confidingly.

He looked the hands over carefully before he answered:

"Miss Lucy, I am afraid your partner was not culpable this time. He had no way of getting rid of the losing club. It was simply an unfortunate distribution."

"If I had been playing the hand," Lucy said, "I would have made it without question."

"Not against good play," said Cifer.

"You wouldn't dare bet me?" Lucy asked pertly.

"I might," replied Cifer cautiously.

"All right," said Lucy. "I'll assume father's side of your—'business matter.'"

"If you should lose," said Cifer, "you stand by his agreement?"

"Certainly," agreed Lucy.

"I've got you. Would you mind signing this card?" Cifer handed Lucy a fountain pen and a visiting card. Lucy signed and sat down to play the south hand.

"It is understood that after the first lead I play the east and west hands as I wish," said Cifer.

"Of course," said Lucy sweetly. "And I play the north and south hands the way Bruce should have played them."

LUCY took the queen of hearts with the ace and then led the jack. The king covered and Lucy trumped.

Lucy played her five spades and discarded from the dummy one club and the four top diamonds. Cifer followed twice on the spades, then discarded a club and a diamond, but on the last spade he hesitated.

"Now do be careful," cautioned Lucy in honeyed tones, "because if you give up a diamond, my four diamonds will be good and you will be sunk on the eleventh trick. If you discard a heart, the dummy will have two good hearts, and a club discard will be ruinous. So far, Mr. Cifer, you have done very well, but where do you go from here?"

"Hell!"

Whether Mr. Cifer was merely replying to Lucy's question or had lost his temper, will never be known. He rushed out the door without another word.

Lucy picked up the card she had signed.

"What an odd name—L. U. Cifer," she read. "Such a nice man, but what a bad temper and *so* profane. Look, father. He forgot his fountain pen."

As Wilson placed the pen in his pocket, he noticed the jade band on the end.

THE END

Hollywood Hits the Heights

A tale of a dreamer in Washington yields a picture warm with humanity's magic touch

BY BEVERLY HILLS

READING TIME ● 8 MINUTES 37 SECONDS

4 STARS—EXTRAORDINARY
3 STARS—EXCELLENT 2 STARS—GOOD
1 STAR—POOR 0 STAR—VERY POOR

★ ★ ★ ★ MR. SMITH GOES TO WASHINGTON

THE PLAYERS: Jean Arthur, James Stewart, Claude Rains, Edward Arnold, Guy Kibbee, Thomas Mitchell, Eugene Pallette, Beulah Bondi, H. B. Warner, Harry Carey, Astrid Allwyn, Ruth Donnelly, Grant Mitchell, Porter Hall, Pierre Watkin, Charles Lane, William Demarest, Billy Watson, Delmar Watson, John Russell, Harry Watson, Gary Watson, Baby Dumpling, Dick Elliott, H. V. Kaltenborn. Screen play by Sidney Bachman from a story by Lewis R. Foster. Directed by Frank Capra. Produced by Columbia. Running time, 130 minutes.

PROBABLY *the* picture of 1939.

It's going to be pretty hard to top this intensely human yarn of a visionary, dreaming boy who suddenly is dropped into the maelstrom of Washington politics. Jefferson Smith, head of his state's Boy Rangers, breaks into the headlines when he and his boys put out a dangerous forest fire. So the political bosses shove him into the Senate to fill the term of a dead senator.

The gangling gawky Mr. Smith arouses the mirth of the Senate chamber—until he discovers a huge graft plot in a pending appropriations bill. When he sets out to expose the steal, the machine swings upon him with ruthless savagery. Then Mr. Smith stages a one-man filibuster that turns Washington upside down.

When the year is summarized, I doubt if anything will be found to top James Stewart's shy honest backwoods Galahad from the great open places of a democracy. Jean Arthur is superb as the hard-boiled Washington-wise secretary who takes him in hand, primes him for battle as a joke, comes to lose her heart. Thomas Mitchell is excellent as a blasé political reporter, and Harry Carey, with hardly a dozen lines, contributes an unforgettable performance as the Vice-President presiding over a rebellious Senate.

This, friends, is true movie—warm, arresting, thrilling.

VITAL STATISTICS: That's an authentic copy of the Senate chamber. Architectural measurements, even the details of the molding, are exact. It's the first full-scale replica ever attempted. Accurate down to the little detail of the official snuffboxes which have stood on the presiding officer's desk since the days of the Continental Congress. The galleries—press, diplomatic corps, and visitors—accommodate 700. Expertly copied, too, are the Capitol press room, the grand staircase, cloakrooms, lobbies. The Lincoln Memorial is neatly and reverently duplicated too. . . . Capra was careful about casting the ninety-six senators. Says they conform to specifications too. A composite senator, he found, is 52, 5 feet 11, weighs 174. Hollywood loves to get exact figures. . . . Harry Carey has been making films for twenty-nine years. Born in New York, a grad of New York University, Harry is an authority on Indian customs, speaks Navaho.

Alice Faye and Mack Sennett beauties in Hollywood Cavalcade.

★ ★ ★ ★ BABES IN ARMS

THE PLAYERS: Mickey Rooney, Judy Garland, Charles Winninger, Guy Kibbee, June Preisser, Grace Hayes, Betty Jaynes, Douglas McPhail, Rand Brooks, Leni Lynn, John Sheffield, Henry Hull, Barnett Parker, Ann Shoemaker, Margaret Hamilton, Joseph Crehan, George McKay, Henry Roquemore, Lelah Tyler, Irene Franklin, Harry Fox, Neely Edwards. Screen adaptation by Jack McGowan and Kay Van Riper, based on the musical play by Richard Rodgers and Lorenz Hart. Directed by Busby Berkeley. Produced by Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer. Running time, 97 minutes.

THIS is a lively pleasant musical fable about the youngsters of a Long Island theatrical colony. All the mamas and papas are old-line vaudevillians, and with the passing of the varieties, the families have slipped hopelessly into debt.

Then young Mickey Moran, who had been born backstage at the Palace to the team of Joe and Florrie Moran in the golden days of the two-a-day, takes things in hand. He organizes a show made up of the ambitious offspring of the forgotten electric-light names, makes such a hit that a New York impresario moves the whole thing from a Long Island barn to success in a Manhattan theater.

Babes in Arms was a New York stage hit of two years ago. With Mickey Rooney as the kid producer and Judy Garland as his inspiration, new tunes, new spectacular effects, it's sure to be an outstanding screen success. Watch for Mickey's devastating impersonations of Lionel Barrymore and Clark Gable and, if it's still in, the impression of Mr. and Mrs. Roosevelt at home in the White House, done by Mickey and Judy.

This is young, fresh, maybe too fresh, but it has zest and speed. You'll like it immensely.

VITAL STATISTICS: Clark Gable and Lionel Barrymore came around to see Mickey imitate 'em. "Not bad," said Lionel; "not bad at all." Gable saw Mickey as himself, sighed and commented, "One of us must be rotten!" . . . Mickey has given up his dance orchestra. Too busy. . . . Betty Jaynes and Douglas McPhail are both discoveries of Jeanette MacDonald. They're Mr. and Mrs. off the screen. Betty sang Mimi with the Chicago Opera Company, with Martinelli, when she was fifteen. Douglas is a Los Angeles boy; quit a law career to ship on a freighter to South America. Sang with bands down there, earned enough to keep studying. Back in California, he got a job with a gas station to help out. Then Miss MacDonald noticed him as a singing extra in Born to Dance, got him a small role in Maytime. . . . Fifteen old-time vaudeville headliners are in Babes in Arms. Among 'em you'll discover Irene Franklin, Harry Fox, Grace Hayes, George McKay, Neely Edwards.

★ ★ ★ HOLLYWOOD CAVALCADE

THE PLAYERS: Alice Faye, Don Ameche, J. Edward Bromberg, Alan Curtis, Stuart Erwin, Jed Prouty, Buster Keaton, Donald Meek, George Givot, Eddie Collins, Hank Mann, Heinie Conklin, James Finlayson, Chick Chandler, Robert Lowery, Russell Hicks, Ben Welden, Willie Fung, Paul Stanton, Mary Forbes, Joseph Crehan, Irving Bacon, Ben Turpin, Chester Conklin, Marjorie Beebe, Frederick Burton, Lee Duncan. Screen play by Ernest Pascal. Story by Hilary Lynn and Brown Holmes based on an idea by Lou Breslow. Directed by Irving Cummings. Produced by Twentieth Century-Fox. Running time, 100 minutes.

IT'S about time that Hollywood presented some of its own picturesque history. This is a sketchy and frequently hurried panorama of movieland from custard pies and bathing

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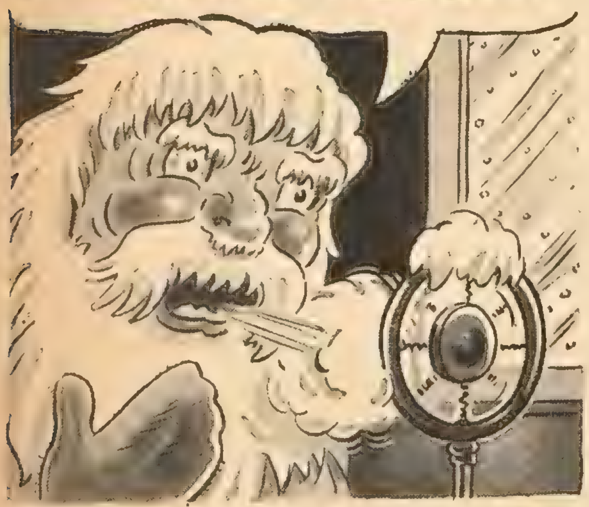
'TILL YOU CLEAN OUT
WITH SANI-FLUSH!"



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See WOODSTOCK
TYPEWRITER

girls to million-dollar epics. It could be a great deal better, but it is a lively glimpse of a fantastic fabulous era.

Don Ameche plays Mickey Connors, composite of all the directors who have made pictures since Mack Sennett's beauty brigade posed around old Castle Rock on Santa Monica beach, back in 1916, while the Keystone Kops chased Ben Turpin. The story? A faint thing about a director who falls in love with his blonde discovery, is too busy to tell her so, loses her to her handsome leading man, slips to the bottom through drink. But he does a comeback with the new-found talkies after he sees and hears Al Jolson sing the Kol Nidre in that first film-with-a-voice, The Jazz Singer.

Ameche is the temperamental leather-putteed director. Alice Faye is the girl who receives the first custard pie head on. There's Ben Turpin to sound a nostalgic note and confuse the camera lens. And I defy you not to laugh at the Kops. Can it be that the films have grown too effete?

VITAL STATISTICS: This had an eleven-dollar-ticket Los Angeles première, proceeds for the Motion Picture Relief Fund. . . . Your Beverly Hills was a little annoyed to find Eddie Collins among the sacred group of Keystone Kops. But in the thinning ranks you'll find such authentic Keystoners as Hank Mann, Heinie Conklin, and James Finlayson. Jed Prouty is the Keystone chief, filling the role because Ford Sterling was too ill to play himself. And Buster Keaton, Ben Turpin, and Chester Conklin are present at the dawn of custard-pie twirling. Buster found his hurling arm still accurate at fifteen yards. . . . The Kop scenes were directed by Mal St. Clair, once a Kop himself. . . . Mack Sennett is not only present to make a speech but he helped with advice too. . . . Out of the ranks of the original Sennett bathing girls came Gloria Swanson, Mabel Normand, Phyllis Haver, Louise Fazenda, Madeline Hurlock, and many another who achieved big success. Those were the days!

FOUR-, THREE-AND-A-HALF-, AND THREE-STAR PICTURES OF THE LAST SIX MONTHS

★★★★—Private Lives of Elizabeth and Essex, Rulers of the Sea, The Real Glory, The Women, The Rains Came, The Wizard of Oz, Stanley and Livingstone, Goodbye Mr. Chips, Only Angels Have Wings, Union Pacific, Juarez.

★★★½—Eternally Yours, Intermezzo: A Love Story, Disputed Passage, Golden Boy, Young Mr. Lincoln.

★★★—Thunder Afloat, Espionage Agent, Honeymoon in Bali, The Cat and the Canary, Nurse Edith Cavell, Dust Be My Destiny, The Adventures of Sherlock Holmes, The Under-Pup, The Star Maker, Fifth Avenue Girl, Lady of the Tropics, When Tomorrow Comes, The Old Maid, In Name Only, What a Life, Each Dawn I Die, Winter Carnival, Beau Geste, They Shall Have Music, On Borrowed Time, Bachelor Mother, Five Came Back, Daughters Courageous, Man About Town, Jamaica Inn, Four Feathers, Blind Alley, Invitation to Happiness, Rose of Washington Square, It's a Wonderful World, Confessions of a Nazi Spy, For Love or Money, Back Door to Heaven, East Side of Heaven, The Hardys Ride High.

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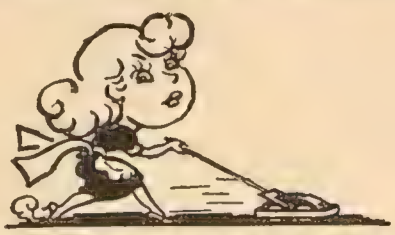

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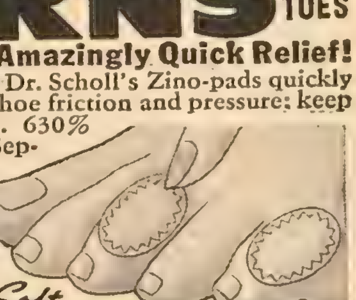

NEW *Super-Soft*
Dr Scholl's Zino-pads

Liberty's correspondent paints a vivid, intimate picture of a city in peril and a people without fear

BY EDWARD DOHERTY

Londoners are fitted to gas masks. Right: School children, masks in boxes slung over their shoulders, get ready to leave for the country.

A YANKEE REPORTER IN WARTIME LONDON

READING TIME ● 8 MINUTES 55 SECONDS

SNOW may be falling as you read these words, and your newspapers may be filled with stories of havoc and horror in London. But, as they are written, the city is quiet and calm. The sun is shining, and the sky is clear except for the balloon barrage, a legion of great silver fish anchored in the clouds.

This is the last day of September. It is almost warm enough to stroll through crowded streets without a topcoat. It is Saturday, and thousands of men and women are hurrying to their homes, nine out of every ten of them carrying a gas mask strapped to his back. There are many buses, quite a few taxicabs, a few pleasure cars, and one or two horse-drawn hansom cabs. There are scarcely any children to be seen, though hundreds still remain in London.

Everywhere are newspaper placards—which give away no news—steel-helmeted police, men and women in uniform, piles of sandbags and air-raid shelters. But London on a war basis is as placid and unexciting as New York or Philadelphia, or Joliet, Illinois.

The city is even more peaceful at night. After dark it is a lightproof and almost soundproof town. Headlights of automobiles do not shine; they merely glow. Things rush by one on the street, scarce seen, scarce heard—and one thinks of ghosts. There are no neon signs. The traffic lights are mere thin crosses of luminous red or green. It is weird sport trying to find your way about, even when you have a flashlight.

I have just returned from getting a gas mask. A boy of fourteen or so was being fitted as I entered the distributing room. He looked as though he had been changed into an animal by some wicked witch.

"Inhale," said the elderly woman who had put the mask over his face. "Good. Now exhale. Just breathe naturally." She took the mask from him, put it neatly into a cardboard box, and stooped to write on a card. She turned to the boy's little brother, a child so quiet and so small I hadn't noticed him.

"Bless my soul," she said, "what a brave little man it is! How old are you, sonny?"

"That's Michael," the older boy said. "He's two and a half."

The woman looked at the baby's sturdy little frame, smiled at him, patted his yellow curls. "Would you like a red one, Michael?"

Michael grinned proudly, and lifted his head for the mask.

"You see, it has two eyes, Michael. Your brother has only one eye in his, even if it is big enough for both his eyes Now put the little chin in first. That's the way, darling. Then up over your face, like 'skin the rabbit,' and fasten the straps over your head. Now take a nice deep breath."

Michael sniffed as though to draw in the aroma of daisies—or the fumes of lewisite and mustard gas.

An inhuman little monster he was, a hideous snouted dwarf.

"That's the little soldier. Now breathe it out."

The mask was peeled off and put into a cardboard box. "Always remember to keep that mask with you, Michael; even when you're at play." She turned to me. "You're next."

I thrust a hand into my pocket when she had finished with me. There was no charge. "Compliments of His Majesty's government," she said; "and we hope you never have occasion to use it."

There are many children of Michael's age in London's East End, and boys and girls of his brother's age:

children who couldn't bear to leave their mothers or their slums, children who couldn't abide the serenity of the countryside or the treatment of strangers. To most of these, exile from Limehouse and Wapping and Stepney and Canning Town, and other neighborhoods along the East India Dock Road, is worse than the danger of demolition bombs or gas.

In an East End playground I talked to a girl of six. She was sitting on a swing, her gas mask by her side. She hated the country, she said. It was nothing but rocks and trees and people saying "you mustn't."

There is little war news in the papers, but much space is given to the stories of "the little évacués." There are thousands of stories. Some of them concern boys and girls who have never slept in a bed, who have never had a bath, who have never heard of God, who have been starved and beaten, who have known only the direst poverty and squalor.

THERE is the yarn about Lord X, who volunteered to open his home to nine or ten little boys, and who complained bitterly that none of them "had ever been house-broken or even house-trained."

There are pretty stories too, such as that of the old sergeant major who asked for two nine-year-old boys. He fitted up a room for them, installed a punching bag and a couple of hurdles, bought boxing gloves and other athletic equipment. He was given custody of a six-year-old girl. "You can't order what you want," he was told. "You take what you get and make the best of it."

Already the sergeant major has begun to brag about the girl. "The stork brought me a little princess," he says, "but I had a hard time keeping her from sleeping on the floor."

The London Daily Mail has printed a number of letters written by the children to the parents they left behind them. Letters like these:

"I have grown big muskels with helping in the fields. I have saved five pence hapenny. The lady buys me sweets and ginger beer. Yesterday I ate nine apples, but there's plenty more. We have trees full of them. I like school here. It's got a garden all round it."

"The lady's little girl is three weeks older than me but I'm bigger. Her name's Elsie. She says I talk funny. I told her I'm a Cockerney. Her uncle is a sailor too. Tell Dad to look for him. His name is Mr. Jones."

"Dear Mum and Dad, please send Colin and me some more trousers. We have been blackberrying. I have scores of musketoe bites."

And here, parenthetically, is an item in tonight's London Evening Standard:

The following notice has been issued by the Air Raid Protection authorities at Chalfont St. Giles, Bucks: "Baby masks will be delivered when necessary. Meanwhile take precautionary measures. Have a blanket ready to put in a bath of water. Put baby into a cot and take into a closed room. Wring the water from the blanket and place it over the cot, leaving as much enclosed air as possible and keeping the blanket moist."

I meant to speak to Michael and his brother, but when I left they had disappeared. I strolled back to my hotel, enjoying the warmth of the sun, the sight of women in uniforms—all kinds of uniforms, it seems, and some not too awful—and the feel of heroic calm that pervades the atmosphere.

Every now and then I stopped to look at a new pile of sandbags, or to read a new sign: "Gas-mask Cases—from One Shilling." "Business Absolutely as Usual." "Men's and Women's Clothing at Pre-war Prices." Arrows pointing to the nearest air-raid shelters. "Read a book in the blackout and forget the war."

The windows of a liquor store were entirely obscured by piles of sandbags. As I passed, a man was lettering the top panel of the door: "Sandbagged but not out."

That sign could describe the whole of London. The city is heavily sandbagged. Its parks and squares are full of trenches. There are dugouts everywhere. There are blackouts every night. Everybody feels that terrible days and nights are coming. But nobody's frightened, nobody's boastful, nobody's even bitter.

I flew to Europe on the American Clipper. There were many English and Canadian men and women on the plane. They talked freely of the war; but without the least rancor, the least apparent concern for their own safety or that of those near and dear to them, without any feeling of immediacy. The people I have met in this city are exactly the same in their attitude.

"Oh, yes," one says. "We're in for it. After the peace offers are turned down, the planes will attack us; and some of them will get through. They'll come next week, no doubt. But two can play at that game, what? And the sooner they come, the sooner they'll go. This isn't Poland, you know."

Last night I dined in a French restaurant in Jermyn Street, perhaps the gayest place in the entire world. There was no music. None was needed for this crowd. They laughed continually, pleasantly. Maybe it was the wine or the good food, or it might even have been the conversation at their various tables.

I was alone, and so I listened to the talk all about me. Nobody mentioned the war—though everybody looked up and stopped talking for a moment when a handsome kilted Scotty went marching to a table.

At the table next to mine were two women in uniform. Both had removed their caps. One was stout and elderly and efficient. She might have been a major in skirts. The other was young, short-haired, boyish. But, alas, the military air she tried to maintain so decorously was spoiled by an entirely feminine curl over her left ear. Their talk concerned a party they were planning for a friend who was soon to be a bride.

Not far away there was a party given for a young man in uniform, quite the merriest party in the room.

At the door, waiting to be seated, were two young women with their escorts. They were talking of clothes.

"I don't like white, but everybody's starting to wear it now. On account of the blackout, of course. People see you coming if you wear a white jacket or a white hat. They don't bump into you. But fancy wearing white! I feel like Cinderella."

AT first all theaters were closed. Now most of them are allowed to remain open until ten o'clock at night. They are fairly well attended during the day, but more than half the seats are empty at night. Many people do not want to use up gas. Gas, or petrol, is scarce—and expensive. Many others do not want to smear white paint over the fenders of their cars, as they must do if they intend driving during the blackouts. And there are not a few who'd rather sit at home with a book than take a chance in the darkened streets.

London is ready for anything that may happen. It trusts in God, keeps its powder dry, and watches the balloons that glitter overhead. These queer-looking things are not sentinels on the watch for hostile aircraft. Their purpose is to keep such craft at a decent height above the city, a height that will give the antiaircraft guns a chance to show what they can do. If the raiding planes fly too low for the guns to be effective, they may get tangled in the balloon barrage and fall.

A British friend summed up the situation in a sentence.

"It looks to me," he said, "as though England might get dragged into this war, after all."

THE END

Answers to Twenty Questions on Page 36

1—Elsie Janis.

2—German shepherd, dachshund, Doberman pinscher, and Boxer.

3—Henry Dakin and Alexis Carrel, creators of the Carrel-Dakin treatment.

4—Senator Bennett Clark, son of Champ Clark.

5—Estonia, since 1918; Latvia and Finland, since 1917.

6—Whippoorwill, towhee, phoebe, peewee, bobolink, and chickadee are examples.

7—Visual purple.

8—In bullfighting: the man who thrusts the dart.

9—Architecture.

10—Alben W. Barkley, majority leader, and Charles L. McNary, minority leader.

11—Ohio, Columbia, Michigan, and University of Southern California.

12—Curry is a blend; turmeric a single spice.

13—Washington, Montana, and North and South Dakota.

14—The gold is obtained by washing.

15—Pinocchio.

16—Dodecanese means twelve, the number of the islands.

17—The turkey, which is being streamlined for the market.

18—From the iconoscope, which changes the picture into an electric wave.

19—Originally personal slaves, later soldiers.

20—

William H. Vanderbilt

$2,000

IN CASH PRIZES FOR YOU TO WIN

WORDS Within Words

REG. U.S. PAT. OFF. APPL'D FOR

CONTEST

Start an Entry Now—Your Chance Is Excellent!

BEGIN NOW!

THE RULES

1. The contest will run for ten weeks, ending in the issue of Liberty dated December 16, 1939.

2. Each week a diagram will be printed providing a key word and seven horizontal squares for each letter constituting the key word.

3. To compete, insert on each horizontal line a single word of not more than eight or less than two letters: the letter of the key word in any line to be the first letter of the word you fill in. Each word used must consist entirely of letters appearing in the key word. Funk & Wagnalls New Unabridged Standard Dictionary is the official reference authority for this contest. Any English word, including proper nouns, appearing in this dictionary under the letters A to Z inclusive may be used, provided no letter appears therein more often than it appears in the key word; i.e., if T appears in the key word three times it may be used not more than three times in any horizontal word. Combining and other variable forms not specifically appearing as complete words in the above-mentioned section will not be considered. Tables of whatever nature in the appendix are not authority for this contest.

4. Method of scoring: Each letter in the finished diagram, including the letters of the key word, counts one point the first time it is used and increases in value by one point upon each successive use. In filling in spaces, place letters below and their values above the diagonal lines. Thus, above the first letter of the key word put the figure 1. Place 2 above this letter the next time it appears and 3 above it the next time it appears, etc. Your completed diagram will show a score number above each letter of each word. Then add up the total of all numbers in the diagram and enter it on the line provided below.

5. Clip and save all coupons until your set of ten is complete at the end of the contest. Upon the final diagram a space will be provided for you to enter the grand total of all the diagrams in your entry. Then send them to WORDS WITHIN WORDS EDITOR, LIBERTY, P. O. Box 556, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y. Mail flat by first-class postage.

6. The entry with the largest grand total will be considered the best and will be awarded the $500 First Prize. In the order of their excellence other entries will receive: Second Prize, $200; Third Prize, $100; Twenty Prizes, each $10; 200 Prizes, each $5. Neatness will count. In the event of ties duplicate awards will be paid.

7. The closing date of this contest is Friday, December 29, 1939, and entries received after that date will not be considered.

8. No entries will be returned, nor can we enter into correspondence with any competitor. The judges will be the Contest Board of Liberty, and by entering you agree to accept their decisions as final. Any one may compete except employees of Macfadden Publications and members of their families.

Copyright, 1939, Feature Contests.

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DIAGRAM No. 6. Total......

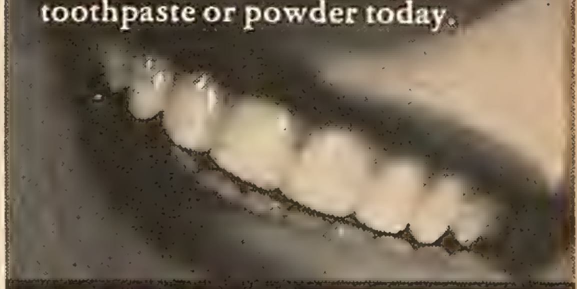
◆

YOUR chance to win a substantial prize in this interesting word-building game is excellent if you start now, even though this is the sixth week of the series. You need not necessarily be penalized for a late start. The big point is to get into the game now, before it is too late. You can make up lost time afterward. Start by reading the Rules, which explain how to fill in the diagram with horizontal words and how to compute your score. As pointed out last week in clarification of a point raised by several competitors, plural forms are permitted in this contest.

In brief, fill in the diagram with horizontal words, each starting with the letter of the key word on its own line. In other words, the first word in Diagram 6 on this page will start with P, the second will start with R, the third with I, etc., down to the final word, which will start with E. The method of scoring is to give each letter one point increase in value each time it is used. This is explained in detail in the Rules.

LATE-ENTRY OFFER

If you missed the first five contest diagrams you can obtain reprints upon written request to the contest address in Rule 5, enclosing five cents in stamps to cover cost of handling and mailing. Upon each late-entry reprint will be reproduced a completely worked-out diagram illustrating how to fill in the horizontal words and compute the score.



TEETH *hard* TO BRYTEN?

Then what *you* need is Iodent No. 2. It is made *especially* for hard-to-bryten teeth. Switch to Iodent today and get a new thrill. *Feel* its minty freshness wake up your mouth. *See* its three special ingredients really clean your teeth—even tobacco stained teeth . . . polish them to a greater brightness and beauty. You must like Iodent better than any dentifrice you've ever used—or money back. Try Iodent toothpaste or powder today.

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TOOTH PASTE *also* POWDER
NO. 1 . . . OR NO. 2
Tested and Approved Good Housekeeping Bureau

WAKE UP YOUR LIVER BILE—
Without Calomel—And You'll Jump Out of Bed in the Morning Rarin' to Go

The liver should pour out two pounds of liquid bile into your bowels daily. If this bile is not flowing freely, your food doesn't digest. It just decays in the bowels. Gas bloats up your stomach. You get constipated. Your whole system is poisoned and you feel sour, sunk and the world looks punk.

A mere bowel movement doesn't get at the cause. It takes those good, old Carter's Little Liver Pills to get these two pounds of bile flowing freely and make you feel "up and up." Harmless, gentle, yet amazing in making bile flow freely. Ask for Carter's Little Liver Pills by name. 10¢ and 25¢ at all drug stores. Stubbornly refuse anything else.

CONGESTION DUE TO HEAD COLDS

Warm penetrating smoke from the very first Blosser Medical Cigarette helps loosen nasal congestion . . . relieves that terrible stopped-up feeling in the head. **Prove it yourself.** Ask any druggist for a 35¢ package of standard strength or extra strong . . . Or write for

FREE Sample Cigarettes

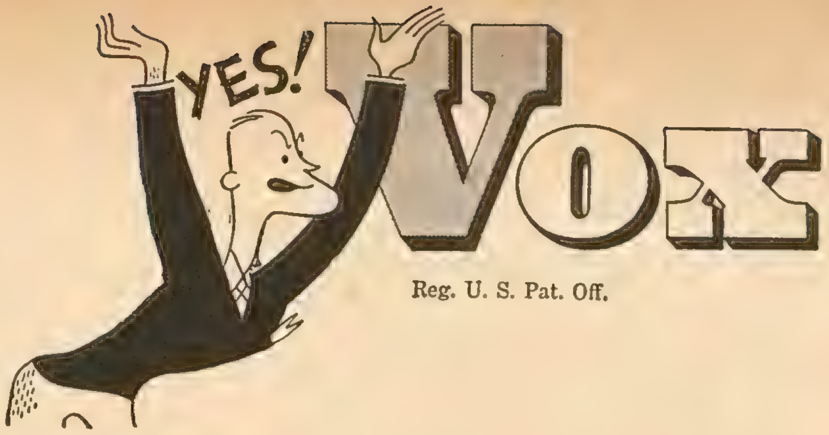
THE BLOSSER CO., Dept. 82C, Atlanta, Ga.
Send me Free Sample Cigarettes.

Name________

Address________

City and State________

BLOSSER'S MEDICAL CIGARETTES



Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

STABILIZE OUR DOLLAR!

SAN FRANCISCO, CALIF.—Might I suggest that the editor of Liberty write to his senatorial representative for a copy of Senate Document No. 23 entitled National Economy and Banking. It is a clear, dignified plea for money stability.

After all, stabilizing the purchasing power of our money merely does for the dollar what has already been done for the yard, bushel, and other units of measurement used in commerce and science. Consider whether or not the instability of our medium of exchange (now based on debt and the unco-ordinated lending whims of 15,000 banks and governmental agencies) isn't likely to prove more harmful to widows and orphans, business and labor, savings-bank depositors, insurance holders, and investors than any other single thing. Yet the whole subject is so befogged with balderdash that a temperate statement of the problem (such as this one) is refreshing. What could contribute more effectually to push us into Communism, or its counterpart Nazism, than a money system the uncertainty of which makes everything (jobs, savings, investments) insecure?

With conditions as they are, it is no wonder every demagogue with a pension plan thrills the country from coast to coast. What people are really groping for is stability, whether they realize it or not.

The point is this: The ferment is stirred with accelerating passion, and unless the situation is controlled by prompt and basic reforms (not smoke-screened by do-nothing-fundamental shams), then some harebrained chap with a shrill yawp and but one idea in his head may lead the populace anywhere by pandering to their prejudices and delusions.

No one knows better than you that the New Deal is dressing an abscess without removing the pus, and the Republicans would be likely to do the same thing if past performances are any criterion. Why not utilize for improvement the means presently available?

The Voorhis Bill, H. R. 4931, is in the lap of the Banking and Currency Committee of the House. The National Temporary Economic Committee is grappling with the monopoly question. The Senate Banking and Currency Committee will soon tackle some phases of the money problem once more, and doubtless Carter Glass will arise from his sickbed again to block any substantial progress.

Changes are on the way, but which way—backward or forward, sensible or idiotic? Could Mr. Oursler not partly determine the trend by giving such Congressional committees a chance to voice their hopes and intentions, with the editorial blessing and a devout admonition that something substantial be accomplished without a further waste of taxpayers' money?—*Brewster Cameron.*

BUILD NICARAGUA CANAL!

BROOKLYN, N. Y.—Won't Mr. Macfadden please write an editorial sometime on the importance of building the proposed Nicaragua Canal? I think this is one of the most urgent jobs that our government should start at this time, and we can't start too soon.—*R. G. Doherty.*

WHY NOT PAY POSTAGE?

GALVESTON, TEX.—Many of the so-called common people make the mistake, but I had no idea that the American Bureau for Medical Aid to China, Inc., would make such an error. In October 7 Vox Pop they ask that blankets and bedclothes be sent to them parcel post collect. Please inform the bureau and other people that parcel post cannot be sent collect. You may send it C. O. D. for the value of the article, but never collect for the postage charges.—*R. C. Lord.*

RADIO CENSORSHIP

BLOOMINGTON, ILL.—I note by Mr. Oursler's article in September 23 Liberty that he proposes a series of articles on censorship of the radio by the FCC and the radio stations. The subject is past due for a general inspection. The type of programs monopolizing the air to the exclusion of more desirable ones should bring up the question of whether radio is in proper hands.

The adoption of a proposed radio "code" by the National Association of Broadcasters at their Atlantic City meeting last July was the subject of a strongly critical full-page editorial in the United States News of July 17 by David Lawrence. The broadcasters propose to refuse to sell time for the discussion of "controversial" subjects except under very restricted circumstances. The Chicago Daily News in its issue of July 24 has a splendid full-column editorial on the subject, entitled Free Speech—for Politicians. The same paper carried another editorial on September 13 entitled Again, Free Speech. These are well worth reading. In the preface to one of the works of George Bernard Shaw is a lengthy discussion of censorship in general which is very interesting in this connection.

Commercialization of the radio service in the interest of the owners of the stations should be stopped in the general interest.—*E. N. Bloomer, Secretary, Illinois Taxpayers Association.*

INGENIOUS—BUT WRONG

RAPID CITY, S. D.—Do you know, I believe that Lee Pasquin is nobody but Ted Shane. "Lee" means "sheltered," and "Pasquin" means "anonymous jester." Of course the "Lee" could be "le," the French article.

I believe Teddy took this nom de plume to keep from being mobbed. — *Pearl T. Porter.*

TO ANY ONE IN BONDAGE

CEDAR RAPIDS, NEB.—Alcoholics and God, by Morris Markey (September 30 Liberty), will reverberate to the ends of the world! It is God's message to any one who is in bondage not only to alcohol but also to drugs, secret vice, lying, stealing, and other evils that make man hate himself.

I have been delivered too, though not from alcohol. It works for any enchaining habit. Do we not each have our besetting sin?

You are to be commended for this bold stand to help mankind. More such articles will help to save America from destruction.—*Ina Jarvis Kellogg.*

IDENTITY MUST BE KNOWN?

NEW YORK, N. Y.—There is something strange about the identity of our reporter who joined the Bund and is afraid of his identity being known to other Bund members as the author of this "yarn." Hasn't he identified himself to Kuhn when he relates about standing at a street corner and delivering sealed papers to him? And you print that he is still a member! Do you expect your public to be altogether without discernment?—*H. D. Roberts.*

MARK TWAIN'S WAR PRAYER

INDIANAPOLIS, IND.—To those who want a repeal of the arms embargo, or any other piece of pro-war legislation, may I suggest that they read and digest Mark Twain's War Prayer:

"O Lord our God, help us to tear their soldiers to bloody shreds with our shells; help us to cover their smiling fields with the pale forms of their patriot dead; help us to drown the thunder of guns with the shrieks of the wounded, writhing in pain; help us to lay waste their humble homes with a hurricane of fire; . . . help us to turn them out roofless with their children to wander unfriended through wastes of their desolated land —for our sakes who adore Thee, Lord, blast their hopes, blight their lives, protract their bitter pilgrimages, making heavy their steps, water their way with their tears, stain the white snow with the blood of their wounded feet." —*Martin Hall.*

PRISONER GETS JOB THROUGH LIBERTY

OHIO STATE PENITENTIARY, COLUMBUS, OHIO—Allow me Vox Pop space to thank all Liberty readers who wrote me in response to my ad for a job. I want to say that I am very grateful to each and every one of them, as well as to Liberty and Mr. Oursler.

I got the needed job, will try it out, and if I don't go over as big as I expect will go to one of the other positions offered me. I don't get out until January 2, 1940, but the job is still good after that date, and I shall certainly not disappoint the man who is employing me if it is humanly possible to avoid it.—*Fred J. Ford, No. 73,985.*

GOD AND TIME

TALLAHASSEE, FLA.—Mr. Curtis Bunce (I feel that he misspelled his surname) has made public in September 23 Vox Pop that he is away and beyond the rest of us mortals in intelligence. He admits the world was created in six days, but, from some source beyond the knowledge of what he has decided are morons, finds that each of those days was 25,872 years long. Or, in other words, it took God 155,232 years to create the world. If he does not believe that God created it in six normal days, why does he concede that it was six days of any length?

If he will look around him at the earth, planets, stars, the human body, even he will admit some all-powerful Supreme Being does exist and controls it all—so powerful that if He willed He could create it in six normal days of twenty-four hours each. Nearly 500,000,000 of us may be wrong, but I would rather believe it was this man from Jacksonville, Illinois.—*Lover of Truth.*

EZEKIEL 2,500 YEARS AHEAD OF PRINCESS RADZIWILL

WINTHROP, MASS.—I read with interest Charles A. Mackay's letter (October 7 Vox Pop) respecting who was the first to prophesy of the recent pact between Hitler and Stalin.

If Liberty was four months ahead of Walter Winchell, as he notes, Ezekiel, the prophet of God, was 2,500 *years* ahead of the Princess Radziwill; for he prophesied of a union of Russia and Germany.

Bible students were not surprised by the announcement of the pact, nor are they at some other things now taking place; neither will they be at some events yet to come. —*William J. Day.*

EARDRUMS PUNCTURED

BOISE, IDA.—Mr. Frederick L. Collins has expressed my sentiments so completely, relative to our dance orchestras (September 30 Liberty), that I would like very much to thank him for myself and the million other music lovers of this country.

When I say music lovers I don't mean the classicists, but people who love rhythm and harmony, whose sense of hearing is still keen enough to distinguish between music and a conglomeration of disagreeable noises. Why do we have to have our eardrums punctured by the shrieks, explosions, and concussions that come over the radio from so-called "swing bands"?—*W. E. Bogard.*

WHY NOT KEEP IT DARK?

NEW HAVEN, CONN.—In October 7 Liberty I was amazed to read War Problems that Face the United States. After all, is it wise to inform the world that America is not strong enough to defend herself? Why not keep it dark? It might give Japan wrong ideas!—*V. O. Xpop.*

THANKS FOR WRITING

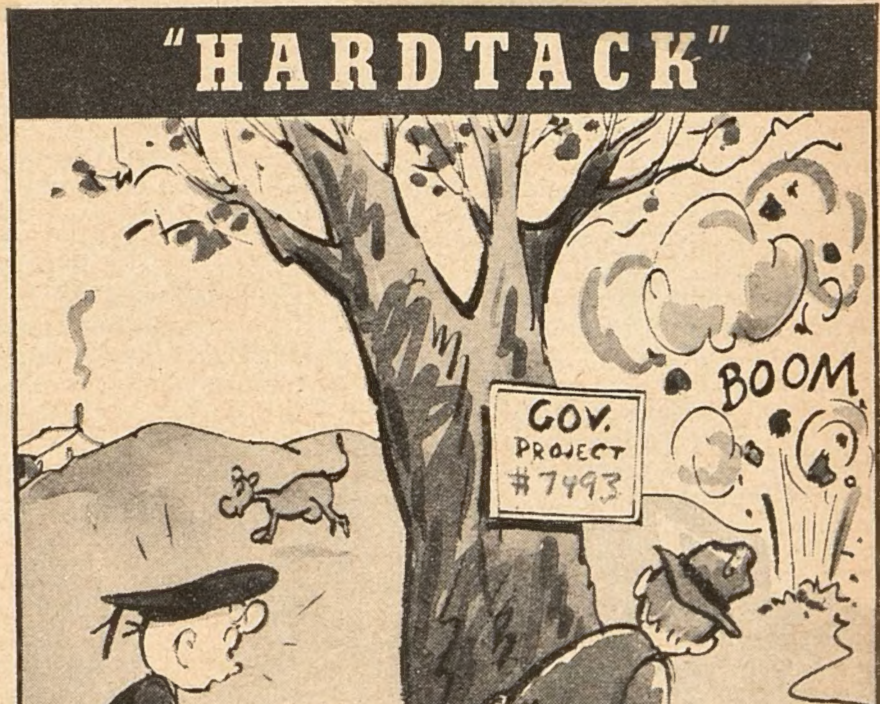
SAN ANTONIO, TEX.—For four years I have been reading Liberty. Mr. Macfadden's editorials are especially fine and thought-provoking, and I admire his wholesome and philosophical ideas. Also Mr. Oursler's comments and reviews are very interesting.

U.S. MAIL
Paki

And while I'm at it, I want to say that Grace Perkins' story Twilight Cheats was most enjoyable; she undoubtedly must be a keen student of human nature.

Last but not least, I thought Oscar Schisgall's story I Married a Nazi one of the finest and most high-powered stories I have had the pleasure of reading in many a moon.

Thanks for listening.—*Mrs. Sam Margules.*



"Let's get out of here before some one blames us for this!"

Coming!—Liberty's All-Players All-America Football Team For 1939

FULTON OURSLER

© George Maillard Kesslere

THIS IS the open season for pigskin prophets. Any one with a willing ear and some spare time can easily learn what players should make the All-America Football Team, what teams should win the various Conference and sectional crowns, who should clash in the Bowl Games, and who will replace the Whizzer Whites, the Slinging Sammy Baughs, and the Davey O'Briens of yesteryear.

Inspired alumni, Sunday-morning quarterbacks, side-line selectors, and the press-box boys are all trying their luck again this year in the great American Football Sweepstakes. Alibis, though slightly shopworn, are also being prepared in the event predictions for All-America selections go haywire. The one about sectional prejudice is a favorite. Likewise the nearsighted sports writer or big-time selector who never traveled beyond the limits of his alma mater's Conference.

Where then, you ask, can one find the real All-America Football Team?

It's easy. This year, as in previous years, Liberty will bring you the real All-America as exclusively chosen by the players themselves. We felt at the outset, and now feel more strongly than ever, that this method gives you the only team worthy of the name All-America.

As in the past, Liberty has again gone into the leading 110 major football schools of the country to obtain its unbiased selections. Twenty-two hundred playing judges will nominate the stars after playing in more than one thousand games.

Who other than the players themselves are qualified to give an indisputable All-America team? It is these lads on the playing field who learn by taking their bumps and dishing them out, by hard tackles, tricky runs, sharpshooting passing, receiving, blocking, and kicking, whether the opponent's star is the whiz he is touted to be, or whether he is merely another product of ballyhoo or build-up.

As most football fans know, Liberty's All-Players All-America method is not a voting contest but one that is based on the proficiency of a player in the many departments essential for that position. Different fundamentals are essential for different positions. The quarterback is judged for his generalship, speed, running interference, blocking, ball carrying, receiving passes, passing, defense against passes, defense against running attack, diagnosing opponent's plays, aggressiveness, kicking, and receiving punts.

Guards and tackles are rated for speed, charging, blocking, defensive ability, and running interference. These same qualifications are necessary for center position, with the exception of running interference. Stress is laid on accuracy in snapping the ball. Ends, fullback, and halfback have their quota to fulfill.

Fans can see from these classified qualifications that the players are judged not for any certain spectacular achievement but for their all-round ability.

Twenty All-Players All-America blanks, which take into account every fundamental required for each position, have already been sent to each of the 110 schools for distribution to the players. As soon as the team's last scheduled game is played, the twenty lettermen of each team fill in the All-Players forms and return them promptly to Norman Sper, in charge of the work for Liberty. In Mr. Sper's office the results are compiled.

Each judging player at the end of the season selects only eleven men, the foremost man for each position. He rates each according to the ability he has displayed in the various departments required for the position he is nominated for. That is why it is so essential for every player to be at his peak in all contests.

Intersectional games play a highly important part in determining Liberty's All-Players All-America team. To further illustrate this point:

Notre Dame, a Midwestern team, plays Army, an Eastern squad. The Irish also battle Northwestern, a team from their own sector, Southern Methodist University, and University of Southern California. Suppose the Eastern teams that meet Army rate a West Point quarterback the best in the nation, while the Pacific Coast teams are equal in their praise of a U. S. C. signal caller; the Southwest thinks the S. M. U. player the outstanding quarterback; and the Big Ten schools name the Northwestern man as their choice. Notre Dame, having played against each of these teams, would be in a position to name and rate fundamentally the best quarterback of the lot.

Having met all these quarterbacks in actual combat, they could differentiate their exact strength and weaknesses, more so than coach, sports writer, or fan.

It is an interesting item to note that of the 110 schools participating in Liberty's All-Players All-America selections, 106 play in one or more intersectional battles during the season. This gives the reader an idea of how thoroughly Liberty covers the football field.

Who are the eleven outstanding football players of 1939?

Look for them in Liberty! We shall be printing them.

WHICH LEAVES VERY LITTLE space to tell you what we shall be printing in next week's issue. We consider it a really exciting table of contents, with some fine short stories, including You Never Can Tell About a Blonde, by Hildegarde Dolson, and Passion Is the Gale, by Sparks Hausman, and a group of articles full of timeliness and excitement, especially A Five-Point Program to Keep Us Out of War, by Frederick L. Collins; a fine hockey story by Arthur Mann; another F. B. I. article from the G-men's files; Cameramen's Secrets, by Kenneth L. Watt; and Clyde R. Miller's answer to the George E. Sokolsky piece in the present issue.

☆

THANKS! Hope to see you all right here with us again next Wednesday.

FULTON OURSLER.

Liberty

for Liberals with Common Sense

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CONTENTS FOR NOVEMBER 18, 1939

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EDITORIAL

Tracing Americanism to Its Source Bernarr Macfadden 4

SHORT STORIES

Picture Without Caption Carl Clausen 16
Green Heart .....Horatio Winslow 37
Man of the World—Liberty's Short Short. William Jennings O'Brien 48
It Beats the Devil..Sidney S. Lenz 53

SERIALS

Right Turn to Danger!—Part I Frederick R. Bechdolt 7
The Lid Off Los Angeles—Part II Dwight F. McKinney and Fred Allhoff 22
The Shadow of the Master—Part IX...........Achmed Abdullah and Anthony Abbot 29
Attorney for the People: The Life Story of Thomas E. Dewey—Part V ....Rupert Hughes 41

ARTICLES

M-Day! How the U. S. A. Is Ready to Mobilize ......Thomas Wilson and Andrew Barnes 11
Why Films Have So Many Authors John Erskine 13
The Latest Broadway Gags Harry Hershfield 40
Truth . . With a Twist George E. Sokolsky 49
A Yankee Reporter in Wartime London ....Edward Doherty 57

FEATURES

Twenty Questions, 36; Crossword Puzzle, 39; To the Ladies by Princess Alexandra Kropotkin, 52; Movie Reviews by Beverly Hills, 55; $2,000 Words Within Words Contest, 59; Vox Pop, 60.

The names and the descriptions of all characters in the fiction stories appearing in Liberty are wholly fictitious. If there is any resemblance, in name or in description, to any person, living or dead, it is purely a coincidence.

COVER BY C. D. BATCHELOR

How to S-T-R-E-T-C-H *your travel dollar*

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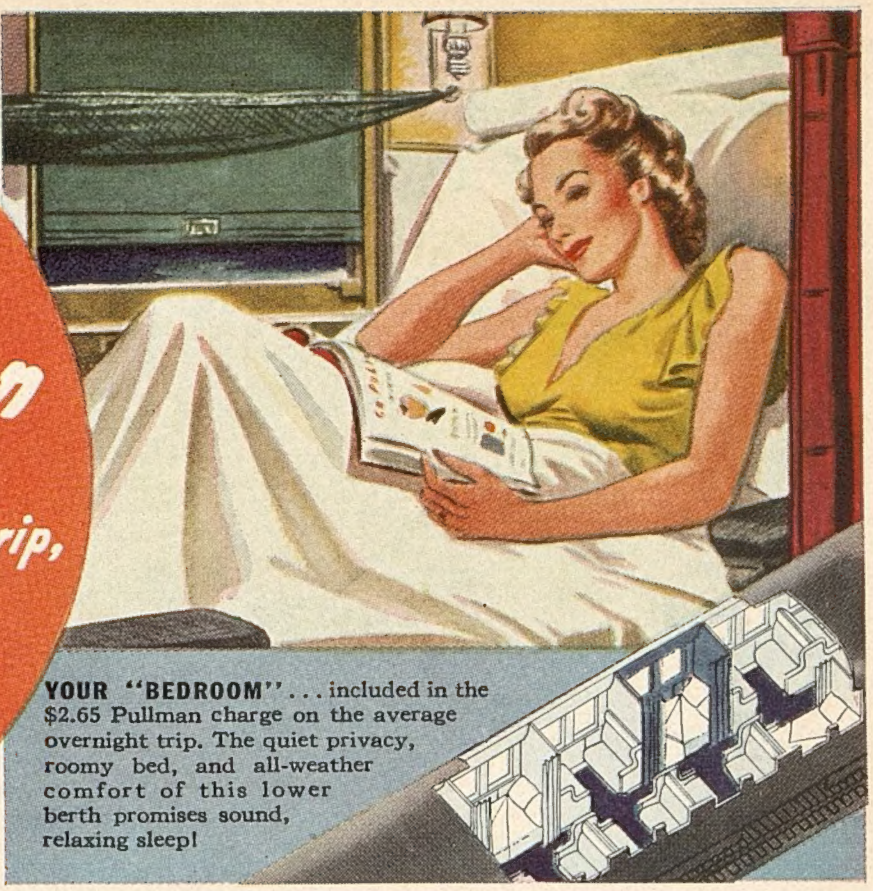

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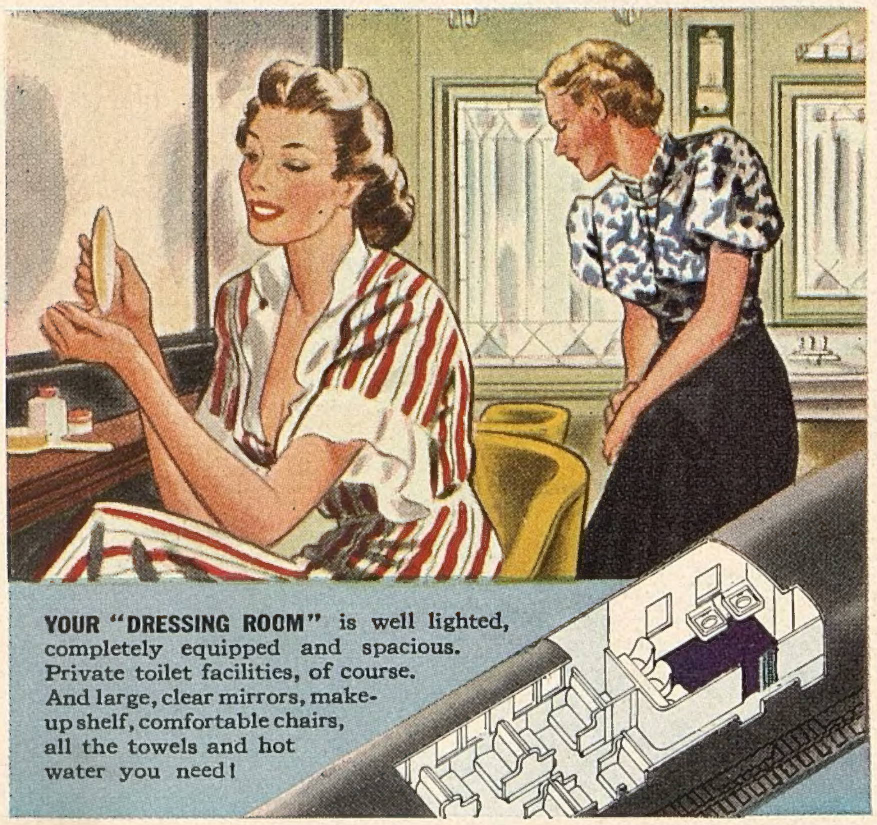

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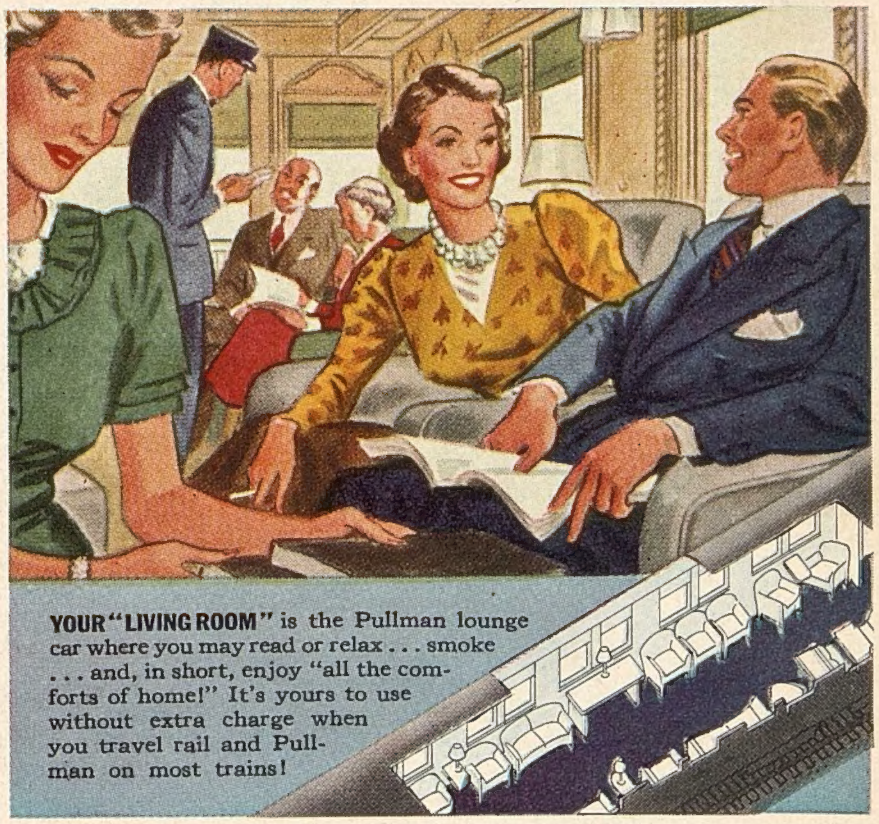

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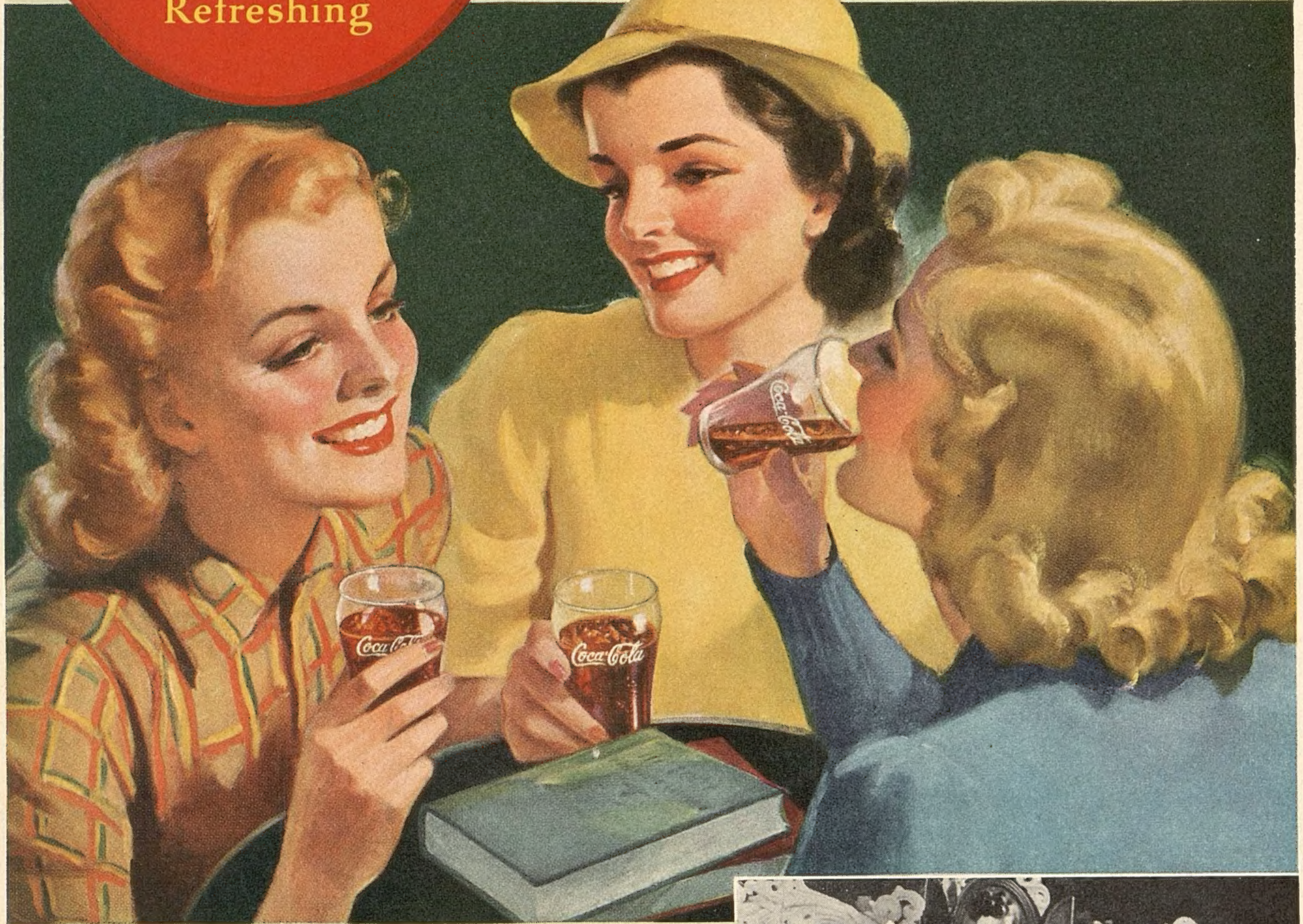
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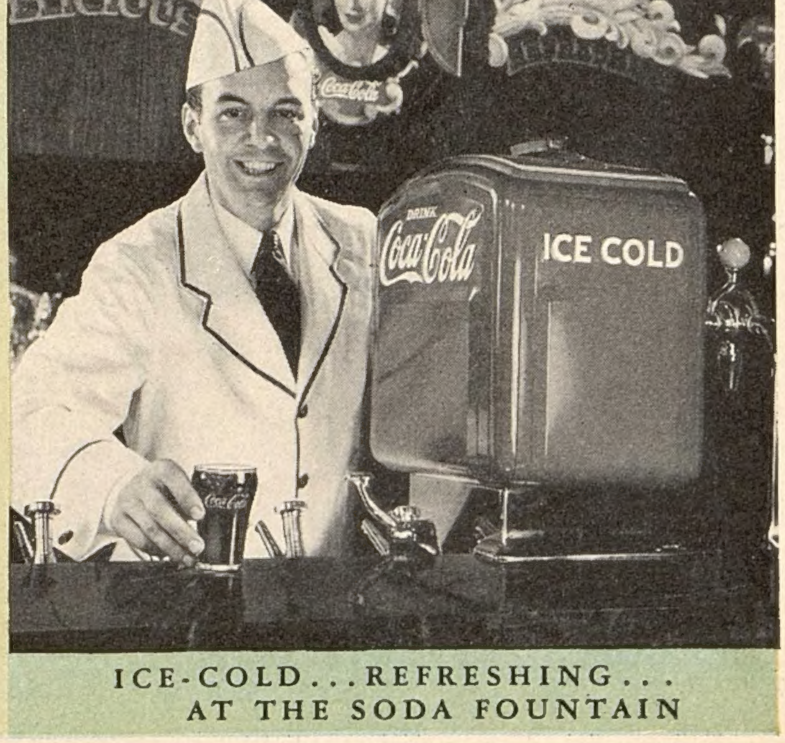
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ICE-COLD . . . REFRESHING . . .
AT THE SODA FOUNTAIN